

# THE SMART SET

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### THE AUGUST SMART SET

*The coming number will open with a novel dealing with one of the most interesting periods of American history, that of the Civil War. It is a love story, the scenes of which are laid in and about Richmond in the stirring days of 1865. The action is rapid, and the historical events serve merely as a background for an intense and dramatic tale. It is entitled,*

## **"THE CARLYLES," By Mrs. Burton Harrison**

*Each of the short stories in the August number will reveal its author at his best. There will be a romantic tale by Richard Le Gallienne; a child story by Elizabeth Jordan; a humorous bit by Henry Sydnor Harrison; a monologue by May Isabel Fisk, and strong character studies by Edna Kenton and Emery Pottle.*

*The essay will be by Maurice Francis Egan, and called **"The Infernal Feminine."***

*Ethel Watts Mumford, Frank Dempster Sherman, Arthur Stringer, Tudor Jenks and Mildred I. McNeal will contribute the verse.*

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# THE TRAVELING THIRDS

By Gertrude Atherton

THE California cousin of the Lyman T. Moultons—a name too famous to be shorn—stood apart from the perturbed group, her feet boyishly asunder, her head thrown back. Above her hung the thick white clusters of the acacia, drooping abundantly, opaque and luminous in the soft masses of green, heavy with perfume. All Lyons seemed to have yielded itself to the intoxicating fragrance of its favorite tree.

In the Place Carnot, at least, there was not a murmur. The Moultons had hushed in thought their four variations on the aggressive American key, although perhaps insensible to the voluptuous offering of the grove. Mrs. Moulton, had her senses responded to the sweet and drowsy afternoon, would have resented the experience as immoral; and as it was, her pale blue gaze rested disapprovingly on the rapt figure of her husband's second cousin. The short skirt, and the covert coat of ungraceful length, its low pockets always inviting the hands of its owner, had roused more than once her futile protest, and today they seemed to hang limp with a sense of incongruity beneath the half-closed eyes and expanded nostrils of the young Californian.

It was not possible for Nature to struggle triumphant through the disguise this beneficiary chose to assume, but there was an unwilling conviction in the Moulton family that when Catalina arrayed herself as other women she would blossom forth into something of a beauty. Even her stiff hat half covered her brow and rich brown hair, but her eyes, long and dark and far apart, rarely failed to arrest other

eyes, immobile as was their common expression.

Always independent of her fellow-mortals, and peculiarly of her present companions, she was a happy pagan at the moment, and meditating a solitary retreat to another grove of acacias down by the Saône, when her attention was claimed by Mr. Moulton.

"Would you mind coming here a moment, Catalina?" he asked, in a voice whose roll and cadence told that he had led in family prayers these many years, if not in meeting. "After all, it is your suggestion, and I think you should present the case. I have done it very badly, and they don't seem inclined to listen to me."

He smiled apologetically, but there was a faint twinkle in his eye which palliated the somewhat sanctimonious expression of the lower part of his face. Blond and cherubic in youth, his countenance had grown in dignity as Time changed its tints to drab and gray, reclaimed the superfluous flesh of his face, and drew the strong lines that are the half of a man's good looks. He, too, had his hands in his pockets, and he stood in front of his wife and daughters, who sat on a bench in the perfumed shade of the acacias.

His cousin once removed dragged down her eyes and scowled, without attempt at dissimulation. In a moment, however, she came forward with a manifest attempt to be human and normal. Mrs. Moulton stiffened her spine as if awaiting an assault, and her oldest daughter, a shade more formal and correct, more afraid of doing the wrong thing, fixed a cold and absent eye upon the statue to liberty in

the centre of the Place. Only the second daughter, Lydia, just departing from her first quarter-century, turned to the alien relative with a sparkle in her eye. She was a girl about whose pink-and-white-and-golden prettiness there was neither question nor enthusiasm, and her thin graceful figure and alertly poised head received such enhancement as her slender purse afforded. She wore—need I record it?—a traveling-suit of dark blue brillian-tine, short—but at least three inches longer than Catalina's—and a large hat about whose brim fluttered a blue veil. She admired and a little feared the recent acquisition from California, experiencing for the first time in her life a pleasing suspense in the vagaries of an unusual character. She and all that hitherto pertained to her belonged to that highly refined middle class nowhere so formal and exacting as in the land of the free.

Catalina, who never permitted her relatives to suspect that she was shy, assumed her most stolid expression and abrupt tones.

"It is simple enough. We can go to Spain if we travel third class, and we can't if we don't. I want to see Spain more than any country in Europe. I have heard you say more than once that you were wild to see it—the Alhambra and all that—well, anxious, then," as Mrs. Moulton raised a protesting eyebrow. "I'm wild, if you like. I'd walk, go on mule-back; in short, I'll go alone if you won't take me."

"You will do what?" The color came into Mrs. Moulton's faded cheek and she squared herself as for an encounter. Open friction was infrequent, for Mr. Moulton was nothing if not diplomatic, and Catalina was indifferent. Nevertheless, encounters there had been, and at the finish the Californian had invariably held the field, insolent and victorious; and Mrs. Moulton had registered a vow that sooner or later she would wave the colors over the prostrate foe.

For thirty-two years she had merged, submerged, her individuality, but in

these last four months she had been possessed by a waxing revolt, of an almost passionate desire for a victorious moment. It was her first trip abroad, and she had followed where her energetic husband and daughters listed. Hardly once had she been consulted. Perhaps, removed for the first time from the stultifying environment of habit, she had come to realize what slight rewards are the woman's who flings her very soul at the feet of others. It was too late to attempt to be an individual in her own family; even did she find the courage she must continue to accept their excessive care—she had a mild form of invalidism—and endeavor to feel grateful that she was owned by the kindest of husbands, and daughters no more selfish than the average; but since the advent of Catalina all the rebellion left in her had become compact and alert. Here was an utterly antagonistic temperament, one beyond her comprehension, individual in a fashion that offended every sensibility; cool, wary, insolently suggesting that she purposed to stalk through life in that hideous get-up, pursuing the unorthodox. She was not only indomitable youth but indomitable savagery, and Mrs. Moulton, of the old and cold Eastern civilization, bristled with a thrill that was almost rapture whenever this unwelcome relative of her husband stared at her in contemptuous silence.

"You will do what? The suggestion that we travel third class is offensive enough—but are you aware that Spanish women never travel even first class alone?"

"I don't see what that has to do with me. I'm not Spanish; they would assume that I was 'no lady' and take no further notice of me; or if they did— Well, I can take care of myself. As for traveling third class, I can't see that it is any more undignified than traveling second, and its chief recommendations, after its cheapness, are that it won't be so deadly respectable as second, and that we'll meet nice, dirty, picturesque, ex-



citable peasants, instead of dowdy middle-class people who want all the windows shut. The third-class carriages are generally big open cars like ours, with wooden seats—no microbes—and at this time of the year all the windows will be open. Now, you can think it over. I am going to invest twenty francs in a Baedeker and study my route."

She nodded to Mr. Moulton, dropped an almost imperceptible eyelash at Lydia, and, ignoring the others, strode off belligerently toward the Place Bellecour.

Mrs. Moulton turned white. She set her lips. "I shall not go," she announced.

"My love!" protested her husband mildly. "I am afraid she has placed us in a position where we shall have to go." He was secretly delighted. "Spain, as you justly remarked, is the most impossible country in Europe for the woman alone, and she is the child of my dead cousin and old college chum. When we are safely home again I shall have a long talk with her and arrive at a definite understanding of this singular character, but over here I cannot permit her to make herself—and us—notorious. I am sure you will agree with me, my love. My only fear is that you may find the slow trains and wooden seats fatiguing—although I shall buy an extra supply of air cushions, and we will get off whenever you feel tired."

"Do say yes, mother," pleaded her youngest born. "It will almost be an adventure, and I've never had anything approaching an adventure in my life. I'm sure even Jane will enjoy it."

"I loathe traveling," said the elder Miss Moulton with energy. "It's nothing but reading Baedeker, stalking through churches and picture galleries, and rushing for trains, loaded down with hand baggage. I feel as if I never wanted to see another thing in my life. Of course I'm glad I've seen London and Paris and Rome, but the discomforts and privations of travel far outweigh the advantages.

I haven't the slightest desire to see Spain, or any more down-at-the-heel European countries; America will satisfy me for the rest of my life. As for traveling third class—the very idea is low and horrid. It is bad enough to travel second, and if we did think so little of ourselves as to travel third—just think of its being found out! Where would our social position be—father's great influence? As for that California savage, the mere fact that she makes a suggestion——"

"My dear," remonstrated her father, "Catalina is a most well-conducted young woman. She has not given me a moment of anxiety, and I think her suggestion a really opportune one, for it will enable us to see Spain and give me much valuable literary material. Of course, I do not like the idea of traveling third class myself, and I only wish I could afford to take you all in the train de luxe."

"You are a perfect dear," announced Lydia, "and give us everything we want. And if we went in the luxe we couldn't see any nice little out-of-the-way places and would soon become blasé, which would be dreadful. Jane at first enjoyed it as much as we did, and I could go on forever. No one need ever know that we went third, and when we are at home we will have something else to talk about except the everlasting Italy and England and Paris. Do consent, mother."

This was an unusual concession, and Mrs. Moulton was a trifle mollified. Besides, if her favorite child's heart was set upon Spain, that dyed the matter with a different complexion; she could defer her subjection of the Californian, and, tired as she was, she was by no means averse to seeing Spain herself. Nevertheless, she rose with dignity and gathered her cape about her.

"You and your father will settle the matter to suit yourselves," she said with that access of politeness in which the downtrodden manifest their sense of injury. "But I have no hesitation in saying that I never before heard a gentlewoman"—she had the true middle class horror of the word "lady"—

"express a desire to travel third, and I think it will be a most unbecoming performance. Moreover, I doubt if anything can make us comfortable; we are reasonably sure to become infested with vermin and be made ill by the smell of garlic. I have had my say, however, and shall now go and lie down."

As she moved up the path, her step measured, her spine protestant, her husband ran after and drew her arm through his. He nodded over his shoulder to his youngest daughter, and Lydia, deprecating further argument, went swiftly off in search of Catalina.

## II

"LET us get out and race it," suggested Catalina, but she spoke with the accent of indolent content, and hung over the door of the leisurely train, giving no heed beyond a polite nod to the nervous protests of Mrs. Moulton. That good lady, surrounded by air cushions, which the various members of her attentive family distended at stated intervals, had propped herself in a corner, determined to let no expression of fatigue escape her, and enjoying herself in her own fashion. The material discomforts of travel certainly overbalanced the esthetic delights, but at least she was seeing the Europe she had dreamed of so ardently in her youth. Jane sat in another corner reading a volume of Pater. It was impossible to turn her back on the scenery, for the seats ran from east to west and they were traveling due south, but she could ignore it, and that she did.

They were in a large open car furnished with wooden seats and a door for each aisle. The carriage was not dirty, and all the windows were open; moreover, it harbored, so far, no natives beyond two nuns and a priest, who ate cherries continually and talked all at once with the rapidity of ignited firecrackers and with no falling inflection. The Moultons had taken possession of the last compartment and sat with their backs to the wall, but Cata-

lina, disdaining such poor apology for comfort, had the next to herself, and when not hanging over the door rambled back and forth. Mr. Moulton and Lydia alternately read Baedeker and leaned forward with exclamations of approval.

But although Catalina had responded amiably to Lydia's expression of contempt for Spanish methods of transit, the ambling train suited her less energetic nature and enabled her to study the country that had mothered her own. She stared hard at the blue and tumbled masses of the Pyrenees with their lofty fields of snow glittering in a delicate mist, the same frozen solitude through which Hannibal marched two thousand years ago, longing, perhaps, for the hot brown plain of Ampurdán below, and the familiar murmur of the bright waters that rimmed it. The sun was hot, and all that quivering world of blue shimmered and sparkled and coquetted as if life and not death were its bridegroom. But the Mediterranean, like other seas, is a virago at heart, and only dances and sways like a Spanish beauty when out where there is naught to oppose her; for centuries she has been snarling and clawing the rocky headlands, her white fangs never failing to capture their daily morsel, and never content.

Catalina loved the sea and hated it. Today she was in no mood to give it anything and turned her back upon it, her eyes traveling from the remote, disdainful beauty of the mountains down over the vineyards and villages, leaning far out to catch a last glimpse of that most characteristic object in a Spanish landscape—a huge and almost circular mass of rock rising abruptly from the plain, brown, barren, its apex set with a fortified castle, an old brown town clinging desperately to the inhospitable sides. The castle may be in ruins, but men and women still crawl lazily up and down the perpendicular streets, too idle or too poor to get away from the soil, with its dust of ancestral blood. The descendants of warriors slept and loafed and begged in the sun, thankful for a tortilla a

day and dreading nothing this side of Judgment but the visit of the tax-gatherer. To escape the calls of the remorseless one, many who owned not even a little vineyard on the plain slept in the hollowed side of a hill and made the earth their pillow.

"Brutes!" said Catalina, meaning the Government.

"Why don't they come to America?" asked Lydia wonderingly. "Look at that old woman out in the field. That is the most shocking thing you see in Europe—women in the fields everywhere."

Catalina, indolent in some respects, waged eternal war with the one-sided. "Your factories are far worse," she asserted. "They are really horrible, for the women stand on their feet all day with a ceaseless din tearing at their nerves and never a breath of decent air in their lungs. They are the most ghastly lot I ever saw in my life. These women are always in the fresh air, with the quiet of nature about them, and they rest when they like. I think we are the barbarians—we and the Spanish Government."

"Well, well, don't argue," said Mr. Moulton soothingly. "It is too hot. We have our defects, but don't forget our many redeeming virtues. And as for Spain, backward, tax-ridden, oppressed as she is, one sees nothing to compare with the horrors that Arthur Young saw in France just before 1789. Spain, no doubt, will have her own revolution in her own time; I am told the peasants are very virile and independent. My love, shall I blow up that bag behind your head?"

He examined the other bags, readjusted them, and there being nothing to claim the eye at the moment, read Baedeker aloud, to the intense but respectful annoyance of his eldest daughter and the barely concealed resentment of Catalina, who hung still further over the creaking door.

The train walked into a little station of Tordera and stopped.

"*Cinco minutos!*" said the guard, raising his voice.

"Five!" said Catalina. "That means

fifteen. Let us get out and exercise and buy something."

"Pray be careful!" exclaimed Mrs. Moulton. "I know you will be left. Mr. Moulton, please, please don't get out."

Mr. Moulton patted her amiably and descended in the wake of Catalina and Lydia. They were surrounded at once by beggars, even the babies in arms extending their hands. There were few men among them, but the women, picturesque enough in their closely pinned kerchiefs of red or yellow, were more pertinacious than man ever dared to be. Lydia, fastidious and economical, retreated into the train and closed the door; but Catalina disbursed coppers and gave one dirty little Murillo a peseta. She had spoken almost as much Spanish in her life as English, and exchanged so many elaborate compliments with her retinue, in a manner so acceptable to their democratic taste, that they forgot to beg and pressed close at her heels as she strode up and down, her hands in her pockets, wondering what manner of fallen princess was this who traveled third class and knew how to treat a haughty peasant of Spain as her equal. She was buying an inflammable-looking novel with which to insult Jane, and a package of sweets for Lydia and herself, when she heard a shrill note of anguish:

"Mr. Moulton! Catalina!"

Mingling with it was the drone of the guard: "*Viajeros al tren!*"

The train was moving, the guard having been occupied at the cantina until the last moment. He was singing his song unconsciously on the step of an open door. Catalina saw the frantic whirr of Mr. Moulton's coat-tails as he flew by and leaped into the car. She flung two pesetas at the anxious vender, dropped her purchase into her pockets, and, running swiftly alongside the moving train, made the door easily.

"I could have caught the old thing if it had been half a mile off!" she exclaimed indignantly, as three pairs of hands jerked her within, and Mrs.

Moulton sniffed hysterically at her salts. "And if ever I do get left, just remember that I speak the language and am not afraid of anything."

"Well," said Mr. Moulton tactfully, "just remember that *we* do not speak the language and have need of your services. Suppose we have our afternoon meal? The lunch at the frontier was not all that could be desired."

He produced the hamper and neatly arrayed the top of two portmanteaus with jam and bread and cake. Catalina placed a generous share of these delicacies on a tin plate, and, omitting to explain to her astonished relatives, climbed over the seats and made offering to each of the other occupants of the car. It had half filled at the station, and besides the nuns and priests there were now several Catalan peasants in red caps and black velvet breeches, fine independent men, prepared to ignore these eccentric Americans, ready to take offense at the slightest suggestion of superiority, but enchanted at the act of this unsmiling girl, who spoke their language and understood their customs. They refused, as a matter of course, politely, without servility, and in a moment she returned to her party.

"You must always do that," she informed them, as she set her teeth hungrily into the bread, "and when they offer of theirs you must look pleased with the attention."

Mrs. Moulton sighed, and when a few moments later a peasant vaulted over the seats and proudly offered of his store of black bread and garlic, she buried a frozen smile in her smelling-salts. Jane refused to notice him, but the other three declined with such professions of gratitude that he told his comrades the Americans were not altogether a contemptible race, and that the one who spoke their language looked like a devil with a white soul and was worthy to have been born in Spain. He took out his guitar in a moment and swept the keys with superb grace while the others sang; the nuns in high quavering voices that wandered aimlessly through the rich

tones of the men. After that they talked politics and became so excited that Mr. Moulton was relieved when they all fell out together at Mataro. He could then take notes and enjoy the groves of olives and oranges, the castles and watch towers on the heights, eloquent of Iberian and Roman, Goth and Moor, the turquoise surface of the Mediterranean—never so blue as the Adriatic or the Caribbean—the bold harsh sweep of the coast. Then, as even Catalina began to change her position frequently on the hard seats, and they were all so covered with dust that even the spinster visage of Jane looked like a study in grotesque, the horizon gave up the palaces and palms of Barcelona.

### III

TWENTY-THREE years before the opening of this desultory tale its heroine was born on the island of Santa Catalina, a fragment of Southern California. Her father had begun life as a professor of classics in a worthy Eastern college, but, his health breaking down, he betook himself and his small patrimony to the State which electrifies the nerves in its northern half and blunts them in its southern. Jonathan Shore wrote to his cousin, Lyman T. Moulton:

I haven't a nerve left with a point on it; have recovered some measure of health and lost what little ambition I ever possessed. I am going to open an inn for sportsmen on the island of Santa Catalina, so that I shall be reasonably sure of the society of gentlemen and make enough money to replenish my library now and then—my books are on the way. Here I remain for the rest of my natural life.

But he crossed over to Los Angeles occasionally. At a soirée he met the daughter—and only child—of one of the largest landholders in Southern California; and danced with no one else that night. She married the scholarly innkeeper with the blessing of her father, who was anxious to pass his declining years in peace with a young wife. The bride, for coincident if not similar reasons, was glad to move



to Catalina. She was the belle of her time, this Madelina Joyce, and her dark beauty came down to her from Indian ancestors. Her New England great-grandfather had come to California long before the discovery of gold, bought, for a fraction, two hundred thousand acres from the Mexican Government, and married, despite the protests of his Spanish friends, an Indian girl of great beauty, both of face and character.

The Pueblo bride had lived but two years to receive the snubs of the haughty ladies of Santa Barbara, her ardent young husband had shot himself over her grave, and the boy was brought up by the padres of the Mission. Fortunately he came to man's estate shortly before the United States occupation, and managed to save a portion of his patrimony from the most rapacious set of scoundrels that ever followed in the wake of a victorious army. This in turn descended to his son, who, in spite of Southern indolence and a hospitality as famous as his cellar, his liberal appreciation of all the good things of life, and a half-dozen law-suits, still retained fifty thousand of the ancestral acres, and had given his word to his daughter that they should go to her unencumbered. This promise he kept, and when Catalina was ten years old he died, at good will with all the world. His widow moved to San Francisco with her freedom and her liberal portion, and Mrs. Shore announced that she must give the ranch her personal attention. The ten years had been happy, for the husband and wife loved each other and were equally devoted to their beautiful unsmiling baby. But there were deep wells of laughter in Mrs. Shore, and much energy. She wept for her father, but welcomed the change in her life, not only because she had reached the age when love of change is most insistent, but because she had begun to dread the hour of confession that life on an island, even with the man of one's choice, was insufficient.

Mr. Shore himself was not averse to change so long as it did not take him

out of California, although he refused to sell the little property on the island where he had spent so many happy years.

From the hour Mrs. Shore settled down in the splendid old adobe ranch house she watched no more days lag through her fingers. Attended by Catalina she rode over some portion of the estate every day, and if a horse had strayed or a cow had calved she knew it before her indolent vaqueros. She personally attended, each year, to the sheep-shearing and the cattle-branding, the crops and the stock sales. Once a year she gave a great barbecue, to which all within a radius of a hundred miles were invited, and once a week she indulged herself in the gossip, the shops and the dances of Santa Barbara.

In the vast solitude of the ranch Catalina grew up, carefully educated by her father, petted and indulged by her mother, hiding from the society that sought Mrs. Shore, but friendly with the large army of Mexican and Indian retainers. When she was persuaded by her mother to attend a party in Santa Barbara she rooted herself in a corner and glowered in her misery, snubbing every adventurous youth that approached her. She adored books, her outdoor life, her parents, and asked for nothing further afield.

When she was eighteen her father died. She rode to the extreme confines of the ranch and mourned him, returning to her life at home with the stolidity of her Indian ancestors. Mrs. Shore grieved also, but by this time she was too busy a woman to consort with the past. Moreover, she was now at liberty to take Catalina to San Francisco and give her the proper tutors in languages and music. Incidentally, she made many new friends and enjoyed with all her vivid nature the life of a city which she had visited but twice before. She returned in the following winter and extended her fame as a hostess. Catalina found San Francisco society but little more interesting than that of the South, and enjoyed the reputation of being as rude as she was beautiful. Here, however,

her Indian ancestress had her belated revenge. Her brief and tragic story cast a radiant halo about the indifferent Catalina, whose strain of aboriginal blood was extolled as the first cause in a piquant and original beauty; all her quaint eccentricities—which were merely the expression of a proud and reticent nature anxious to be let alone—were traced to the same artless source, and when one day in the park she sprang from her horse and shook the editor of a personal weekly until his teeth rattled in his head, her unique reputation was secure.

The greater part of the year was spent on the ranch. Mrs. Shore loved the world, but she was a woman of business above all things, and determined that the ranch should be a splendid inheritance for her child. Her time was closer than she knew. In all the vigor of her middle years, with the dark radiance of her beauty little dimmed, and an almost pagan love of mere existence, she was done to death by a bucking mustang, unseated for the first time since she had mounted a horse, and kicked beyond recognition.

Catalina resolutely put the horror of those days behind her, and for several months was as energetic a woman of business as her mother had been. She was mistress of a great tract of land, of herself, her time, her future. When her stoical grief for her mother subsided she found life interesting and stimulating. She rode about the ranch in the morning, or conferred with her lawyer, who drove out once a week; the afternoons she spent in the great court of the old house, with its stone fountain built by the ancestors who had learned their craft from the Mission fathers, its palms and banana trees, its old hollyhocks and roses. Here she read, or dreamed vaguely of the future. What she wanted of life beyond this dreaming Southern land, where only an earthquake broke the monotony, was as vague of outline as her mountains under their blue mists, but its secrets were a constant and delightful well of perplexity. For two years she was contented, and at times,

when galloping down to the sea in the early dawn, the old moon, bony and yellow, sinking to its grave in the darkest cañon of the mountain, and the red sun leaping from the sea, she was supremely happy.

Then, in a night, discontent settled upon her. She wanted change, variety; she wanted to see the world—Europe above all things; and when her Eastern relatives, with whom she corresponded, in obedience to a last request of her father, again pressed her to visit them, and mentioned that they were contemplating a trip abroad, she started on three hours' notice, leaving the ranch in charge of a trusted overseer and the executors of her mother's will.

She found her relatives living in a suburb of New York, their social position very different from that her mother had given her in California. Nothing saved them from the narrow routine of the suburban middle class but the intellectual proclivities of Mr. Moulton, who was reader for a publishing house and the literary adviser of the pseudo-intellectual. Through the constant association of his name with moral and non-sensational fiction, his well-balanced attitude of piety tinged with humor, the pleasant style with which he indited irreproachable and elevated platitudes, his stern and invariable denunciation of the unorthodox in religion, in ideas and in style, and his genially didactic habit of telling his readers what they wished to hear, he had achieved the rank of a great critic. As he really was an estimable man and virtuous husband, of agreeable manners, sufficiently hospitable, and extremely careful in choosing his friends, his position in the literary world was quite enviable. The great and the safe took tea on his lawn, and if the great and unsafe laughed at both the tea and the critic that was the final seal of their unregeneracy.

When Catalina arrived, after lingering for a fortnight in Boston with a friend she had made on the train, she liked him at once, unjustly despised Mrs. Moulton, who was the best of

wives and copied her husband's manuscripts, hated Jane, and recognized in Lydia a human being in whom one could find a reasonable amount of companionship, in spite of the magnetism of the mirror—or even the polished surface of a panel—for her complacent eyes. Lydia was innocently vain, and being the beauty of the family, believed herself to be very beautiful indeed. She always made a smart appearance, and was frankly desirous of admiration. Like many family beauties, she had a strong will and was reasonably clever. When the first opportunity to go to Europe arrived she had reached what she called a critical point in her life. She confided to Catalina that she was becoming morbidly tired of mere existence and hated the sight of every literary man she knew, particularly the young ones.

"Of course, they are more or less the respectable hangers-on that give us the benefit of their society," she said gloomily; "those that scurry about writing little stories for the magazines and weekly papers—it seems to me a real man might find something better to do. We know all the big ones, but they are too busy to come out here often, and father sees them at the Century and Authors' clubs, anyhow. We hardly know a man who isn't a publisher, an editor or a writer of something or other—perhaps an occasional artist. For my part, I'd give my immortal soul to be one of those lucky girls that go to Mrs. Astor's parties; that's my idea of life. If a millionaire would only fall in love with me—or any old romance, for that matter!"

"Have you never been in love?" asked Catalina, afraid of the sound of her own voice, but deeply interested.

"Not the least little bit, more is the pity. I wouldn't mind even being heartbroken for a while."

It was this frankness that endeared her to Catalina. "Jane is third rate, and tries to conceal the fact from herself and others by an affectation of such of the literary galaxy as make

the least appeal to the popular taste, and Cousin Lyman is no critic," she informed herself three days after her arrival. "Cousin Miranda is just one of those American women who are invalids for no reason but because they want to be, and I suppose even Lydia would get on my nerves in time. Thank heaven, when they do I can leave at a moment's notice."

After four months of the friction of travel Catalina had half hoped her relatives would reject her startling proposal and abandon her to a future full of dangers and freedom.

#### IV

SHE brushed her hair viciously in the solitude of her bedroom in Barcelona; fortunately, the composition of the party always gave her a room to herself.

"Tomorrow morning I'll be up and out before they are awake," she announced to her sulky image. "This evening I suppose I must walk with them on the Rambla. Of course, if I had come alone I should have had to find a chaperon for such occasions, but it would be some quaint old duenna I could hire. I've never wanted my liberty as I do here in Spain, and Cousin Lyman will barely let me wash my own face. I never was so taken care of in my life—"

She ground her teeth, but nodded as Mr. Moulton put his head in at the door and asked her if she were sure she was comfortable, if her room was quite clean and her keys in proper order. Then he adjured her not to drink the water until he had ascertained its reputation, and to be careful not to lean over the railing of the balcony, as it might be insecure; the Spanish were a shiftless people, so far as his observation of them went.

Catalina flung the hair-brush at the door as he pattered down the hall to examine the welfare of his daughters.

"I've a mind to go up and dance on the roof," she cried furiously. "One would think I was four years old.



Papa was just like that when we traveled, and if all American men are the same I'll marry an Englishman."

After dinner Mr. Moulton, having seen his wife safely into bed and conscientiously determined to observe every respectable phase of foreign life, drew Lydia's arm within his, and bidding Catalina take Jane's and follow close behind him, went out upon the Rambla. Upon these occasions he always took his youngest carefully under his wing. A wag had once said of her, while commenting upon the infinite respectability of the Lyman T. Moultons, that on a moonlight night, in a boat on a lake, Lydia might develop possibilities; and it may have been some dim appreciation of these possibilities that prompted Mr. Moulton to favor the beauty of the family with more than her share of attention. But Lydia had a coquettish pair of eyes, and under her father's formidable wing had indulged in more than one innocent flirtation. Catalina raged that she was to take her first night's pleasure in Spain in the companionship of Jane, and ignored her protector's mandate. Jane, whose sense of duty increased in proportion to her dislikes, took a firm hold of the Californian's rigid and vertical arm, and marched close upon her father's heels.

They promenaded with all Barcelona, in the very middle of the Rambla, that splendid avenue of many names above the vaulted bed of the river. For nearly a mile on either side the hotels and cafés and many of the shops and side streets were brilliantly alight. Under the double row of plane trees were kiosks for the sale of newspapers, post-cards of the bull-fight, fans and curios; and passing and repassing were thousands of people. All who were not forced to work this soft Southern night strolled there indolently, to take the air, to see, now and again to be seen. Doubtless there were other promenades for the poor, but here all appeared to have come from the houses of the aristocracy or wealthy middle

class. Many were the duennas, elderly, stout or shrunk, always in black, with a bit of lace about the head, immobile and watchful. Perhaps they towed one maiden, but more frequently a party.

The girls and young matrons were light and gay of attire; occasionally their millinery was Parisian, but more often they wore the mantilla or rebosa. Their eyes were bright, demure, inviting, rarely indifferent; and making up the other half of the throng were officers, students, men of the world, murmuring compliments as they passed or talking volubly of politics and war. Two young aristocrats behind Catalina were laughing over the recent visit of the young king, when, simply by the magic of his boyish personality, eager to please, he had transformed in a moment the most hostile and anarchistic city in his kingdom, determined to show its insolent contempt, into a mob of cheering hysterical madmen. The socialists and anarchists might be sailing their barques on the hidden river beneath; they were forgotten, the mayor hardly dared to show his face, and the women kissed their fingers to the pictures of the gallant little king hanging on every kiosk; the men lifted their hats.

It was the most brilliant and animated picture of outdoor life that Catalina had seen in Europe, and the general air of good breeding, of mingled vivacity and perfect dignity, the picturesque beauty of many of the women, the constant ripple of talk and laughter, the flare of light and the dim shades of the old trees, appealed powerfully to the girl from the most picturesque portion of the United States, in whom scenes of mere fashion and frivolity aroused a resentment as passionate as if fed by envy and privation. She had stood one morning not a fortnight since on a corner of the rue de Rivoli and watched carriage after carriage, automobile after automobile roll round the corner of the Place de la Concorde, each framing women in the extravagant uniform of fashion; American women,

all come from across the sea for one purpose only, the purpose for which they lived their useless idle lives—more clothes. For this they spent two wretched weeks on the ocean every year—the ship's doctor had told Catalina that the pampered American was the most unheroic sailor on the Atlantic—and they looked unnatural, exotic, mere shining butterflies whose necks would be twisted with one turn of a strong wrist in the first week of a revolution; a revolution of which, unindividual as they were, they would be a precipitating cause. But here there was no exotic class, none but legitimate causes of separation from the masses; it was the charming faces one noted, the lively expression of pleasure in mere living; the garments might be Parisian, but being less than the woman, and worn without consciousness, they barely arrested the eye, and were no part of the picture; as was the mantilla or the rebosa.

Catalina for once hated no one in the world, and even became oblivious of the grip on her arm. She looked about her with the wide curious eyes of youth. Few gave her more than a passing glance, for her stiff hat threw an ugly shadow on her face and every line of her figure was hidden under her loose coat. But she noted that Lydia, who, in the evening, wore a small hat perched coquettishly on her fluffy hair, was receiving audible admiration. Suddenly she glanced out of the corner of her eye at Jane, but that severe virgin was staring moodily at the ground; her head ached and she longed for bed. Mr. Moulton, doing his best to be interested and stifle his yawns, was glancing in every direction but his immediate right, and consequently no one but his pretty daughter, and finally Catalina, noticed the handsome young Spaniard who had established communication with the blue eyes of the north. Finally the youth whispered something in which only the word *adorado* was intelligible to Lydia, who clung to her father's arm with a charming scowl.

"Don't be frightened," whispered Catalina. "They don't mean anything—not like Frenchmen."

Not only was the crowd so great that many a flirtation passed unnoticed, but heretofore Catalina had not observed that the cavalier was companioned. When he whispered to Lydia, however, she saw a man beside him frown and take his arm as if to draw him away, but when she reassured the coquette, this man turned suddenly, his brows still knit but relaxing with a flash of amusement. Then Catalina took note of him and saw that he was not a Spaniard, although nearly as dark as Lydia's conquest. He was an Englishman, she made sure by his expression, so subtly different from that of the American. He might have been an officer from his carriage, and he was extremely thin and walked slowly, rather than sauntered, as if the effort were distasteful or painful. His thin well-bred face looked as if it recently might have been emaciated, but its pervading expression was humorous indifference, and his eyes had almost danced as they met hers. He did not look at her a second time, evidently seeing no profit in the idle flirtations that delighted his neighbors, and Catalina, a trifle piqued, watched him covertly, and decided that he was a nobleman, had been in the Boer War, was doubtless covered with scars and medals.

## V

HE did not haunt her dreams, however, and she had quite forgotten him as she watched the sunrise next morning from the long ridge of the Montjuich. Her cabman was refreshing himself elsewhere and she had given herself up to one of the keenest delights known to the imaginative and ungregarious mind, the solitary contemplation of nature. She watched the great dusky plains and the jagged whiteness of Montseny's lofty crest turn yellow. Spain is one of those rare dry countries where the very air changes color. The whole valley

seemed to fill slowly with a golden mist, the snow on the great peak and on the Pyrenees beyond glittered like the fabled sands, and even the villas clinging to the steep mountainside, the palaces in their groves of palm trees and citron, orange and pomegranate, all seemed to move and sway as in the depths of shimmering tides. Catalina had the gift to see color in atmosphere as apart from the radiance that falls on sky and mountain, a gift which is said to belong only to people so highly civilized as to be on the point of degeneration. Catalina with her robust youth and brain was well on the hither side of degeneration, but in her lonely life and dislike of human kind she had cultivated her natural appreciation of beauty until it had not only developed her perceptions to acuteness but empowered them, when enchanted, to rise high above the ego.

She stood with her head thrown back, her mouth half open as if to quaff deeply of that golden draught, fancying that just beyond her vision lay all cosmos waiting to reveal itself and the mystery of the eternal. When she heard herself accosted she was bewildered for a moment, not realizing that she was actually in the world of the living.

"You will ruin your eyes, Miss Shore," a calm but genial voice had said. "The scene is worth it, but——"

"How dare you speak to me!" cried Catalina furiously. She advanced swiftly, willing to strike him, not in the least mollified to recognize the Englishman upon whom she had bestowed her infrequent approval the night before.

His eye lit with interest and a pardonable surprise. But he continued imperturbably: "Of course I should not have been so rude as to speak to you if I hadn't happened to know Mr. Moulton rather well. I had a talk with him last night in the hotel, and he was good enough to tell me your name."

"How on earth did you ever know Cousin Lyman?" She forgot her an-

ger. "You are an Englishman and I am sure Cousin Lyman—" She stopped awkwardly, too loyal to continue, but her eyes were large with curiosity. Where could Lyman T. Moulton have known this Englishman, with his unmistakable air of that small class for whose common sins society has no punishment. "He usually knows only literary people," she continued lamely.

"And you are sure I am not!" His laugh was abrupt but as good-natured as his voice. "You are quite right. I can't even write a decent letter. But literary men often belong to good clubs, you know, and one of the most distinguished of our authors happened to bring Mr. Moulton to one of mine. He was over some years ago."

"Oh, I remember." She also recalled the curious boyish pleasure which illumined Mr. Moulton's face whenever he alluded to this visit to England. It had been his one vacation from his family in thirty years.

"What is your name?" demanded Catalina, with an abruptness not unlike his own, but unmodified by his careless good humor.

"Over." Then, as she still looked expectant, "Captain James Brassy Over, if it interests you."

"Oh!" She was childishly disappointed that he was not a lord, never having consciously seen one, then was gratified at her perspicacity of the night before.

"How have I disappointed you?"

"Disappointed me?" Her eyes flashed again. "All men are disappointing and are generally idiots, but I could not be disappointed in a person to whom I had never given a thought."

"Oh!" he said blankly. He was not offended, but was uncertain whether she were affected or merely a badly brought up child. Belonging to that order of men who have something better to do than to understand women, he decided to let her remark pass, and await developments.

"I'm rather keen on Mr. Moulton," he announced, "and have half a mind to join your party. I was going to cut

across to Madrid, but he says you have made out rather a jolly trip down the coast and then in to Granada."

"But we are traveling third class," she stammered with the first prompting of snobbery she had ever known. "We—we thought it would be such an experience."

"So Mr. Moulton told me. I always travel third."

"You? Why?"

"Poverty," he said cheerfully.

Catalina was furious with herself, the more so as she had descended to the level of her cousins, whom she secretly despised as snobs. She did not know how to extricate herself from the position she had assumed, and answered lamely:

"Poverty? You don't look poor."

"Only my debts keep me from being a pauper."

"And you don't mind traveling third?"

"Mind? It's comfortable enough, as comfortable as sleeping on the ground."

Catalina's face illumined. For the first time it occurred to him that she might be pretty. She forgot the awkward subject, and asked eagerly:

"Were you in the Boer War?"

"Yes."

"All through it?"

"Pretty well."

"Do tell me about it. I never before met anyone who had been in the Boer War, and it interested me tremendously."

"There's nothing to tell but what you must have read in the papers."

"I suppose that is an affectation of modesty."

"Not at all. Nothing is so commonplace as war. There is nothing in it to make conversation about."

"But you lost such a dreadful number of officers!"

"We had plenty to spare—could have got along better with less."

His cheerfulness was certainly unaffected. The two pairs of dark eyes watched each other narrowly, his keen and amused, hers with their stolid surface and slumbering fires.

"But you were wounded!" she said triumphantly.

"Never was hit in my life."

"But you have been ill."

"Oh, ill fast enough—rheumatism."

Her eyes softened. "Ah! sleeping on the damp ground."

"No. Drink."

For a moment the sullen fires in Catalina boiled high, then her eyes caught the sparkle in his and she burst into a ringing peal of laughter. She laughed rarely, and when she did her whole being vibrated to the buoyancy of youth.

"Well!" she said gaily. "I hope you have reformed. The Moultons are temperance—rabid—and I had rheumatism once from camping out. I had to set my teeth for a week. Then I went to a sulphur spring and cured it. But I am hungry. Isn't there a restaurant here, somewhere?"

"I was about to suggest a visit to the Café Miramar. It is only a step from here."

A few moments later they sat at a little table on the terrace, and while Captain Over ordered the coffee and rolls Catalina forgot him and stared out over the vast blue sparkle of the Mediterranean; above, the air had drifted from gold to pink—a soft vague pink, stealing away before the mounting sun. She had pushed back her hat and coat, and the soft collar of her blouse showed a youthful column upon which her head was proudly set. She wore no hair on her fine open brow, but the knot at the base of the neck was rich in color. Her complexion, without red to break its magnolia tint, was flawless even in that searching light. Her beautiful eyes were vacant for the moment, and her nose, while delicate, was unclassical, her cheekbones high; but it was her mouth that arrested Over's gaze as the most singular feature he had ever seen. Childishly red, it was sharply cut and resembled—what was it? A bow? Certainly not a Cupid's bow, for that was full and pouting. Then he recalled the Indian bows in the armory at home. That was it—the bow of an Indian bent



sharply in the middle, so sharply that it was really two half-bows the mouth resembled, and absolutely perfect in its drawing, in the tapering sweep of its corners. A perfect mouth is a feature one may read of for a lifetime and never see, however many mouths there be that charm and invite. Pretty mouths are abundant enough, and mouths that indicate lofty or delightful characteristics, but rarely is the mouth seen for which Nature has done all that she so generously does for eyes and profile. But for Catalina she had cut a mouth so exquisite that its first effect was of something uncanny, as of an unknown race, and it further held the attention as indicating absolutely nothing of the character behind.

Catalina dazedly removed her eyes from the sea and met Over's

"Stop staring at me," she said, with a frown.

He was about to retort that she had been made to be stared at, but it occurred to him in time that he understood her too little to invite her into the airy region of compliment. He had known girls to resent them before, and they were not in his line anyway. He merely replied: "Here comes the coffee. I promise you to give it my undivided attention."

They sat silent for a few moments, keenly appreciating their little repast. Coffee always went to Catalina's head, and when she had finished she felt happy and full of good-fellowship.

"I like you immensely, and hope you'll come with us," she announced. "I'm rather sorry you are not a lord, though. I've never seen one."

"Well, I have a cousin who is one, and if you like to come to England I'll show him to you. He's rather an ass, though, and you'll probably guy him."

"You are not very respectful to the head of your house."

"Oh, he was my fag at school—he's two years younger than I am."

"Is he in the House of Peers?"

"Good Lord, no! That is, he has his seat, of course, but I doubt if he'd recognize Westminster in a photo-

graph. Gaiety girls are his lay. We married him young, though, and assured the succession."

"Is he a typical lord?"

"What's that? We have all sorts, like any other class. I might as well ask you if you were a typical American."

"Well, I'm not!" cried Catalina, with lightning in her eyes. "If Nature had made me a type I'd have made myself over. It makes me hate nearly everybody, but, at least, I love to be alone, and I can always get that when I want it. I've got a big ranch—fifty thousand acres—and after my mother died, two whole years I lived on it alone, never speaking to a soul but my men of business and the servants. That's my idea of bliss, and the moment I strike the American shore I'm going back."

He looked at her with increasing interest—a girl of silences who loved nature and hated man. But he merely said, with his quick smile: "You are a very grand young person indeed. Somerton—my cousin—has only thirty thousand acres. Of course, he's beastly poor—has so much to keep up. I suppose a ranch of that size is pure luxury, and blossoms like the rose."

"Much you know about it. I often have all I can do to make both ends meet. Droughts kill off my cattle and sheep and dry up everything that grows. My Mexicans and Indians are an idle worthless lot, but sentiment prevents me from turning them off—their grandparents worked on the ranch. It makes me independent, of course, but I really am what is called land poor. I'm thinking of dividing a part of it into farms and selling them, and also of selling some property I have on Santa Catalina, which has become fashionable. Then I should be quite rich. Mother could get work out of anybody, but I am not nearly so energetic, and they know it. But I am so happy when I am there, and need so little money for myself that I haven't thought about it heretofore. Being over here has taught me the value of money, and I want to

come back to Europe before long. Then I'll come alone and stay several years. There is so much to learn, and I find I know next to nothing. Well, let us go. As long as I am with the Moultons I suppose I must consider them, and they probably think I have been kidnapped. Who was that youth you were walking with last night?"

"The Marquis Zuñiga. I met him at the club and we strolled out together. I introduced him to Mr. Moulton and he will call this afternoon—is quite bowled over by your golden-haired cousin. I suppose we can drive back together? It would look rather absurd, wouldn't it, going down in a procession of two?"

## VI

THEY were to have remained in Barcelona a week, but Mr. Moulton, alarmed at the impassioned devotion of Zuñiga to Lydia, decided to leave on the morning of the fourth day.

"That will be just six hours before Zuñiga is up, so you need not worry about giving him the slip," said Captain Over, who thought that Lydia would be well out of the young Spaniard's way. "If Miss Shore will join me in the morning we can do the shopping for the family. She speaks Spanish and I have done this sort of thing before."

Mr. Moulton, who looked upon Over as his personal conquest, and despite his good looks, never thought of him in the light of a marrying man, gave his message to Catalina, and pattered down the hall to break the news to his family. He was nervous but determined. Mrs. Moulton had seen all of Barcelona that was necessary for retrospect and conversation. Jane immediately began to pack her portmanteau. Lydia shot him a glance of reproach, flushed, and turned away.

"I won't have any decadent Spaniards philandering round my daughters," said Mr. Moulton firmly. "If

you were going to marry a Spaniard I had rather it were a peasant, for they, at least, are the hope of the country. This young Zuñiga hasn't an idea in his head beyond flirting and horse-racing. He has no education and no principles."

"I've talked with him more than you have," said Lydia with spirit, "and I think him lovely!"

"Lovely? What a term to apply to any man, let alone a dissipated Spaniard! Have I not begged you, my love, to choose your adjectives—one of the first principles of style?"

"I don't write," retorted Lydia, who was in a very naughty mood. "I have no use for style."

"I should never be surprised to see your name in our best magazines," said Mr. Moulton, with his infinite tact. "Make this young man the hero of a story, if you like. A clever Englishwoman I met yesterday, who has lived in Spain for many years, told me that the Spanish youth is the brightest in the world, but that when he reaches the age of fourteen his brain closes up like the shell of an oyster and never opens again; the reason is that at that age he takes to immoderate smoking and various other forms of dissipation; the brain from that time on receiving neither nourishment nor encouragement. I intend to write an essay on the subject. It is most interesting. And I thought out a splendid phrase this afternoon. I'll write it down this moment before I forget it." He whipped out his notebook. "'The only hope for Spain lies in the abolishment of bull-fights, beggars and priests.' First of all there must be a revolution in which the most worthless aristocracy in Europe will disappear forever. I would not have them beheaded, but driven out. Now, pack before you go to bed, my love, for we must be up bright and early—we have not seen the cathedral. Shall I help you?"

Jane had finished. Lydia sulkily declined his assistance. He kissed them both, and went off to his nightly

jottings and to pack the conjugal portmanteau.

Lydia continued to brush out her golden locks and to frown at her mirror. She longed for sympathy and a confidant, but knew that Jane would agree with her father, and recalled that Catalina had barely taken note of Zuñiga's existence.

"But if he has any sand," she informed herself, "he will follow me up. And I'll marry whom I please—so there!"

The next morning, having seen the rest of the party off to the cathedral, Catalina and Captain Over started down the Rambla Centro in high good humor; they shared the exhilaration of moving on and enjoyed the novelty of the new housekeeping. They packed a hamper with cold ham and roast chicken, cake and two loaves of bread. Then Catalina bought recklessly in a confectioner's and Captain Over visited a coffee-shop. When they had filled the front seat of their cab, Catalina, after a half-hour of sharp bargaining, bought a white lace mantilla and a fine old fan.

"These are two of the things I came to Spain for," she announced to the bewildered Englishman, who had shopped with women before, but never with a woman who was definite, concentrated, driving hard in a straight line. As they went out with the precious bundle he ventured his first remark.

"I had an idea you were indifferent to dress."

"I am and I am not. I had rather be comfortable most of the time, and I hate being stared at, but when I dress I dress. I may never wear this mantilla, but it is a thing of beauty to possess and look at."

"I hope you will wear it, and here in Spain. Are you part Spanish, by the way?"

"No, Indian."

"Indian?" He looked at her with renewed interest. "Do you mind?"

"No, I don't. It's a good excuse for a whole lot of things."

"Ah, I see. Well, it certainly makes you different from other people. You like that and you may believe it."

Lydia was profoundly thankful to leave Barcelona while her marquis still slumbered; she was too young and curious not to be glad to travel on any terms, but to say farewell in a third-class carriage to a member of an ancient aristocracy was quite another matter. She accounted for Captain Over's willingness to travel humbly by the supposition that he was in love with Catalina, and did not believe for a moment that it was his habit.

But Captain Over was not in love with Catalina. He was still half an invalid, and constitutionally indolent, as are most men who are immediately attractive to women. She interested and amused him, was a good comrade when in a good humor, and as full of pluck and resource as a boy. He liked all the family, including Jane, who was charmed with him, and enjoyed Mr. Moulton's many good stories. It was a pleasant party and he was glad to join it, but if he had been summoned hastily back to England, or been sure that when the journey was over he should never see these agreeable companions again, he would have accepted the decree with the philosophy of one who had met many delightful people in many country houses and sat by many delightful women at many London dinners, whose very names he might forget before he saw them again. It was a part of his charm that he appeared to live so wholly in the present, without retrospect or anticipation, and Catalina concluded it was the result of being a soldier, whose time was not his own, and who was ready and willing to accept the end of all things at any moment.

The cool open car in which they moved out of Barcelona had an aisle down the middle and was new and highly varnished. Even Jane condescended to remark that in hot weather in a dusty country such accommodations were preferable to up-



holstered seats which doubtless were not brushed once a month. Then she retired to her Pater, and the rest of the party hung out of the windows and gazed at the tremendous ridge of Montserrat cutting the blue sky like a thousand twisted fingers petrified in their death throes. It is the most jagged mass of rock in Europe; Nature would seem to have spat it out through gnashing teeth; and surely no spot more terrifying even to the gods could have been selected for the safe-keeping of the Holy Grail.

Then once more the train ambled through vineyards and silver olive groves, past old brown castles on their rocky heights, glimpses of Roman roads and ruins; the innumerable tunnels making the brown plains more dazzling, the sea in glimpses like a chain of peacocks' feathers.

Today for the greater part of the trip their companions were a large party of washing-women, brawny, with shining pleasant faces. They wore blue cotton frocks and white handkerchiefs pinned about their slippery heads. On the capacious lap of each was a basket of white clothes. They gossiped volubly and paid no attention to the Americans, who, indeed, in a short time, were so dusty that the varnish of civilization was obliterated.

They were a gay party. As the day's trip was to be short Mrs. Moulton concluded not to feel tired, and while they were in the tunnels Captain Over made her a cup of tea under the seat, regardless of the Guardia Civile who were honoring the carriage with their presence. These personages looked very sturdy and self-confident in their smart uniforms, and quite capable of handling the always possible bandit. Catalina audibly invoked him. She was possessed by that exhilaration which a woman feels when in the companionship of a new and interesting man with whom she is not in love. The great passion induces an illogical depression of spirits, melancholy forebodings, and extremes of sentimentalism, which are the death of high spirits and humor. Catalina had some

inkling of this, having experienced one or two brief and silent attacks of misplaced affection, and rejoiced in the spontaneous and mutual friendship. Outwardly she looked as solemn as usual, but perhaps even hidden sunshine may warm, for on no day since they left Lyons had the party been so independent of material ills. Even Lydia came forth from the sulky aloofness of the morning, and Jane laid Pater to rest, when, after the excellent luncheon, Catalina produced a large box of bonbons.

By this time there was no one in the car but the Guardia Civile and a young peasant, a brawny handsome Catalan, who might have been the village blacksmith, and a possible leader in the anarchy of his province. He had the haughty independent manner of his class, and although his eye was fiery and reckless, the lower part of his face symbolized power and self-control.

Lydia having carefully washed the dust from her face, in a spirit of mischief and breathless in her first open act of mutiny, left her seat abruptly and offered the box of sweets first to the military escort, who arose and declined with a profound bow, then to the young peasant. She had stood before the guards with downcast eyes, but when the peasant turned to her she deliberately lifted her long brown eyelashes, and the blue shallows sparkling with coquetry met a wild and eager flash never encountered before. A blue silk handkerchief was knotted loosely about her disheveled golden head, she wore a blue soft cotton blouse, and her cheeks were pink. Dainty and sweet and gracious, what wonder that she dazzled the rustic accustomed to maidens as swarthy as himself?

"*Madre de Dios!*" he muttered.

"*A dulce, señor?*" said Lydia, with the charming hesitation of the imperfect linguist.

Then the peasant rose and with the grace and courtesy of a grandee possessed himself of a bonbon. But he did not know, perhaps, that it was

intended to go the road of black bread and garlic, for he fumbled in the pocket of his blouse, brought forth an envelope, rolled up the sweetmeat, and tenderly secreted it. Lydia gave him a radiant smile, shook her head, and still held out the box.

"Eat one," she said; and as the man only stared at her with deepening color, she put one of the bonbons into her own mouth and motioned to him to follow suit. This time he obeyed her, and for the moment they had the appearance, and perhaps the sensation, of breaking bread together.

"*Dios de mi alma!*" muttered the man, and then Lydia bowed to him gravely, and turned slowly, reluctantly, and rejoined her panting family. Mrs. Moulton's face was scarlet; she was sitting upright; the air cushions were in a heap on the floor. Mr. Moulton's bland visage expressed solemn indignation, an expression which he had the ability to infuse into the review of a book prudence warned him to condemn.

"Lydia Moulton!" exclaimed her mother.

"I am grieved and ashamed," said her father.

"Why?" asked Lydia flippantly. "It is the custom in Spain to share with your traveling companions, and last night you said you had rather I married a Spanish peasant than a Spanish gentleman."

"I am ashamed of you!" repeated Mr. Moulton, with dignity. "Are you looking for a husband, may I ask? If so, we will go direct to Gibraltar and take the first steamer for America."

Lydia colored, but she was still in a naughty mood, and encouraged by a sympathetic flash from Catalina, she retorted:

"No, I don't want to marry, but I do want to be able to look at a man unchaperoned by the entire family. I haven't had the liberty of a convent girl since I arrived in Europe. I feel like running off with the first man that finds a chance to propose to me."

Mrs. Moulton, whose complexion

during this outburst had faded to its normal gray tones, the little lines of cultivated worries and invalidism quivering on the surface, turned her pale gaze upon Catalina. She stared mutely, but volumes rolled into the serene contemptuous orbs two seats away.

Mr. Moulton, in his way, was a rapid thinker. "My dear," he said gently to the revolutionist, "if we have surrounded you it has not been from distrust, but because you are far too pretty to be alone among foreigners for a moment. At home, as you know, you often receive your young friends alone. I am sure that when you think the matter over you will regret your lapse from dignity, particularly as you have no doubt disturbed that poor young man's peace of mind."

Lydia seldom rebelled, but she had learned that when her father became diplomatic she might as well smite upon stone; so she refrained from further sarcasm and retreating to a seat behind the others stared sullenly out of the window. She was not unashamed of herself, but longed nevertheless to meet again the fiery gaze of the Catalan—"the anarchist," she called him; it sounded far better than peasant. Zuñiga dwindled out of her memory as the poor artificial thing he no doubt was. At last she had seen a blaze of admiration in the eyes of a real man. She was not wise enough to know that it was nothing in her meager little personality that had roused the lightnings in a manly bosom, merely a type of prettiness made unconventional by the setting and the man. But the impression was made, and had she dared she would have sent an occasional demure glance toward the young peasant behind her; as it was, she adjusted her charming profile for his delectation.

They entered the long tunnel which the train traverses before skirting the bluffs of Tarragona. Spain does not light its railway carriages before dark. Lydia had thrown her arm along the seat. Suddenly she became aware that

someone, as lithe and noiseless as a cat, had entered the seat behind her. She was smitten with sudden terror, and held her breath. A second later a pair of young and ardent lips passed as lightly as a passing flame along her rigid hand.

"*Dueño adorado!*" The voice was almost at her ear. Then she knew that the seat was empty again. Her first impulse had been to cry out; she was terrified and furious. But she had a quick vision of a mêlée of knives and pistols, the Guardia Civile and peasant, reinforcements from the next car, and the death of all her party. It was the imaginative feat of her life, and as the train ran out of the tunnel she congratulated herself warmly and put on her hat as indifferently as Jane, who had never known the kiss of man. She swept past her admirer with her head high and her lids—with their curling lashes—low.

## VII

"Ah!" exclaimed Captain Over, "this is Spain! Who is going to sit with me in front?"

Catalina made no reply, but she ran swiftly to the big canvas-covered diligence, climbed over the high wheel before Over could follow to assist her, and seated herself beside the driver with the most ingratiating manner that any of her party had seen her assume. Over placed himself beside her, the others took possession of the rear, the driver cracked his whip and the six mules, jingling with half a hundred bells, leapt down the dusty road, toward the steep and rocky heights where Tarragona has defied the nations of the earth. Then it was that Over laughed softly and the innocent Moultons learned what depths of iniquity may lie at the base of a ranch girl's blandishments. As they reached the foot of the bluff the delighted youth who was answerable to heaven for his precious freight abandoned the reins. Catalina gathered them in one hand, half rose from her seat, and with a

great flourish cracked the long whip, not once, but thrice, delivering herself of sharp peremptory cries in Spanish. The mules needed no further encouragement. They tore up the steep and winding road, whisked round curves, strained every muscle to show what a Spanish mule could do. They even shook their heads and tossed them in the air that their bells might jingle the louder. Mrs. Moulton and Jane screamed, clinging to each other, the portmanteaus bounced to the floor, and Mr. Moulton would have grasped Catalina's arm, but Over intercepted and reassured him. And indeed there were few better whips than Catalina in a State notorious for a century of reckless and brilliant driving. She drove like a cowboy, not like an Englishwoman, Over commented, but he felt the exhilaration of it, even when the unwieldy diligence bounded from side to side in the narrow road, and the dust enveloped them. In a moment he shifted his eyes to her face. Her white teeth were gleaming through the half-open bow of her mouth, tense but smiling, and her splendid eyes were flashing not only with the pleasure of the born horsewoman, but with a wicked delight in the consternation behind her. She looked, despite the mules and the dusty old diligence, like a goddess in a chariot of victory, and Over, who rarely imagined, half expected to see fire whirling in the clouds of dust about the wheels.

As they reached the top of the bluff the driver indicated the way, and they flew down the Rambla San Carlos, past the astounded soldiers lounging in front of the barracks, and stopped with a grand flourish in front of the hotel.

Catalina turned to Over, her lips still parted, her eyes glittering.

"That is the first time I have been really happy since I left home," she announced, ignoring her precipitately descending relatives. "I feel young again, and I've felt as old as the hills ever since I've been in Europe. I'll like you forever because you approve of me, and I haven't seen that expression on anybody's face for months."

"Oh, I approve of you!" said the Englishman, laughing.

They descended, and she challenged him to race her to the parapet that they might limber themselves. He accepted, and in spite of her undepleted youth he managed to beat by means of a superior length of limb. The victory filled him with a quite unreasoning sense of exultation, and as they hung over the parapet and looked out upon the liquid turquoise of the sea, sparkling under a cloudless sky, its little white sailboats dancing along with the pure joy of motion, he felt younger and happier than he had since his cricket days.

"I think we had better not go to the hotel for a time," he suggested. "I am afraid that Mr. and Mrs. Moulton are in a bit of a wax. Perhaps after they have rested and freshened up they will forgive you, and meanwhile we can explore."

So they wandered off to the old town until they stood at the foot of a flight of ancient stone steps wider than three streets, that led up to the plaza before the cathedral. Crouching in the shallow corners of the stair were black-robed old crones who looked as if they might have begged of Cæsar. Passing up and down, or in and out of the narrow streets, to right and left were young women of languid and insolent carriage, in bright cotton frocks and yellow kerchiefs about their heads, young men in smallclothes and wide hats, loafing along as if all time were in their little day; and troops and swarms of children. These attached themselves to the strangers, encouraged by the caressing Spanish words of the girl, followed them through the cathedral, and out into a side street, chattering like magpies.

"You look like a comet with a long tail," said Over. "I'll scatter them with a few coppers—" He paused as she turned her head over her shoulder and regarded him with a wondering reproach. For the moment her large brown eyes looked bovine. "Do you want these little demons to follow us all over the place?" he asked curiously.

"Why not?"

"Tarragona is theirs," said Over lightly. "They would annoy most women." He hoped to provoke her to further revelation, but she made no reply, and they rambled with occasional speech through the ancient narrow streets, followed by their noisy retinue, the little Murillo faces sparkling with curiosity and foresight of illimitable wealth in coppers.

But even Catalina forgot them at times, as she and her companion stopped to decipher the Roman inscription on the foundation blocks of many of the houses. Although the houses themselves may have been younger than the huge blocks with their legends of the Scipios and the Cæsars, they were old enough, and the steep and winding streets, with the women hanging out of the high windows and sitting before the doors, all bits of color against the mellow stone, were no doubt much the same in effect as when Augustus and his hosts marched by with eagles aloft.

Catalina, who had the historic sense highly developed and had found her happiness in the past, infected Over with her enthusiasm, and he followed her without protest to the outskirts of the town, and looked down over the great valley beneath the heights of Tarragona, then up past the cyclopean walls, those stupendous unhewn blocks of masonry, which still, for a sweep of two miles or more, surround the old town.

"What a place to hide from the world!" said Catalina. They had turned into a little street just within the wall, and seated themselves on an odd block to rest, their exhausted retinue camping all the way along the line. Opposite them was a high and narrow house, its upper balcony full of flowers, and an arcade behind suggesting the dim quiet of a patio with its palms and fountain, its shadows haunted with incommunicable memories of an ancient past. "The new town we drove through with its fine houses is too commonplace; but this —any one of these eyries—what a nest!



I could live quite happy up there, couldn't you?"

"For a time." He was too frankly modern to yield unconditionally. "But I must confess I can't think what artists are about."

When they reached the plaza Catalina turned to the children and solemnly thanked them for the great pleasure and service they had rendered two belated strangers. They accepted the tribute in perfect good faith and then scrambled for the coppers.

### VIII

OVER and Catalina walked hastily to the hotel; they had but half an hour in which to make themselves presentable for dinner. Preparation for this function, however, was not elaborate. A tub and a change of shirt and blouse were all that could be expected of weary tourists traveling with one portmanteau each; their trunks were not to leave the stations until they reached Granada. Catalina invariably appeared in her hat, ready to go out again the moment the meal was over if she could induce Mr. Moulton to take her. Tonight the others sat down to their excellent repast in the cool dining-room without her. Mrs. Moulton and Jane were disposed to treat Over with hauteur, but thawed after the soup and fish. Mr. Moulton had long since recovered his serenity and expressed regret that he had not accompanied the more enterprising members of the party. Only Lydia, who had put on her prettiest blouse and fluffed her hair anew, was interested in neither dinner nor Tarragona.

"Off your feed?" Over was asking sympathetically, when Mrs. Moulton, who was helping herself to the roast, dropped the fork on her plate. The others followed the direction of her astonished eyes and beheld Catalina—but not the Catalina of their habit. Hers was the largest of the portmanteaus, and it was evident that she had excavated it at last. Gone were the stiff short skirt and ill-

fitting blouse, the drooping hat and shapeless coat. She wore a girlish gown of white nun's veiling, made with a masterly simplicity that revealed her figure in all its long grace, its gentle curves and supple power of endurance. Only the round throat and forearms were revealed; but the lace about them and the calm stateliness of her carriage produced the impression of full dress. Her mass of waving chestnut hair, with a sheen of gold like a web on its surface, was parted and brushed back from her oval face into a heavy knot at the base of the head. Around her throat she wore a string of pearls, and falling from her shoulders a crimson scarf.

She walked down the long room with a perfect simulation of unconsciousness, except for the lofty carriage of her head, which concealed much inward trepidation. Her broad brow was as bland as a child's, and her eyes wore what an admirer had once called her "wondering look." Never had her remarkable mouth looked so like a bow, the bow of her Indian ancestors. A beauty she was at last, fulfilling the uneasy prediction of her relatives. The few other people in the dining-room stared, the waiters stared, the Moultons stared, and Captain Over, who had risen, stared at her hard.

"Ripping! Ripping!" he thought. Then with a shock of personal pride, "She no longer looks like a cowboy. She might be on her way to court."

It was characteristic of Catalina that she did not even sink into her seat with one of those airy remarks with which woman demonstrates her ease in unusual circumstances. She made no remark whatever, but helped herself to the roast and fell to with a hearty appetite. Neither did she send a flash of coquetry to Captain Over; and he with an odd sense that in her incongruity, and the hostility aroused in two of the party, she stood in need of a protector, began talking much faster than was his wont, and even condescended to tell Mr. Moulton an anecdote of the late campaign.

Having gone so far he hardly could retreat, and indeed his reluctance seemed finally to be overcome. Very soon the company had forgotten Catalina, and Catalina came forth from herself and hung upon his words. Given her own way she would have been a man and a soldier, and like all normal women she exalted heroism to the head of the manly virtues. Over told no stories wherein he was the hero, but unwittingly he unrolled a panorama of infinite possibilities for the brave race of whose best he was a type. At all events, he made himself extremely interesting, and when he was finally left to Mr. Moulton and cigars, Catalina walked blindly out of the front door of the hotel, reinvoking the pictures that had stimulated her imagination. She was recalled by the pressure of a small but bony hand on her bare arm. She turned to meet the cold blue gaze of Mrs. Moulton. That gentlewoman was very erect and very formal.

"You cannot go out alone!" she said, with disgust in her voice. "I am surprised to be forced to remind you that this is not—California. It would be impossible in your traveling costume, but dressed as for an evening's entertainment in a private house you would be insulted at once. As long as you travel with us I must insist that you give as little trouble as possible."

If she hoped for war, feeling herself for once secure, she was disappointed. Catalina merely shrugged her shoulders and re-entering the hall, ascended the stair. She recalled that her room opened upon a balcony, which would answer her purpose.

The balcony hung above a garden, overflowing with flowers, surrounded on three sides by the hotel and its low outbuildings, and secluded from the sloping street by a high wall. She paced up and down watching the servants under the veranda washing their dishes. They all wore a bit of the bright color beloved of the Iberian, and they made a great deal of noise. Suddenly Lydia took pos-

session of her arm and related the adventure of the afternoon.

"Is it not dreadful?" she concluded. "A peasant! But to save my life I cannot be as furious as I should—nor help thinking of it. I feel like one of those princesses in the fairy tales beloved of the poor but wonderful youth."

"It is highly romantic," replied Catalina drily. "The setting was not all that it might have been, and I have seen too many picturesque vaqueros all my life to be deeply impressed by a handsome peasant in a blouse; but I suppose any romance is better than none in this old world."

She felt vaguely alarmed, and half a generation older than this silly little cousin whose suburban experience made her peculiarly susceptible to any semblance of romance in Europe; but as Lydia, repelled in her girlish confidence, drew stiffly away from her, Catalina relented with a gush of feminine sympathy.

"I really mean that a bit of romance like that makes life more endurable," she asserted. "And you may be sure that your marquis would not have been so delicate. I wonder who he is! He certainly is a personage in his way. Of course, you'll never see him again, but it will be something to think about when you are married to an author and correcting his typewritten manuscripts!"

Lydia, mollified, laughed merrily. "I'm never going to marry any old author. Let the recording angel take note of that. I'm sick of mutual admiration societies—and all the rest of it. If I can't do any better I'll manage to marry some enterprising young business man and help him to grow rich."

Catalina, who had had her own way all her life, nevertheless appreciated the colorless shallows in which her cousin had splashed of late in the vain attempt to reach a shore, and replied sympathetically:

"Come back to California when I go, and live on my ranch for a while. Out of doors is what you want; a far-away horizon is as good for the soul as for

the eyes. And you'll get enough of the picturesque and all the liberty you can carry——"

She paused abruptly and Lydia caught her breath. In the street below was the sound of a guitar, then of a man's impassioned voice.

The girls stole to the edge of the balcony and looked over. There was no moon, and the vines were close. The street was thick with shadows, but they could see the lithe active figure of a man clad in velvet jacket and small-clothes. His head was flung back and his quick rich notes seemed to leap to the balcony above. Catalina had forgotten that her candles still burned. Their rays fell directly on the girls. The man saw them and his voice burst forth in such peremptory volume, ringing against the walls of the narrow street, that heads began to appear at many windows.

"It is that peasant we saw on the train today," said Over's amused voice behind the girls. "He was in the café a moment ago and is got up in full peasant finery. You made a conquest, Miss Lydia."

Catalina felt her companion give an ecstatic shiver, but omitted to pull her back as she leaned recklessly over the rail. Her own spirit seemed to swirl in that glorious tide. She threw back her head, staring at the black velvet skies of Spain with their golden music, then turned slowly and regarded the old white walls and gardens about her, the palms and the riot of flowers and vine, invoking the image of Cæsar himself prowling in the night to the lattice of inviting loveliness in a mantilla. She wished she had draped her own about her head, and wondered if Over shared her vision.

But he was merely marveling at her beauty, and wondering if he should ever get as far as California. He would like to see her in that patio she had described to him, with its old Mission fountain, its gigantic date palms through whose bending branches the sun never penetrated, the big-leaved banana tree heavy with yellow fruit, the scarlet hammock, the mountains

rising just behind the old house. She had described it to him only that afternoon, and he had received a vivid impression of it all, and of the deep verandas and the cool austere rooms within. It had struck him as a delightful retreat after the strife of the world, and he wondered if under that eternally blue sky, in that southern land of warmth and color, where the very air caressed, he could not forget even the broad demesne of his ancestors, a demesne that would never be his, but where he was always a welcome guest. She had told him that her estate—her "ranch"—went right down to the sea; it was, in fact, a wide valley, closed with the Pacific at one end, and a range of mountains immediately behind the house. It had seemed to him the ideal existence as she described it, a perfect balance of the intellectual and the outdoor life, of boundless freedom and unvarying health; and all in an atmosphere of perfect peace. He had envied her at the moment, but had philosophically concluded that in the long run a man's club most nearly filled the bill. He fancied, however, that he should correspond with her, and one of these days pay her a visit.

"Best remember that this is the land of passion, not of idle flirtation, Miss Lydia," he said warningly, as the music ceased for a moment. "What is play to you might be death to that Johnny down there."

For answer Lydia plucked a rose and dropped it into a lithe brown hand that shot up to meet it.

## IX

CATALINA threw on her dressing-gown and leaned far out of her window. The very air felt as if it had been drenched by the golden shower of the morning sun, and so clear it was it glittered like the sea. Across the narrow way was a stately white house, doubtless the "palace" of a rich man, and behind it, high above the street, was a beautiful garden, at whose very end, in an angle of the stone wall,



stood a palm tree. Beyond that palm tree, so delicate and graceful in its peculiar stiffness, was a glimpse of blue water. Far below was a cross street in which no one moved as yet, and beside her were the balcony and garden of the hotel, and the vines hanging over the wall.

Catalina sang, in the pure joy of being alive, a snatch of one of the Spanish songs still to be heard in Southern California.

"*Buenas dias, señorita,*" broke in a low and cautious voice, and Catalina, turning with a start and frown, saw that Captain Over was looking round the corner of the balcony.

"If you will come out here," he continued, "I will make you a cup of coffee, and then we can go for a walk."

Catalina nodded amiably, and hastily dressing herself, opened her long window and joined him. He had brought his traveling lamp and coffee-pot, and the water was simmering. With the exception of a man who was cleaning harness in the court below they seemed to be the only persons awake. The air was heavy laden with sweet scents, and the garden in the fresh morning light was a riot of color. The Mediterranean was murmuring seductively to the shore.

"This is heaven," sighed Catalina. "Why can't one always be free from care like this?—the Moultons, to be exact. Let's you and I and Lydia run away from the rest."

"When I run away with a woman I shall not take a chaperon," said Over coolly.

Catalina could assume the blankness of a mask, but upon repartee she never ventured. "Am I not to do any of the work?" she asked. "I am sick of being waited on. At home I often make my own breakfast before my lazy Mexicans are up, and saddle my horse. I do a great deal of work on the ranch, first and last, for I believe in work—and I didn't get the idea from Tolstoi, either. I don't like Tolstoi," she added defiantly. "He's one of those gigantic fakes the world always believes in."

"Well, I've never read a line of Tolstoi," admitted Captain Over, who was carefully revolving his coffee machine, "so I can't argue with you. But work! This is all the work I want."

"Don't you love work?"

"I don't."

"But you do work."

"At what?"

"Oh, in the army and all that."

"My orderly does the work."

"You are so provoking. There is all sorts of work you must do yourself."

"Well, why do you remind me of anything so painful, when I am doing my best to forget it? You are not an altruist or a socialist, are you?"

"I'm not anything that someone else has invented. I believe in work because idleness horrifies me; some primal instinct in me wars against it. The civilization that permits idleness in the rich and in those with just enough to relieve them from work, with none of the responsibilities and diversions of great fortunes, is no civilization at all, to my mind. Of course, I believe in progress, but I believe in hanging on to the conditions which first made progress possible; and when I saw those carriage loads of ridiculous women and finery in Paris I wanted to go home and till the soil and restore the balance. How good that coffee smells!"

He poured her out a steaming cup. He had raided the kitchen for cream and bread and he carried sugar with him. No orderly had ever made better coffee.

"What women?" he asked, smiling into her still angry eyes. They were seated at a little table close to the railing and the vines hung down in her hair. Her theories might be crude and somewhat vague, but at least she thought for herself.

She described the morning in the rue de Rivoli and the procession of American butterflies.

"What can you expect in a new republic of sudden fortunes?" he asked.

"Someone must spend the money, and the men haven't time."

"Then are your women something besides nerves and clothes—your leisure women?"

"I don't wish to be rude, but they are. I am, of course, only comparing them with your idle class. I have had no chance to meet any other until now. But I have met scores of rich American women and girls in London and at country houses, and I've come to the conclusion that what is the matter with them—aside from lack of traditions—is that their men leave them nothing to do but spend money and amuse themselves. With us rich women and poor are helpmeets, and what saves our fast set from being as empty-headed as yours is that they have grown up among men of affairs, have heard the great questions discussed all their lives. Then, of course, they are far better educated, and often extremely clever—something more than bright and amusing. Many of them are pretty hard cases, I'm not denying that; but few are silly. They have not had the chance to be, and that is where ancestors come in, too—serious ancestors. Personally, I have never been sensible to the famous charm of the American woman, and although there are exceptions, naturally—I am only generalizing—they strike me in the mass as being shallow, selfish, egotistical, nervous. I suppose the fundamental trouble is that they have so much that an impossible ideal of happiness is the result, and they are restless and dissatisfied because they can't get it. Possibly in another generation or two they may develop the sort of brain that makes the women of the old world well balanced and philosophical."

"Weren't you ever tempted to marry an heiress?"

"I never saw one that would look at me, so I've been spared one temptation, at least."

Catalina had finished her coffee. She leaned her chin on her hands and gazed at him reflectively. "I should think you could get one," she said

quite impersonally. "If you weren't such a practical soul you'd be almost romantic-looking, and you're quite the ideal soldier, besides being a guardsman and well-born. I think if you came to Santa Barbara I could find you a rich girl. Quantities come there for the winter, and they are always delighted to be asked to a ranch."

"All women are matchmakers," he said testily. "A poor fellow I left out in South Africa got off just one epigram in his life. 'There are two kinds of women, living women and dead women.' I believe he was right. Shall we go and see if they will let us into the archbishop's palace?"

## X

*"Quien quiere agua? Quien quiere agua?"*

The shrill cries of the water-carriers smote upon grateful ears as the dusty sun-baked train paused at Fuente, a little station on the zigzag between Valencia and Albacete. They were young misshapen girls, the hip that supported the gourd at least three inches higher than the other, with a corresponding elevation of shoulder. All along the train, hands were waving encouragingly, accompanied by cries of "*Aquí! Aquí!*" and the glasses were rapidly filled and emptied. But few ran over to the cantina where the wine of the country was sold; and the amount of water that is dispensed at every station in Spain should encourage those whose war-cry is Temperance and who are prone to believe that the Southern races are lost. But water is precious in Spain, and must be paid for. At every station old women are waiting with buckets to catch the discharge from the engine; not, it is to be hoped, for traffic.

Even the Moultons, who had exhausted Captain Over's aluminum bottle and had prejudices against uncertified water, passed out their own cups and drank thirstily. No one was in his best temper. Valencia is a

dirty, noisy, ill-mannered city, and after two sleepless nights they had been forced to rise early or remain another day. Moreover, the handsome peasant had followed them with a melodious persistence that was causing Mr. Moulton serious uneasiness. It was impossible to appeal to the Guardia Civile, for the man did nothing that was not within his rights; for the matter of that the stranger in Spain is practically without rights. The man—his name, it was now known, was Jesus Maria—a name common enough in a land without humor—never even offered them the usual courtesies of travel. Nevertheless, he managed to make his presence felt in a hundred ways independently of his voice and guitar, as well as the subtle intimation that for the stern frown on Mr. Moulton's brow he cared nothing.

"I don't wish any trouble, of course," Mr. Moulton had said to Over that morning, "but I am seriously considering the plan of continuing the journey to Granada in a first-class carriage. Lydia has already begun to suffer from the annoyance, and it is abominable that a refined, carefully brought up girl should be subjected to such an experience. The marquis was bad enough—but this! Even when her back is to him I am sure she feels his rude stare. I can assure you, Over, a pretty daughter is a great responsibility; but although I have had to dispose—diplomatically, of course—of several undesirable suitors, I never even anticipated anything like this. It is preposterous."

"The first-class idea is not bad; it would emphasize the difference between them; it is rather a puzzle to him, I fancy—he is a Spaniard, remember—that we travel in his own way and yet regard him from a superior plane."

Captain Over, as he stood with Catalina at a booth on the platform buying substantial tortillas made of eggs, meat and potatoes, repeated the conversation. "He thinks they have never communicated in any way," he

added. "What is the best thing to do? I don't fancy telling tales, but it seems to me Mr. Moulton should be warned."

"Oh, Lydia can take care of herself," said Catalina carelessly. "She is a little flirt and quite intoxicated with what she calls an intrigue. It is the first time she has ever done any thinking for herself—you can see what Cousin Lyman is; he'd feed us if we'd let him. If we were Moultons, we'd be taking a little fling ourselves. Here she comes."

Lydia found a place beside them in the crowd that was clamoring for the old woman's hot tortillas.

"Mother says there is not enough bread," she said. "Jane is afraid of the beggars and father has disappeared, or I suppose I should not have got this far alone. Talk about the freedom of the American girl! I'd like to write a book to tell the world how many different kinds of Americans there are."

"You can't deny that you are a spoiled child, though," said Over banteringly, and then he scowled. The young peasant had joined the group and was quietly demanding a tortilla. He no longer wore his peasant blouse, but the gala costume he had bought or borrowed in Tarragona. He was a superb figure of a man, and every woman on the platform stared at him. He looked haughtily aloof, even from Lydia, but Over saw her hand seek her little waist-bag, and suspected that a note passed.

"He certainly is a man," he said to Catalina, as they walked back to the train; "looks more of a gentleman, for that matter, than a good many we dine with. Still, it can't go on; so set your wits to work, and we'll get rid of him between us."

But for Jesus Maria the afternoon would have been delightful. They were ascending, and the air was cooler; the great plain of La Mancha was studded with windmills, and its horizon gave up the welcome and lofty ridges of the Sierra de Alcatraz. But the cavalier—when not smoking the eternal cigarito—strummed his guitar and sang all the love-songs he knew. Mr.

Moulton coughed and frowned and ordered Lydia to turn her back; but open remonstrance might have meant the flashing of knives, certainly the vociferating protest of female voices, for the car was crowded and the peasants were delighted with the concert. At Chin-chilla, however, there was a diversion and love moved rearward.

A man leaped into the train. He wore a belt of three tiers, and each tier was stuck full of knives. Mrs. Moulton screamed; but he was immediately surrounded by the peasants, who snatched at the knives and bargained shamelessly. In a moment he thrust them aside, and, making his way to the strangers, protested that he had reserved his best for them, and flourished in their faces some of the finest specimens of Albacete, long curved blades of steel and long curved handles of ebony or ivory inlaid with bits of colored glass and copper. Catalina and Captain Over bought several at a third of the price demanded. The Catalan had followed the huckster, and under Mr. Moulton's very nose he bought the longest and most deadly of the collection. After several playful thrusts at the vender, and severing a lock of his hair, he thrust it conspicuously into his sash and with a lightning glance at poor Mr. Moulton returned to his seat. Here it was evident that he related deeds of prowess; once more he flourished the knife, and his audience uttered high staccato notes of approval.

## XI

THEY arrived at Albacete before nightfall. It was too small a place for the omnibus, but several enterprising boys appropriated the hand luggage and, without awaiting instructions, made for the one hotel of the Alto. This proved to be so far superior to the hotel of the small American town that it appeared palatial to the weary travelers. It stood, large and white and cool, on the Alameda, whose double row of plane trees formed an avenue down the middle of the long wide street. It is true the beds were not

made, water appeared to be as precious as at the stations, and the servant as weak of head as of ambulatory muscle, but the rooms were large and lofty and clean and the supper was eatable. Mrs. Moulton and Jane, after a brief ramble, sought what to both was become the end and aim of all traveling—bed and quiet; and Mr. Moulton, leaving the other two girls in charge of Over, soon followed their example.

"I saw that scoundrel leave the train," he murmured as he left Over at the foot of the staircase, "but he has gone off to the diversions of the new town, no doubt, and will be occupied for a few hours at least."

The girls had wandered to the doorway and were looking out into the dark Alameda. Over exchanged a glance with Catalina and drew Lydia's hand through his arm.

"Miss Shore is tired," he said, "but I am sure you will enjoy another stroll. At all events, don't leave me to moon by myself." And Lydia, flattered by the unusual attention, surrendered with her charming animation of word and feature.

They walked beside the Alameda down to the quaint old plaza, surrounded by white houses of varied architecture, deserted and dimly lit with the infrequent lamp. When Englishmen are diplomatic they are the most subtle and sinuous of mankind, but when they are not they are the bluntest. Over said nothing whatever until he had enjoyed the half of his pipe and then he remarked: "I say, you must drop that man—send him about his business without any more loss of time."

Lydia, who had been prattling amiably, stiffened and attempted to withdraw her arm.

"What are my affairs to you?" she asked haughtily.

"For this trip I am your big brother. I should not merit the friendship of your father if I did not make this affair my own. Brothers are always privileged to be rude, you know: you are not only playing a silly game, but a



dangerous one. That man will try to kidnap you—he is only one degree removed from a bandit.” Lydia’s eyes flashed, and he hastened to rectify a possible misstep. “How would you like to live in the side of a hill with your lord—to escape taxes—and cook his frijoles three hundred and sixty-five days of the year? If he didn’t beat you, he certainly would not serenade you, and even in a country where water is more plentiful than in Spain—suppose you induced him to emigrate—it is doubtful if he would ever take a bath——”

“You are a brute!”

“Merely practical. He would insist upon having his beans flavored with garlic, and he doubtless smokes all night as well as all day. He may be a good enough sort in the main, but there is no hope here for a man to rise above his station in life. If there were a revolution he would probably be in the thick of it and get himself killed; and if he followed you to America—failing to kidnap you—he would doubtless open a cigar-shop on the Bowery.”

He had expected tears, but Lydia drew herself up, and said coldly: “I don’t think I am in danger of being kidnapped. Strange as it may appear, I feel quite well able to take care of myself, and if with you on one side and father on the other I can’t vary the monotony of life with a little flirtation—well, if you were a girl, surrounded by goody-goody people as I have always been, you might be tempted a little way by something that had the glamour of romance.”

“Girls must find life rather a bore,” said Over sympathetically. “And I only wish your hero were worthy of you; but take my word for it, his romantic picturesqueness is only skin—clothes deep. No man is romantic, if it comes to that. I met a long-haired poet once, and when we got him in the smoking-room he was the prosiest of the lot.”

“There is no such thing as romance, then?” asked Lydia, with a sigh.

“Not when you are ‘up against it,’ to use a bit of your own slang.”

As the radiating streets were dark they paced slowly about the plaza. For a time Lydia was silent, and Over drew thoughtfully at his pipe. Finally he asked curiously:

“Do you women really get any satisfaction out of that sort of thing—talking with your eyes and exchanging an occasional note? I mean, of course, unless you have a definite idea that it is going to lead to something?”

“We like any little excitement,” said Lydia drily, “and the littlest is better than none. I suppose you are too masculine—too British—to understand that!”

“Well, yes, I am, rather. I fancy what is the matter with girls is that they don’t have to work as hard as boys—don’t have so many opportunities to work off steam. As for this Johnny, he must be a silly ass if he is content with singing and sighing and rigging himself out. If he isn’t—there lies the danger. He’ll rally his friends and carry you off. Nothing could be simpler.”

“I should be quite like Helen—or Mary, Queen of Scots!”

“Good Lord!”

She flushed under the lash of his voice, but in a moment raised her eyes softly to his. “You are so good,” she murmured. “Really like a brother, so I don’t mind telling you that I am fearfully interested—but not so much in the mere man as in the whole thing. It has all *seemed* so romantic, at least. I don’t believe an American girl ever had such an experience before. However, I will set your mind at rest—since you are so good as to take an interest in poor little me—I haven’t the slightest desire really to know the man. I should be disenchanted, of course, for I could not stand commonness in the most beautiful husk. But—there is something in one quite independent of all that—of one’s upbringing, one’s prejudices, of common sense—can’t you understand?—the primeval attraction of man and woman. I have been quite aware that all this could come to nothing, but it has been something to

have felt that way for once in a well-regulated lifetime; to have been primal for a fleeting moment is something, I can assure you."

Over groped in the depths of his masculine understanding. "Well, I suppose so. But what of the man? It is a mere experience to you, but it may be a matter of life and death to a poor devil who is nine-tenths fire and sentiment."

"He, too, has something to think about for the rest of his life."

"And you fancy that will satisfy him?"

"It will have to."

"You might have spared him."

"There can be no romance without a hero."

"Upon my word, you are the greater savage of the two!"

"I told you I enjoyed being a savage for once in my life."

Over made no reply, and if Lydia's glance had not dropped to the uneven pavement, she would have seen his eyes open wide with incredulous amazement and then flash with anger. As it was, she wondered why he hurried her back to the hotel, and then practically ordered her up to her room. He stood on the lower step of the stair until he heard her greet Jane; then he left the hotel and walked rapidly down the street again. In a moment he met Catalina.

"Oh," he said, with an awkward attempt at masculine indifference, although his eyes were blazing. "Are you out—alone—as late as this? Isn't it rather risky?"

"I've been walking with Jesus Maria," she replied coolly. "What a baby you were to walk off through these lonely streets with Lydia. I supposed, of course, that you would talk to her in the hotel. Don't you know that man would have been mad with jealousy if he had seen you? Then there would have been a fine rough-and-tumble if he hadn't got a knife into your back first. He came along with that everlasting guitar under his arm just after you left, and I told him that Lydia was ill, and

asked him to take a walk with me. We'd better give him the slip as soon as possible; he's off his head about her."

"What a little brick you are! What did he have to say?"

"I explained to him that he could never hope to marry Lydia, and elevated the family to the ancient aristocracy of America. It made no impression on him whatever. He expressed contempt for the entire race, barring Lydia, whom he takes to be an angel. I concluded that disloyalty was the better part, and told him that Lydia was nothing but a little American flirt trying to have a sensation. That made even less impression on him—he believes that she is ready to fly with him at a moment's notice. I did more harm than good, and I shall speak to Cousin Lyman tonight."

Over stared hard at her. "That was very brave of you. Aren't you afraid of anything?"

"Not of greasers!" replied the Californian. "I've dealt with them all my life. I treated this one as an equal, and made him forget Lydia in talking about himself. He's a revolutionist, hates the queen because she doesn't go to bull-fights, despises the king, anathematizes all monarchies and aristocracies, and talks like a Fourth of July oration about the days when Spain will be a republic, and one of his own sort—possibly himself—will president. I never heard so much brag in America. But he's full of pluck. Now, you go and call Cousin Lyman out into the hall, and we'll have a consultation."

## XII

THE upshot of the conference was the decision that on the following morning the Moultons should conspicuously enter a third-class carriage of the train bound for Baeza, and while Captain Over, on the platform, talked with Catalina in the doorway, they should slip out of the opposite entrance, cross the track and take the train for Alcazar. The Alcazar train,

the landlord assured them, left two minutes earlier than that for Baeza, so that Catalina, in the confusion of the last moments, could join her relatives unobserved. It was the habit of Jesus Maria to saunter down late, and even then to engage in conversation on the platform. Catalina had told him they intended to spend the following night at Baeza, and he was under the impression they were bound for Seville. Captain Over would take Catalina's place in the doorway, covering her retreat, and await the rest of his party in Baeza.

It was a program little to the taste of any of them, but Over heroically proposed it, and it seemed to be the only feasible plan.

In Spain there is apparently no law against crossing the tracks, nor in leaving a train on the wrong side. On the following morning Catalina, having reserved a first-class compartment on the train for Alcazar, the six members of the party, portmanteaus in hand, filed down to the station and entered a third-class carriage on the Southern train. In a few moments Over descended leisurely and lit a cigarette. Catalina leaned forward to chat with him, then stood up, her bright amused glances roving over the country people who were bound for a fair in a town nearby. The peasants were interested in themselves and contemptuously indifferent to strangers. The Moultons, including the mystified and angry Lydia, descended and crossed the track unobserved. Catalina, one hand on her portmanteau, was ready to make a dash the moment she heard the familiar drone, "*Viajeros al tren.*" It might be expected within the next five minutes, and it might be belated for twenty.

"There he comes!" she murmured. "If he should take it into his head to enter the train before it starts! We will tell him the others are late. What a pity you don't speak Spanish; you could engage him in conversation. He is looking—glowering at me! Do you suppose he suspects?"

"It is not like you to lose your

nerve," began Over, but at the same moment his glance moved from the Catalan's face to hers, and he smiled. She looked, if anything, more impassive than usual. "My knees are shaking," she confided to him, "and my heart is galloping. It is rather delightful to be so excited, but still—thank heaven!" Jesus Maria had met an acquaintance. They lit the friendly cigarito and entered into conversation.

"They are walking down the platform," said Catalina anxiously a moment later, "and the other train is not so far back as this; however, Cousin Lyman will no doubt keep the door shut. There, he's turning. I'd better make a bolt. Good-bye. *Au revoir*—"

"Tell me again exactly what I am to do. I don't want to run any risk of missing you."

Catalina glanced over her shoulder. There was such a babble, both in the car and on the platform, that it would not be difficult to miss the sing-song of the guard. The other train was still there.

"Do not go to the town. It is miles from the station; there is sure to be an inn close by. If we don't arrive tomorrow night, of course, you will have a telegram; in any case, don't wait for us, but go on to Granada. You can amuse yourself there, and we are sure to turn up sooner or later. Have you that list of Spanish words I wrote out?"

He looked forlorn and homesick, and Catalina laughed outright. "Better go straight to Granada," she said.

"*Viajeros al tren!*"

"Take my place—quick!" whispered Catalina. She let herself down on the other side, dragged her heavy bag after her, and ran. She had a confused idea that the Northern train was closer than it had been, but did not pause until she came to the first-class carriages. Then she saw that the train was empty. At the same instant she heard a whistle, and glancing distractedly up the track saw a train gliding far ahead.

There was not a moment to be lost. It was the guard of the Southern train that had sounded his warning cry, and



she ran back, dragging the heavy portmanteau—it held the day's lunch, among other things—and almost in tears. It had been an exciting morning, and she had slept little the night before.

She stopped and gasped. The train was moving—slowly, it is true, but far too rapidly for a person on the wrong side with a heavy piece of luggage. She dropped the portmanteau and drawing a long breath, called with all the might of lungs long accustomed to the ranch cry:

"Captain Over! Captain Over!"

The door of a carriage was opened instantly. Over took in the situation at a glance, leaped to the ground and ran toward her, caught up the portmanteau and, regaining his compartment flung it within. Catalina followed it with the agility of a cat, and in another moment they were panting opposite each other.

Catalina fanned herself with her hat; she would not speak until she could command her voice.

"How was anyone to know they would run another train between?" she said finally. "Poor Cousin Lyman! He must be frantic. Cousin Miranda, no doubt, is delighted. It is my fault, of course—no, it is yours; you should not have engaged me in conversation at the critical moment."

"I will take the blame—and the best of care of you, besides."

She was looking out of the window at the moment, and he glanced at her curiously. She was quite unembarrassed, and what he had dimly felt before came to him with the force of a shock. With all her intellect, and her interest in many of the vital problems of life, she was as innocent as a child. She might not be ignorant, but she had none of the commonplace inquisitiveness and morbidness of youth, and he recalled that she had grown up without the companionship of other girls, had read few novels, and little subjective literature of any sort. She had never looked younger, more utterly guileless than as she sat fanning herself slowly, her hair damp and tumbled, the flush

of excitement in her cheek. Over felt as if he had a child in his charge, and drew a long breath of relief. He knew many girls who would have carried off the situation, but their very dignity would have been the signal of inner tribulation, and made him miserable; with Catalina he had but to have a care that she was not placed in a false position; and, after all, the time was short, and they were unlikely to meet anyone who even spoke the English language.

She met his eyes and they burst into laughter like two contented and naughty children.

"I'm so happy to get rid of them I can't contain myself," announced Catalina. "So are you, only you are too polite to say so. I could have done it on purpose, but am rather glad I failed through too much zeal. Do you understand Lydia?" she asked abruptly.

"I don't waste time trying to understand women," he replied cautiously.

"I thought perhaps she confided in you last night. She has tried to unbosom herself to me, but I have not been sympathetic. I don't understand her. I am half a savage, I suppose, but I could go through life and never even see a man like that."

"I can't make out if she loves him."

"Oh, love!" Catalina elevated her nose the higher, as the word gave her a vague thrill. "You can't be in love with a person you can't talk to—outside of poetry. Would you call that sort of thing love?"

"No. I don't think I should."

"I fancy it is a mere arbitrary effort to feel romantic." She stood up suddenly and looked over the crowded car, then turned to Over with wide eyes.

"He is not here!" she said.

"Doubtless he is in the next car, or he may have jumped off when he discovered the exodus."

He searched the other cars when the train stopped again, and returned to report that Jesus Maria was missing. Catalina shrugged her shoulders. "We

did our best," she said, "and I, for one, am not going to bother. We'll have them again soon enough."

The great sun-burned dusty plains were behind them today, and the train toiled upward through tremendous gorges, brown, barren, the projecting ledges looking as if they had but just been rent asunder, so little had time done to soften them. In the defiles were villages, or solitary houses, poor for the most part; now and again a turn of the road closed the perspective with a line of snow peaks. The air was clear and cool; there was little dust. Their car gradually gave up its load, until by lunch-time only one man was left, and he gratefully accepted of their superfluous store. He looked, this old Iberian, like the aged men who sit in the cabin doors in Ireland; the same long self-satisfied upper lip, the small cunning eyes, the narrow head of the priest-ridden race. He had done nothing, learned nothing, in his three score and ten, braced himself passively against the modern innovation, and could be cruel when his chance came to him. He cared no more for what the priests could not tell him than he cared that Spain could not make the wretched engines drawing her trains. On the whole, no doubt, he was happy. At all events, he was extremely well-bred, and took no liberty that he would not have resented in another.

But Catalina forgot him in the grand and forbidding scene, and she leaned out of the window so recklessly that more than once Over, as if she were a child, put his hand on her shoulder and drew her in. He began dimly to understand that Catalina had something more than the mere love of nature and appreciation of the beautiful common enough in the higher civilization. She tried, but not very successfully, to express to him that the vague desire to personify great mountains, the trees, and the sea, which haunts imaginative minds, the deathless echo of prehistoric ancestors, whose only revenge it is upon time, was doubly insistent in one so recently allied to the

tribe of Chinigchinich, whose roots were in Asia.

Of immemorial descent, with the record in her brain, perhaps, of those ancestors who personified and worshiped the phenomena of nature before the evolution of that first priesthood on the Ganges and the Euphrates, the Nile and the Indus, she had rare moments of primal exaltation. It is a far cry from those marvelous first societies and the vast orderly and complicated civilization, worshipping mysterious and unseen gods, that followed them, to the Chinigchinich Indians of Alta California; and yet, crushed, conquered, almost blotted out, these remnants, in their very despair, reverted the more closely to nature. The beautiful Carmela was the child of Mission Indians who fled back to their mountain pueblos and savage rites when the power of the priests in California was broken. Every inherited instinct had waged war against the Christianity which, in nine cases out of ten, was pounded into them with a green hide reata. They called the child Carmela, after the Mission of Carmel, merely because they liked the name; but she grew up a pagan, and a pagan remained during the few years of her life. And she was as pure and good, as loyal and devoted as any of the women descended from her, heedful of the wild inheritance in their blood, lest it poison the strong and bitter tide of New England ancestors. Catalina was the first to feel pride in that alien strain which did so much to distinguish her from the million, and was conscious that she owed to it her faculty to see and feel more in nature than the average Anglo-Saxon.

Over, in the almost empty car, lit by a solitary and smoking lamp, listened attentively as she groped her way through the mysterious labyrinths in her brain, expressing herself ill, for she was little used to egotistical ventures. It cannot be said that he understood, being himself a typical product of the extremest civilization that exists in the world today; but he saw will-o'-the-wisps in a fog bank, and thought her more interesting than ever.

## XIII

THE train was two hours late. It crawled into the dark little station of Baeza, and Over and Catalina sat down at once in the restaurant, leaving the problem of the night until later. But, hungry as the Englishman was, that problem dulled the flavor of a fair repast. How was he to protect the girl from curiosity and speculation, possibly coarse remark; above all, from self-consciousness? It would be assumed at the inn as a matter of course that they were a young couple, and he turned cold as he pictured the landlord conducting them upstairs to the usual room with a bed in each corner. He heartily wished it was he who spoke the Spanish language and that his companion were afflicted with his own distracting ignorance; but he must interpret through her, and to discuss the matter with her beforehand was, to him, impossible. For the first time he wished she were with the Moultons in Alcazar.

Catalina did not share his embarrassment. With her hat pulled low that she might attract the less attention, she was eating her dinner with the serenity of a child. As he seemed indisposed to conversation she did not utter a word until the salad was placed beside them, and then she met his disturbed and roving eye.

"You look fearfully tired," she said, smiling. "While you are drinking your coffee I will go and talk to that man behind the counter and see what can be done about tonight. You look as if you ought to be in bed this minute."

"Ah!" He was taken aback, and still helpless. "I must ask you not to talk to anyone unless I am with you. They would never understand it. We had better cut the desert and the coffee and secure what rooms there may be. I suppose most of these people are going on, but a few may remain."

They went together to pay their score, and Catalina asked the functionary behind the counter if there were rooms above for travelers. He

replied, with the haughty indifference of the American hotel clerk, that there were not. She demanded further information, and he merely shrugged his shoulders, for it is the way of the Spaniard to know no man's business but his own. But Catalina stood her ground, told him she would stand it till dawn, or follow him home; and finally, overcome by her fluency in invective, he unwillingly parted with the information that behind the station across the road there was a small inn above a cantina.

"I am halfway sorry we did not leave a message for Mr. Moulton and go on," said Over as they stood in the inky darkness and watched the train pull out of the station. "Probably, however, he would never have got it—well, there is nothing to do but make the best of it."

They crossed the sandy road, guided by the glimmer of the cantina. Here they found the host serving two men that would have put the Guardia Civile on the alert. He greeted the strangers politely, however, and called his wife. She came in a moment, smiling and comely, followed by a red-haired girl holding a candle.

Catalina, warned by her recent interview, uttered a few of the flowery amenities that should lead up to any request in Spain. The woman, beaming with good-will, took the candle from her daughter's hand, motioned to the girl to take the portmanteaus, and without apology for her humble lodgings, piloted them out into the dark, through another doorway and up a rickety stair. Over, feeling as if he were being led out to be shot by the enemy, saw his worst fears verified. She threw open the door of a tiny blue-washed room, and there were the two little beds, the more conspicuous as they were unaccompanied but for a tin washing-stand. It opened upon a balcony, and, despite the bareness, it was so clean and inviting it seemed to make a personal appeal not to be judged too hastily. Over was unable to articulate, but Catalina said serenely: "We wish two rooms, señora."

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"Two!" cried the woman; and Over understood both the word and the expression of profound amazement.

"Yes, two." There was no voluble explanation from Catalina. She looked the woman straight in the eyes, and repeated: "Two rooms, and quickly, please; we are very tired."

The woman's eyes were wide with curiosity, but before Catalina's her tongue lost its audacity. She replied promptly enough, however:

"But I have no other. It is only by the grace of God I have this. The train was late, the diligences were put away for the night; there were many and my house is small. I see now, the señor is the señorita's brother—but for one night, what matter?"

Catalina turned to Over. "There is no other room," she said.

Over went into the apartment, and lifting a mattress and coverings from one of the beds, returned to the hall and threw them on the floor.

"I shall be comfortable here," he said curtly, glad of any solution. "Go to bed. I prefer this, anyhow, for I didn't like the looks of those men downstairs. Good night."

"Good night," said Catalina; and she went into the room and closed the door.

"The English are all mad," said the woman, and she went to find a candle for the hallway guest.

It is doubtful if either Over or Catalina ever slept more soundly, and the bandits, if bandits they were, went elsewhere to forage. At dawn Catalina was dressed and hanging over the balcony watching the retreating stars. She heard a mattress doubled and flung into a corner. The room was in order. She flashed past Over and down the stairs. "Go in and dress," she called back. "There is plenty of water, for a wonder."

And he answered: "Stay in front of the window, where I could hear you if you called."

Early as it was, the woman and her brood were in the kitchen at the back of the house, and she agreed to supply bread and cream for breakfast and

make a tortilla for the travelers' lunch. Over came down in a few moments with his coffee-pot and lamp, and they had their breakfast on a barrel-top in front of the inn, as light-heartedly as if embarrassment had never beset them. Life begins early in Spain, notwithstanding its reputed predilection for the morrow, and as they finished breakfast several rickety old diligences drew up between the inn and the station.

There were no passengers for the three little towns, and Over and Catalina went in one of the diligences to Baeza, twelve miles distant. They spent a happy and irresponsible day roaming about the dilapidated sixteenth-century town, and divided their tortilla out in the country in the great shadow of the Sierra Nevada. They retained their spirits over the rough and dusty miles of their return, but lost them suddenly as they approached the station. The train, however, was three hours late this evening, and they philosophically dismissed the Moultons and enjoyed their dinner. They lingered over the sweets and coffee, then paced up and down the platform, the Englishman smoking and feeling like a truant schoolboy. Nevertheless, he was not sorry that the end of the intimacy approached. The results of propinquity might oftentimes be casual, but that mighty force was invariably loaded with the seeds of fate, and he knew himself as liable to love as any man. With the oddest and most enigmatic girl he had ever met, who allured while striving to repel, as devoid of coquetry as a boy or a child, yet now and then revealing a glimpse of watchful femininity, to whom Nature had given a wellnigh perfect shell; and thrown upon his protection in long days of companionship—he summed it up curtly over his pipe: "I should make an ass of myself in a week."

He had had no desire to marry since the days of his more susceptible youth—he was now thirty-four—and, although rich girls had made no stronger appeal to him than poor girls, he was well aware that the dowerless beauty was



not for him. He was too good a soldier and too much of a man to be luxurious in taste or habit, and although a guardsman, he was born into the out-of-door generation that has nothing in common with the scented lapdogs made famous by the novelists of the mid-Victorian era. But when not at the front he indulged himself in liberty, many hours at cricket and golf, the companionship of congenial spirits, a reasonable amount of dining out and an absolute freedom from the petty details of life. Traveling third class amused him, the English aristocrat being the truest democrat in the world and wholly without snobbery. Single, his debts worried him no more than bad weather in London; but married, he must at once set up an establishment suited to his position.

He had distinguished himself in South Africa, and his county, rich and poor, had, upon his return, at the very end of the war, met him at the station and pulled his carriage over the miles to his father's house, some two thousand men and women cheering all the way. There had been so many in London to lionize since that war, to which pampered men had gone in their heyday and returned gray and crippled, that when he went up for the season he was merely one of a galaxy eagerly sought and fêted; but life had never slipped along so easily and pleasantly, and after three years of hardship and many months of painful illness, it had made a double appeal to a battered soldier, still half an invalid. He had dismissed the serious things of life as he landed in England, and devoutly hoped for a five years' peace. Therefore was he the less inclined to fall in love, valuing peace of mind no less than surcease for the body. Catalina was by no means penniless, and certainly would make a heroic soldier's wife; but they had not a tradition in common, and he saw clearly that if he loved her at all he should love her far more than had suited his indolent habit when not soldiering. Hence he welcomed the return of the Moultons, and even meditated a retreat.

"A moon in the Alhambra would finish me," he thought, glancing up at the waxing orb fighting its way through a stormy mass of black and silver.

A bell rang; a whistle—the only energetic thing about a Spanish train—shrieked and blustered above the slowing headlight of an engine approaching from the north.

"You stand here by the Thirds and I'll go up to where the Firsts will stop," began Catalina, but Over held her arm firmly within his.

"No," he said peremptorily, "you must not be by yourself a moment in this crowd. You would be spoken to, probably jostled, at once, and no doubt a rough lot will get out. We will both stand here by the restaurant door."

"I am not afraid," said Catalina haughtily.

"That is not the point."

"I was near coming to Spain by myself."

"What has that to do with me?"

She gave a little growl and attempted to free herself by a sudden wrench, but he held her, and she stood sullenly beside him as the train wandered in and gave up its load. In a few moments she had forgotten her grievance and stared at him with expanded eyes.

"Let us go to the telegraph office," he said. "Mr. Moulton must have sent a message." But at the office there was naught but the official and the cigarito and polite indifference.

"They missed the train, that goes without saying," said Over. "They are sure to arrive in the morning, I should think, as they can travel comfortably enough at night first class. Will you ask what time the morning train arrives?"

It was due nearly an hour before the train would leave for Granada.

"You will hear your nightingales tomorrow evening," said Over cheerfully. "The Moultons will never stay here all day."

With this assurance they parted, Over sleeping in another little blue-washed room—the entire fonda had



been reserved for the Moultons—and the next morning they drank their coffee from the barrel-top, while their kind and now indifferent landlady made tortillas for the party.

The train arrived on time; and without the Moultons. In the telegraph office the gentleman of leisure was still smoking, but after inquiring indolently into Over's name and rank, and demanding to see his cards and correspondence, he produced a telegram.

It read:

Toledo, Hotel Castilla.—MOULTON.

"Toledo!" cried Catalina. "I want to go to Granada! That is what I came to Spain for. If they go north that far they won't come south again—they will take the steamer at Genoa. I won't go."

"It is by no means certain they won't return; it is only a matter of a day. Doubtless they are still dodging Jesus Maria. I think we had better join them. It is useless to expect explanations by wire. Granada can wait a few days, and Toledo, in its way, must be quite as interesting."

"Well, I'll soon find out," announced his companion.

#### XIV

DURING the journey to Toledo Catalina stared sulkily out of the window or slept with her head against the side of the car. She ignored Over's attempts to converse until, with chilling dignity, he retired to the opposite end of the compartment and wondered how he could have thought of love in connection with a bad-tempered child. He was delighted at the prospect of reunion with the orthodox Moultons, and understood something of their serene contempt for originality. It is true that Catalina asleep, with the deep vermilion in her cheeks, her tumbled head drooping, looked so innocent and lovely that she set him to wondering regretfully why there was no such thing as perfection in woman; and from thence it was but a step to

imagine Catalina with the qualities and training that would make her the ideal of man. There was no harm in indulging oneself in idyllic imagining, by way of variety. Over concluded; doubtless it was good for the soul.

Whatever the motive, his imagination performed unaccustomed feats during the drowsy afternoon, while his companion slept and the other occupants of the car, few in number, smoked and said little. It pictured Catalina ten years hence; she would then be thirty-three, an age he had always found sympathetic in woman; she would have seen the world, have adapted herself to many new conditions, and in the process learned self-control, pared off the jagged edges of her egoism, and supplemented her beauty with a distinction of manner and style that would compel the homage of the best societies of the world.

He had seen what she was capable of, and he suspected that she was ambitious. It was her love of solitude and dislike of mere men and women that had swathed her so deeply in her crudities; but if she carried out her intention of living for some years in England and Europe, and cultivated the right sort of people, the transformation was almost certain. Perhaps it would be worth while to ask his mother to take care of her in England. Lady "Peggy" Over was a clever, warm-hearted woman of the simple old-fashioned aristocracy, who offered her sons no assistance in choosing their wives and had the broadest tolerance for the vagaries of young people. With her lively mind and humor she would win upon Catalina at once, and her complete honesty of nature would finish the conquest of a girl whose hatred of sham was almost fanatical.

Catalina opened her eyes upon him, half awake, and he asked her impulsively: "What is your ambition? What do you want?"

She answered sleepily, but without hesitation: "To have four children."

He was too astonished to speak for

a moment; then he asked feebly; "Is that all?"

"No," she said, now quite awake. "I want to meet all the most interesting people in the world, and read the most interesting books, and show a lot of other people what frauds and useless creatures they are; but I love children as much as I detest most people, and I'll never be contented till I have four. I don't see why you look so dumfounded! What is there so remarkable in wanting children?"

"Oh, nothing," he said soothingly. "Perhaps we can see Toledo in a moment."

Mr. Moulton met them at the station. His face was flushed and his manner perturbed, but he shook their hands cordially and protested that he had never been so glad to lay eyes on anyone.

"Let us walk up," said Catalina, and she strode on ahead. The men followed, Mr. Moulton talking with nervous volubility.

"Of course, I did not blame you, my dear Catalina," he reiterated. "Such a contretemps in Spain is easy enough. Mrs. Moulton is still a little upset, but you know what—er—invalids are, and I beg you to be patient——"

"It won't worry me in the least. But why this change of front? Why didn't you come to Baeza?"

"That wretched peasant saw us as I was craning my neck looking for you, and reached the train in three bounds. Of course, we were safe in the first-class carriage, and at Alcazar I had a brilliant idea. We drove to the hotel, as usual, with all our baggage, and that mountebank—I shall never pronounce his impious name—supposed we were settled for the night. After dinner I told the landlord—through the kind medium of a Frenchman who spoke both English and Spanish—that being much annoyed by this creature, we had determined to change our itinerary and go direct to Madrid where we could call upon our minister to protect us. We then took the night train and were under way a good hour before it was

time for the man to appear with his guitar. I even bought tickets for Madrid, and as we changed cars at midnight, we were practically unobserved. We are very comfortable and are in time for a grand fête."

"How is Lydia?" Catalina asked drily.

"The poor child is very nervous, but most thankful to be rid of the man. By the way, I telegraphed as soon as I arrived in Toledo."

"This is Spain," said Over.

The hint of Mrs. Moulton's displeasure had fallen on heedless ears. They were crossing the Alcantara Bridge that leads through the ancient gateway of the same name up to one of the most beautiful cities to look upon in the world. Toledo, the lofty outpost of the range of mountains behind the raging Tagus, is an almost perpendicular mass of rock on all sides but one, its uneven plateau crowded with palaces and churches, tiny plazas and narrow winding streets, a mere roof of tiles from the Alcazar, which stands on its highest point, but from below a wild yet symmetrical outcropping of the rock itself. Founded, so runs the legend, by a son of Noah, certainly the ancient capital of the Goths and the scene of much that was terrible and romantic in their history, a stronghold of the Moors, who left here as elsewhere their indelible imprint, and later of the sovereigns of Castile, equally inaccessible from the vega and the defile of the Tagus, it was one of the most impregnable cities in history so long as a man was left to dispute the gates on the steep road rising from the plain. It is today a sarcophagus of ancient history, compact, isolated, little disturbed by the outer world, yet with an intense and vivid life of its own.

Catalina hung over the bridge and stared down into the rocky gorge where the river had torn its way, and soldiers of every nation of the ancient world had been hurled, cursing and shrieking and praying, from the beetling heights above. Impervious to Mr. Moulton's kindly hints, she led them through the old streets of the Moors, streets so

narrow they were obliged to walk like stalking Indians, but with beautiful old balconied houses on either side, and glimpses of luxurious patio within; not pausing before the broad gray front of the hotel until the trio of cousins had awaited her some fifty minutes.

Mrs. Moulton was so far the reverse of a cruel and vicious woman that she had been, for the good of her soul, too amiable and self-sacrificing for at least thirty years of her life. Not fine enough to have developed loveliness of character, there had perhaps been too few opportunities for reaction, or if occurring they had been conscientiously stifled. A good woman, but not of the most distinguished fiber, the effacement of self for the few she loved had been but a higher order of selfishness, and when for the first time in her life a positive hatred possessed her it found her without that greatness which ignores, and foregoes revenge. Catalina, it must be confessed, would have tried the patience of far more saintly characters than Mrs. Moulton, and when to a natural antipathy was added the daily jarring of long-tried nerves the wonder was that the crisis did not come sooner.

But Mrs. Moulton was accustomed to self-control and to the exercise of the average amount of Christianity. Moreover, she had her standards of conduct, and held all exhibitions of feeling to be vulgar. Therefore, in spite of her growing and morbid desire to humble Catalina, she might have forborne to force an issue; and perhaps, had circumstances favored the alien, have grimly, however unwillingly, triumphed once more over self.

But these last days had unraveled her nerves. To passionate sympathy for her pale and persecuted daughter, misled in the first instance by the daily example of a barbarian, had recently been added a night of hideous discomfort; when, not one of the four speaking a language but their useless own, and without the invaluable Baedeker, they had fled from a ridiculous peasant, changing trains at mid-

night, waiting hours at way stations, arriving at Toledo in the gray cold dawn, hungry, worried, exhausted, to find neither omnibus nor cab at the station.

As Mrs. Moulton toiled up the steep road through the carved gates of terrible and romantic memory, she had heartily wished that modern enterprise had blown up the rock with dynamite or run an elevator from the Tagus. It was then that her hatred of Catalina—who at least with her knowledge of foreign languages had been an acceptable courier—became an obsession, and she could have shrieked it out like any common virago. The emotional wave had receded, but left a dark and poisonous deposit behind.

It was easy to convince herself that Catalina had lost the train at Albacete on purpose. When her husband had received Captain Over's telegram she had assumed that the Englishman had persuaded the girl to return, eager, no doubt, to be rid of her. She was not prone to think evil, and had one of her daughters, or the approved young women of her circle, been left with a young man at a way station for two days and nights, she might have given way to nerves but never to suspicion. But as the crowning iniquity of the author of her downfall it gave her the opportunity she had coveted, and she burned to take advantage of it.

When Catalina finally announced herself Mrs. Moulton was standing in the middle of her bedroom, and Jane was reading by the window. The latter nodded as the prodigal entered, and returned to her book.

"Well," said Catalina amiably, "how are you all? I am glad you are rid of the peasant at last. Where is Lydia?" She paused, blinking under the cold glare of Mrs. Moulton's eyes. "What is the matter?" she asked haughtily. "Cousin Lyman said you were angry, but you must have known how I was left. I am sorry you didn't have Baedeker with you." This was an unusual concession for Catalina, but something in the bitter and con-

temptuous face made her vaguely uneasy.

"You were left on purpose," said Mrs. Moulton deliberately.

Catalina made a quick step forward, the breath hissing through her teeth. She looked capable of physical violence, but Mrs. Moulton continued in the same cold even tones:

"You remained behind in order to be alone with Captain Over for two days and nights. You are not fit to associate with my daughters. You are a wicked, abandoned creature, and I refuse, I absolutely refuse, to shelter your amours. If you appeal to my husband, I shall tell him to choose between us."

Catalina fell back, staring. Innocent she might be, but not ignorant. It was impossible to mistake the woman's meaning, and in a flash she understood that by the evil-minded evil might be read into her adventure. It was then, however, that she showed herself throughbred. Her anger left her as abruptly as it had come. She drew herself up, bowed impersonally, and left the room.

Mrs. Moulton, trembling, sank into a chair, and Jane, protesting that her parent had behaved like an empress, fetched the aromatic salts. But Mrs. Moulton, having unburdened her hate, had parted with its sustaining power, and was flat and cowed in the reaction.

"Does it pay?" she demanded again and again. "Does it pay?"

## XV

For two days Catalina disappeared. Mr. Moulton, distracted, appealed to the police. He knew that his wife had been severe, but the wicked words of her utterance were never repeated to him. But Mrs. Moulton, although spiritually debased, loved Catalina none the better for her condition, and protested that no one was so well able to take care of herself, even demanding that they move on and leave her in charge of the consul. To this Mr.

Moulton would not harken, and he and the equally disquieted Englishman patrolled the streets and haunted the headquarters of the police. The day of the fête dawned and nothing had been seen or heard of Catalina.

Over was alone when he saw her. The narrow streets were packed with people, and turning aside to make way for a religious procession, he had become separated from the Moultons. He walked slowly, his head thrown back, gazing at the gay and beautiful sight above him. From every high window and balcony costly brocades and tapestries, embroidered shawls and Oriental carpets depended. The brown old houses, craggy as their high perch itself, warmed into life with the flaunting color. In the balconies were aristocratic men and women, the latter wearing the mantilla, held high with a comb, caught back with a rose. It was an enchanting sight; and above all was the dazzling blue and gold of the sky; through the chatter of the good-natured crowd wandered the strains of solemn music, and his was the only alien face.

He was staring upward at a little balcony from which hung a magnificent blue silk shawl, embroidered and fringed with white, and admiring the mantillas and roses, the languid fans and fine eyes above it, when Catalina came through the window behind and looked down upon him. She, too, wore a mantilla, the white mantilla of Spanish lace he had watched her buy in Barcelona. A red rose held it above her left ear and in her hand she carried her fan. She had also assumed the lofty dignity of the Spanish woman of high degree, and she had never looked so beautiful. For a moment she returned his gaze stolidly, and he fancied she meant to cut him; then she bowed, said something to one of her companions, pointed to the stern brass-bound door below, and disappeared.

A moment later the door opened and he was shown into the patio, a shadowy retreat from the glare and noise of the street, full of palms and pomegranates, roses and lilies, with a cool fountain



playing, and many ancient chairs of iron and wood.

Catalina was standing by the fountain, looking as Spanish as if these old walls had encircled her cradle. She shook hands with him cordially.

"I have had a bad time," she said, "and hated you, as well as the Moultons, but it was unreasonable and I am over it. You were as nice and kind as possible, and I shall always remember it. Don't ask me what that dreadful woman said. I shall forget it, but I shall never speak to any of them again, and I should be glad if you would tell them so, and that I shall remain here until they leave."

His mind grasped at once the substance of Mrs. Moulton's diatribe; he had given the subject no thought before. He turned hot and then cold, and involuntarily took a step nearer to the girl with a fierce instinct of protection. Catalina may have understood, for a spot of color appeared on her high cheek-bones, but she continued calmly:

"Of course you want to know where I have been and what I am doing in this house. When I left the hotel I went directly to the archbishop and told him as much as was necessary, using as passport a circular letter the fathers of the Mission of Santa Barbara had given me. He brought me here at once. The Señora Villéna has this beautiful house, but is poor—and so kind. I have enjoyed the change, I can tell you."

"You certainly are more in your element. I am glad it has turned out so well. I have been very uneasy."

"Have you? Did you think I had thrown myself into the Tagus, or was wandering about roofless with my big grip in my hand?"

"It was my knowledge of your good sense, familiarity with the language and winning manner—when you choose to exert it—that permitted me to go to bed at night. Nevertheless, you are not the woman to travel alone in Spain. What are your plans?"

"What are the Moultons' plans?"

"They have had enough of Spain—of travel, for that matter, and they are

still in dread of Jesus Maria. They will go from here to Barcelona, take a boat for Genoa and remain there until their steamer arrives. They say that Italy will feel like home after Spain."

"Then I shall go from here to Granada. Perhaps I can persuade someone to chaperon me, but if not I shall go alone. Nothing shall cheat me out of Granada."

"If you find no one else I shall go with you."

The red spots spread down to her throat, but she lifted her head higher. "No," she said; "I suppose it does not look right."

He cursed Mrs. Moulton for shattering the serene innocence of the girl; nevertheless, something even more captivating had replaced it. "I shall go," he repeated, "unless I can persuade you to return to America with your relatives. Then my mind will be at rest. But as long as you are alone in Spain I shall do my best to protect you. If you forbid me to travel with you, well and good. I shall merely follow—that is to say, be your companion on the trains. In the towns we need not meet unless you wish it. You can always put yourself under the protection of the woman of the house and employ a duenna. But do adopt me as a brother and dismiss all nonsensical ideas from your mind."

For the first time her eyes fell before his. She turned away abruptly. "You are very good," she said. "Come upstairs and meet the señora and her daughter. They are charming people."

A few moments later, as they were standing on the balcony, she said to him: "They are taking me to the bullfight this afternoon. Shall you go?"

"Possibly. But I am surprised that you wish to go. It is a beastly exhibition and no place for you."

"I am going," she said imperturbably. "It is a part of Spain, and I should as soon think of missing a religious festival like this. Besides, I have seen bull-fights in Southern California. You may as well come with us. Of course, Cousin Lyman is not going."



"Probably not. Very well, I will go with you, if your friends will have me. I must lunch at the hotel with the Moultons and set their minds at rest; but it is an hour until then. Would you care to walk about the streets and see the crowd?"

The Señora Villéna was very large and the day was warm, but she amiably consented to walk as far as the cathedral in the wake of her guest.

"I have not been out alone since I came to her," said Catalina, with a sigh, as she walked beside Over up the street. "At Granada I know of a *pension*, and liberty will be sweet again."

Over's eyes twinkled as he looked at the face between the soft edges of the mantilla.

"Your new role is vastly becoming. I had no idea that two days of Old World discipline could effect such a change. You look as if you had always walked with a duenna at your heels."

"So I have, nearly always. I never was on the street alone in my life until my mother died. You think me improved?" she added quickly.

"I did not say that."

"I have always thought your bluntness the best thing about you—I like the short skirt and covert coat best," she said defiantly.

"They do very well to disguise you on the train; but if I never saw you again I should prefer to remember you as you are now—or as you were that night in Tarragona. You hardly deserve your beauty, you know."

And then, in a new spirit of coquetry, born perhaps of the mantilla, into whose silken mesh many a dream no doubt had flowed, she lifted her chin, dropped her eyelashes for a second, flashed him a swift personal glance. Before he could adjust himself to the new phase, however, she had dismissed it and remarked that she hoped not to meet the Moultons; and, unaccountably perturbed, he replied that they were sure to be fatigued and resting for luncheon.

It would have been easy to avoid them in the dense crowd packed into the plaza before the cathedral, waiting

for the procession to pass. Over and Catalina paused a few moments to look at the superb Gobelins with which the façade of the cathedral was hung, and then ran the gamut of the beggars and entered the cloister.

"I shall go into the Chapel of the Incarnation and pray," said the Señora Villéna, "and meet you here in half an hour—no?"

The cathedral of Toledo is one of the world's treasures, and all the world should see it; but for those who would or must read the sights of Europe a hundred descriptions of this vast complex dream in early Gothic and late, Renaissance and Baroque, have been written; and the best is forgotten at the end of an hour's visit.

It was almost deserted, and Over and Catalina walked slowly toward the Capilla Mayor, through the rich brown silence of the nave, whispering occasionally, but overpowered by the forest of shafts uplifting an immensity of vaulting before which the eye reeled. The centuries of carving, as various as the peoples that had come and gone, crystallizing even the broken voice of the Moor, melted into a harmony comparable only, said Catalina, to the wonders of a California mountain forest—of redwood and pine, madroño and oak, and giant ferns as delicate as the lace of her mantilla. There were high vaultings, too, where the sun never ripened the moss on the earth, and endless cryptograms wrought before the hand of man had taken the message of the gods.

Over replied promptly: "I don't believe half you have told me about California. Next year I shall obtain leave of absence and visit it—that is, if you will be my cicerone."

"Why not this year?"

"Shall I?"

"It is all the same to me, but I may not be there next year. I need Europe. Of course, I know that I am a sort of cowboy."

"Ah!" He hardly knew whether to be gratified or not. "Don't desert your ranch altogether—nor surrender all the individuality it has given you."

If you should be the great lady in Europe and ranch girl at home—what a fascinating combination!”

“Well, I can be anything I choose, and on five minutes’ notice, too.”

“I am sure of it—but which is the real you? I think I know—then I am all at sea.”

She gave him another swift upward glance, but she replied sedately: “The worst, of course. That is what people always decide when a person suddenly reveals himself in a bad light. Twenty other sides may have been exhibited, but it is the revelation of the worst that always inspires the phrase, ‘At last he has shown himself in his true colors.’”

“Then you are too philosophical to condemn Mrs. Moulton utterly?”

“She has taught me the extent of my philosophy, so I forgive her—and ignore her existence.”

He made no reply, for he saw the Moultons not three yards away. They were in the Capilla Mayor, their necks craned in a vain attempt to register a permanent impression of the gorgeous coloring, the phalanxes of saints, the riotous beauty of carving on wall and arch and tomb. While he hesitated, Mr. Moulton brought down his tired eyes and they rested on Catalina. He gave a sharp exclamation of pleasure and hurried forward, his hand outstretched. Catalina had included him in her wrath, but she forgave him instantly, and simultaneously conceived a stroke of revenge. Mrs. Moulton and Jane retreated, but Lydia ran to Catalina and kissed her.

“Where have you been?” she cried. “We have been just wild. How perfectly sweet you look in that mantilla!”

Catalina explained, and Mr. Moulton drew a long sigh of relief. “I shall never worry about you again, my dear child. And now tell me what you wish to do. I trust you will become reconciled——”

“I shall remain in Spain perhaps for some months—I have canceled my passage. But I shall like to see *you* again. Will you come to the Casa Villéna immediately after luncheon?

I have a little plan to propose to you.”

“Certainly I will—but is your decision irrevocable?”

“Quite. Perhaps I shouldn’t keep you now. And my duenna must be waiting for me.”

She nodded and turned away, but Lydia followed and took her arm.

“I can go back to the hotel with Captain Over,” she said to her father, and the two girls walked down the nave with heads together, oblivious of the half-amused, half-sulky man in their wake.

“Well, what of Jesus Maria?”

“I have given up all hope of ever seeing him again.”

“Hope? Do you want to?”

“I do and I don’t. Of course it had to end sooner or later, but—well—I *was* fascinated! And there is so little to look back upon! However—it was great fun imagining what things might happen, and all the while to be quite safe under the paternal wing. I suppose if I had seen him alone I really wouldn’t have kissed him—I probably should have run away in disgust—but I enjoyed it all in imagination. Now, I shall be rather relieved when I am safely out of Spain, for I know that he was quite serious. When we were running away from Albacete and then from Alcazar, I felt as serious as he did; I was really romantic and love-lorn; but I took myself in hand when I arrived here, and now I am quite sensible again.”

“What a tangle! Is that the way people fall in love—and out again?” Catalina felt puzzled and depressed. Life suddenly seemed commonplace, love a sort of cap-and-bells, to be worn now and again when convenient.

“Well, I wish you good luck,” she said. “Write me when you are really engaged and I’ll send you a lot of jewels from our California mines—tourmalines and chrysoprases and turquoises and garnets and beryls. I have jugs full of them.”

Lydia’s eyes expanded. “Jugs full! They cost frightfully in New York. Will you really send me some?”

"Dozens."

"What a fairy princess you are! I am only beginning to appreciate you—and now you are throwing us over—for good and all!"

"Good-bye," said Catalina, kissing her. "At two, Captain Over, and don't forget to bring Cousin Lyman—and make no confidences," she murmured.

## XVI

"But, my dear Catalina—why, of course, I cannot go—the idea is preposterous——"

"Now you are talking by the book. Why was Europe made except for the American to play in and refresh himself for the same old duties at home? And for a man of your intelligence to balk at a bull-fight——"

"It isn't that I exactly balk—I mean I am not squeamish—and I could look away at the worst part—but I do not approve of bull-fights, and think it wrong to lend my countenance——"

"The bull-fight will go on just the same; and no one race is good enough to condemn the customs of another. See the world impartially and then go your own gait. Besides, you have come to study Spain, and how can you pretend to know it unless you see it at its most characteristic amusement? Don't look at the arena if you had rather not—but think of the opportunity to see Spain *en masse* at its very worst!"

"There is much in what you say, but—great heaven!—suppose it ever were known in America that I had been to a bull-fight! I should lose the confidence of a million people—I might be driven out of the church——"

"There aren't a dozen Americans in Toledo—and the bull-ring holds five thousand people. You can sit in the back of the box. No one will be looking at anything but the bull-fight, anyhow."

Mr. Moulton drew a long sigh. He wanted very much to go to the bull-fight; and away from his family and

alone with Catalina—whom he could never hope to influence—in this holiday crowd of dark eager faces he felt almost emancipated and reckless. Over was ahead with the Señora Villéna and her daughter, and they were slowly making their way up the Calle de la Puerta Llana toward the Plaza Ayuntamiento. They reached it in a moment. It was so crowded with cabs and large open carryalls waiting to take people to the bull-ring that there was little room for foot passengers. The carryalls were very attractive with their six mules apiece, hung with bells and decorated with worsted fringe, and Mr. Moulton sighed again.

Before the archbishop's palace a cab awaited the Señora Villéna. It held but three seats, and she turned with polite hesitation to Mr. Moulton and Captain Over, as they all stood, united at last, beside it.

"I am so sorry," she said, "but I fear——"

"We are going in one of those omnibuses," said Catalina promptly. "I am simply dying to go that way—with the crowd; and of course you will not object, señora, so long as my cousin is with me."

The señora smiled, much relieved. "Bueno," she said. "And I will await you at the entrance to the *sombra*."

"You are a little wretch," said Over as Mr. Moulton, flushed and excited, tucked the señora and her daughter into their cab.

"It won't hurt him, and he will be sure to let it out to Cousin Miranda."

"Oh, I see!" He laughed and went to the emptiest of the rapidly filling carryalls to secure their seats. Catalina followed immediately, holding Mr. Moulton firmly by the arm. But that beacon light of American literature had the instinct of the true sport in the depths of his manifold compromises. The die was cast, he had weakly permitted Catalina to commit him, and he would enjoy himself without his conscience.

And it would have been a far more conscience-stricken man than this to

have remained unaffected by the gay animation that quickened the very mules. The venders were shrieking their wares; men and women, their hard faces glowing, were fighting their way good-naturedly toward the omnibuses, whose drivers cracked their whips and shouted invitations at so much a head. And then, suddenly, in a corner of the plaza appeared the picadóres in their medieval gorgeousness of attire, astride the ill-fated old nags.

It was the signal to start. The picadóres wheeled and led the way to the north, the cabs rattled after; then the willing mules were given rein, and jingling all their bells, plunged down the narrow streets to the highroad, scattering the foot passengers, who, a motley crowd of men, women, boys, girls, infants-in-arms, streamed after. On the rough dusty highway they passed a thousand more trudging toward the Plaza de Toros, eating and drinking as they went. They were come from the surrounding towns, many from Madrid, and even they led children by the hand and carried infants blinking in the strong sunlight. They cheered the picadóres, who responded with the lofty courtesy of the medieval general on his way to the wars. Far below there was not a sign of life on the great vega, nor in the villas on the mountain slopes. All the little world about seemed to be crowded upon the knotted heights of Toledo.

When Catalina and her cavaliers arrived at the Plaza de Toros other crowds were struggling through the entrances, but at the door on the shady side where tickets were high there was no one at that moment but the Señora Villéna and her daughter.

They went up at once, the Americans and the Englishman as curious to see the crowd as the bull-fight. As the box was Catalina's, she had no difficulty to persuade the Villénas to occupy the front seats; she sat just behind with Captain Over, and in the obscure depths of the rear Mr. Moulton felt himself to be blest indeed.

"It seems incredible that they bring

children here," he said, as his untiring gaze roved over the rapidly filling amphitheatre. "No wonder they are callous when they are grown; but I'll not believe they can see such a sight unmoved at their tender years. I shall watch them with great interest."

It would be half an hour before the entertainment began, but only the boxes were reserved; long before the signal nearly every seat was occupied, from the vulnerable lower row up to the light Moorish arcade through which the sky looked even bluer than above. It was a various and picturesque sight to foreign eyes. Scarcely a woman wore a hat. There were many mantillas, of a texture and pattern so fine there could be no doubt of the breeding of the owners. A few wore the black rebosa, but by far the greater number were bareheaded, their hair very smooth, and ornamented with high combs, flowers or pins. There were enough handsome Spanish shawls on the shoulders of the women this fiery day to have furnished a bazaar—brilliant blue shawls heavily embroidered and fringed with white, black shawls, white shawls, red shawls, all of silk, all embroidered and fringed. And it was already a thirsty crowd. Venders were forcing their way between the seats, selling water out of jugs and wine out of skins, and even here the water made a wider appeal than the wine. It was anything but a cruel sea of faces, hard though the Spanish type may be. Many a group of women had their heads together, gossiping, no doubt, while the men waited in stolid expectation of the treat in store, signaled to brighter eyes, or discussed the chances of the day and the talents of the espádas, who would do the bulls to death.

"They all now take the sacrament," the señora informed Catalina, who translated for the benefit of the two men. "Last night they confessed and fasted, and their wives pray until the fight is over."

Mr. Moulton snorted, then reminded himself that he was pleasuring, and ordered his critical faculty into the depths of its shop.



"By Jove!" said Over.

"Somebody you know?" asked Catalina. "Heavens, what a caricature!"

"She is a ripping nice woman, and a countywoman of your own—a Mrs. Lawrence Rothe, of New York. I met her about in London. Remember, now, she told me she was coming to Spain. She's a bit made up, but what of that? So many are, you know. You should see London at the fag end of the season."

"A bit!" Catalina lifted her nose with young intolerance. "Her hair looks like a geranium bed. Is that her son? He is rather good-looking."

"That is her husband; they have been married several years. He's quite a decent chap—keen on horses—he looks older than he is—thirty—I fancy. Still, I'm rather sorry for him."

"I should think so. She must be fifty."

"That is severe of you. She's probably getting on to forty-five—not more. I'm told she was a ripping fine woman five years ago, but she has had a lot of trouble—all her children refuse to speak to her, and she got a divorce to marry Rothe. She's really very jolly. If you will excuse me a minute I'll go and speak to her."

The woman, who was adjusting herself at some pains in the next box but one, was extremely tall and thin, and her blazing locks, admirably coiffée as they were above her broken but still handsome face, excited the comment of others than Catalina. She had sacrificed her face to her figure and had reached that definite age when women dye their hair with henna. But even forty is an age when the entire absence of flesh makes a woman look not youthful but like an old maid; and scarlet hair, that would harden a young face, is a searchlight above every hollow and patch of manufactured surface. In the case of Mrs. Rothe, however, so distinct was the air of good-breeding with which she carried her expensive charms, so proud, yet retiring, her manner, and so perfect her taste in dress, that she ran no risk of being mistaken for a cocotte. She was

stamped deeply and delicately with the brand of the New York woman of fashion, the difference between whom—the same may be said of the small groups of her kind in other great American cities—and the average "stylish" American is as marked in its way as the difference between the Parisian and the French provincial; indeed, the juxtaposition is even more unfortunate, for the French woman of the provinces is frankly dowdy, and hence escapes looking cheap. Even Catalina, in a moment, felt her unwilling admiration creeping forth to the subtle charm of perfect poise and grooming, the firm yet tactful suggestion of a race apart in a bulk of eighty millions of mere Americans.

Mrs. Rothe was talking to Over with a great show of animation, and her companion—a virile, good-looking young man, evidently college-bred—had greeted the Englishman with an enthusiasm suspicious in the traveling husband.

"She is going to Granada next week," whispered Over significantly, as he took his seat once more beside Catalina. "I have asked if I may take you to call on her tomorrow."

"Yes," said Catalina absently.

The president of the occasion, the Mayor of Toledo, had entered his box; the mounted police, in crimson and gold, to the sudden rush of martial music, were careering about the arena driving the stragglers to their seats. A moment later came the Paseo de la Cuadrilla, the procession of all the bull-fighters across the arena to the foot of the president's box—the espadas and their understudies, the banderilleros, the picadores and chulos, all gorgeous in the gold-embroidered short clothes and brocades of old Spain. None of them looked young, in spite of picturesque finery and pigtailed; and their smoothly shaven faces may best be described by the expressive Americanism, "tough"; but between bull-fights they do not live the lives of model citizens, and may be younger than they look; certainly their calling demands the agility and unbrittle brain cells of youth.



The president, who received them standing, bowed with much ceremony and then cast a key into the arena. It unlocked one of the dark cells, or toriles, adjoining the arena, where the first of the angry bulls was bellowing for light and space and dinner.

The picadóres with one exception retired, this hero of the first engagement taking his stand by the door whence all had emerged. The espádas, banderilleros and others of lower estate scattered at safe distances from the door of the torile, near which stood a chulo to direct the attention of the bull to the picadóre, lest he fly first at the unmounted men and disappoint the spectators of their whet of blood.

But the bull might have been rehearsed for his part. As the door of his torile was cautiously opened he flew straight at the blindfolded horse without a side glance or a roar; and not waiting for the teasing prod of the picadóre's pike, he bored his horns into the luckless animal's side and dragged out his entrails.

Catalina closed her eyes and turned her back—she felt horribly faint—then looked at Mr. Moulton. He also had turned his back, and his profile was green. Nevertheless, he had the presence of mind to observe a small boy of seven or eight years, whom he had singled out for psychological investigation. The boy looked bored.

"The worst is past for the moment," said Over to Catalina, and under cover of her mantilla he took her hand. "They will take the poor brute out, and the rest is pure sport." And Catalina, in a tensify of emotion, held fast to his hand during the rest of the performance, quite unconscious of the act.

The bull meanwhile had dashed for the glittering figures in the middle of the arena, his red horns looking as if they would rip the earth did they encounter nothing more inviting. Then came the graceful, agile antics of the banderilleros. After the chulos, with their flirting capes, had tormented and bewildered the bull for a few moments, first one banderillero and then another received him in full charge, leaping

aside as he lowered his horns to gore, and thrust the barbed darts, flaunting with colored ribbons, into the back of his neck. One man leaped clear over the bull, planting his darts in his flight. The next went over the wall of the arena into the narrow passage below the front row of seats, the bull in full tilt after him; but diverted by a chulo before he reached the wall.

It was true sport, and Catalina had forgotten her horror and was leaning forward with interest, when she gave a sharp cry and dug her nails into Over's hand. The picadóre, instead of retiring with his stricken horse, had leisurely ridden down the arena to see the sport, and there he sat serenely, the bright entrails of the poor brute upholding him hanging to the ground. But only for a moment. A young horse could have stood no more, and the old hack reserved for the sacrifice by an economical people suddenly sank and expired without a shiver. He had not uttered a sound as the bull ripped him open, but he had started and quivered mightily; he had been dying ever since, and collapsed in an instant.

Catalina cowered behind her fan. "I wish I had not come!" she gasped into Over's ear; Mr. Moulton was in need of consolation himself. "Why didn't you tell me?"

"I had never been to a bull-fight, and you told me you were an old hand at it."

"That was only child's play. And all the accounts of bull-fights I have ever read gave me the impression that the brutality was quite lost in the picturesqueness. This is hideously businesslike."

"That expresses it. And there is no enthusiasm as yet, because there has not been enough blood. It will take two more mangled horses to rouse them. Do you want to go?"

"After this act. I'd never sit through another; but I'll see this through."

The bull, the blood streaming from the wounds in his neck where the banderillas still quivered, plunged or darted about the arena, striving to reach his

tormentors; but, charge with the swiftness of the wind as he might, the leaping banderilleros either planted their darts or as dexterously plucked them out.

Suddenly the president rose and made a signal. The chulos and banderilleros enticed the bull to the right of the arena, and then the espáda of the first engagement, hitherto posing for the admiration of the spectators, brought forth his sword and red muleta, and, walking with a sort of jaunty solemnity to the foot of the president's box, dedicated the death of the bull to the functionary whose honor it was to preside over this Corridas de Toros. He then walked over to the bull and waved the red cloth before his eyes.

In descriptions of bull-fights, especially when the espáda is the hero of the tale, this final episode is always pictured as one of great excitement and involving a terrible risk. As a matter of fact, it is deferred until the bull is nearly exhausted. He has some fight left in him, it is true, and an inexperienced espáda might easily be tossed. But those that oftener meet with death in the bull-ring are the banderilleros, who plant their darts as the bull charges. The legs of the picadores are padded, and they are always close enough to the wall to leap over if the bull brings the horse down.

Nothing could be tamer than the final scene in the first act of today's continuous performance. The espáda danced about the bull for a few minutes, waving his red rag, and then, as the brute stood at bay with his head down, looking far more weary than belligerent, he stepped lightly to one side and drove his sword through the neck in the direction of the heart; a very neat and decent operation.

The bull did not drop at once, and there was no applause. He stood as if lost in thought for a few moments, and the espáda was forgotten; he had failed. Then the bull turned, wavered, sank slowly to earth. Another door flew open and in rushed a team of four mules abreast, jingling with gala bells. The bull was dragged out at their tails,

and his trail of blood covered with fresh sand.

Catalina rose and bent over her duenna. "We will go now, señora," she said. "But you will remain, of course. I shall be well taken care of."

The Señora Villéna looked up with polite amazement. "You go? Are you ill, dear señorita? It has only begun. There are many more bulls to kill."

"I have had enough to last me for the rest of my life. *Hasta luego.*"

It was not every bull-fight that the señora sat in a box, and she settled back in her conspicuous seat thankful that the very bourgeois Señor Moulton had accompanied her singular charge.

As they were leaving the box Catalina saw that another picadóre had entered and stood precisely as his predecessor had done, with the profile of his blindfolded horse toward the door of the torile. Fascinated, she stood rooted to the spot, some deep savage lust slowly awakening. Again the door of the torile was cautiously opened; again a bull, as if he had been rehearsed for the part, rushed straight at the helpless horse and buried his horns in his side. Catalina fancied she could hear the rip of the hide. But this bull was more powerful than the other. He lifted horse and rider on his horns, and the picadóre, amid the belated enthusiasm of the multitude, leaped like a monkey over the wall, as the torn horse was tossed and fell cracking to the ground.

"Well," said Over, "have you had enough? They say, you know, that the horror soon passes and the fascination grows."

"I am glad to know it was not my Indian blood. I can now understand the fascination, but I shall never come again, all the same."

"We are none of us so far from savagery—Miss Shore, Mrs. Rothe."

They were in the passage behind the boxes, and Mrs. Rothe, who was pallid with disgust and delighted to express herself to a sympathetic woman—her young husband had sulkily torn him-

self from the ring—walked out with Catalina anathematizing the Spanish race. As they emerged, Mr. Moulton, green and very silent, disappeared. When he returned he was still pale, but normal once more, and after a speech of five minutes' duration, in which, ignoring the finer flowers of his working vocabulary, he consigned Spain to eternal perdition—Catalina had driven off with Mrs. Rothe—he was quite restored; and celebrated his recovery by a long pull at a wine-skin.

"I believe I am quite demoralized," he said cheerfully; and then, in company with Over and young Rothe—whose wife had amiably bidden him stay—he returned to the ring.

## XVII

"I SAW that horse standing in the middle of the arena every time my mind was off guard!" said Catalina. "I woke up suddenly in the night with the hideous vision painted on the dark. I thought it was a judgment on me for going—that I should be haunted by it for the rest of my life. I believe it was Velasquez that banished it, but now I see it only at intervals."

"Perhaps," said Over, "we were wiser in going back. Our savagery was glutted and the imagination blunted. I was never so bored in my life as at the end of two hours of it, and I haven't thought of it since."

They were down in the crypt of the Escorial, in the Pantheon de los Reyes. Mrs. Rothe had offered to chaperon Catalina, and after two days of sight-seeing in Toledo had returned to Madrid to prepare for the trip south. She had seen the Escorial, and Catalina had come out alone with Over to the grim mass of masonry growing out of the Guadarrama Mountains, which from a distance looks like a phantom Casino for dead pleasures. They had wandered over it leisurely, lingering in the cell, with its scant leather furniture, where Philip II. in his monastic arrogance had received the ambassadors of Europe, and peering through the little

window of the inner cell upon the same sight that had held his dying gaze as he lay where they, as a great concession, were permitted to stand—a high mass in the chapel beyond. Then they had descended the fifty-nine steps into the black-and-gold vault where lies the dust of Charles V. and his successors to the throne of Spain, together with the queens who reigned, or mothered kings.

It is an octagonal apartment, with eight rows of niches, the kings on the right of the altar opposite the entrance, the queens on the left. Every sarcophagus, wrought in precisely the same elaborate pattern, is of black marble heavily encrusted with gold. The handful of dust that once was chief of the Holy Roman Empire is in the sarcophagus on a level with the top of the altar, and below him is Philip II. There is none of the picturesque confusion, the vagaries of different epochs, nor the lingering scent of death, of the Kaisergruft in Vienna. It might have been built yesterday, but it has the somber richness, the lofty dignity of Spain itself.

There were only two empty niches, and the guide informed his patrons that they awaited the young king, and the late Queen Isabella.

"Where is she now?" asked Catalina. "Why is she not here?"

"Oh, she must remain in the Pudridero for ten years," said the guide indifferently. "It is the custom. For some it is only five years, but she was very fat."

Thus was explained the purity of the atmosphere.

They ascended thirty-four of the steps and wandered through that white marble quarry, so brilliant, so new, so cheerful, where lie the lesser dead of the House of Spain. There are rows and rows and rows of them. In one octagonal snow-white mass, exactly resembling a huge wedding cake, the dust of many children has been put away, and the gay coat-of-arms embellishing it seems cut there to cheer the little ones in their last sleep. Many of the glistening sarcophagi are as yet

without inscription, awaiting, no doubt, Time and the Pudridero.

Above, in the Sacrista and Ante-Sacrista, they were shown the magnificent vestments and altar cloths with which the uneasy Isabella, as age waxed and time waned, propitiated Church and saints. And what she had been was discreetly forgotten; she had descended into the Pudridero fortified with the odor of sanctity.

They dismissed the guide and walked down the footpath to the lower town. For a time they preserved the tranquil silence which is so pleasant an episode in friendship; for although this friendship was barely three weeks old they had enjoyed so much in common, and companioned each other through so many annoyances, quarreled and made up so often, discovered so many points of sympathy and disagreement, that they had come to take their intimate association as a matter of course, while still their mutual interest deepened.

Over stole a glance at his companion as she looked aside into the gardens. She had restored the short skirt to favor, but to gratify Mrs. Rothe, who was shocked that so much beauty should go to waste, she had bought a gray silk blouse and a soft gray hat. Still, she looked more like the aggressive Catalina to whom he had grown accustomed before the brief distracting interval of the mantilla. He was well again after these three weeks of almost open-air life, much heat and uninterrupted freedom, and carried his tall, thin figure with military erectness, while his keen eyes seemed always laughing and there was a tinge of color in his dark face. He now not only looked the handsome, highly bred, intelligent Englishman who might have had an Italian or Spanish ancestor, but his magnetism was alive again, and the observant Catalina noticed that women stared at him, and occasionally lay in wait.

The hotel in Madrid where they were all stopping was full of travelers, and of deputies, many of whose wives were handsome, and dressed like women

who looked to life to furnish them with much amusement. Catalina speculated, and occasionally flew into a rage; for this trip in Spain he was all hers, if she never saw him again, and she was ready to spit fire upon possible rivals.

She was not in her most amiable mood today. The hotel was on the Puerta del Sol, the noisiest plaza in Europe. If the throngs that haunt it ever go to bed they must get up again at once, and Catalina, whose rest was broken, wondered how Spain had ever acquired the reputation for indolence. Moreover, it was quite true that the horrors of the bull-ring had haunted her almost to the point of obsession, and as she was too philosophical to wish the done undone, she took refuge in wrath against herself for not meeting the inevitable with her usual stolidity. She prided herself greatly upon her Oriental serenity, and looked upon her temper as a mere annex, which, no doubt, would be absorbed in time.

She turned suddenly with a little frown.

"There's an end to our traveling third. I broached the subject last night, and Mrs. Rothe looked as if I were stark mad. She has no snobbish scruples, but I suppose the poor thing has never been uncomfortable in her life. She asked me politely if I could not afford to go in the luxe that runs between here and Granada once a week, and, of course, I had to admit that I could. But I hate it. Couldn't we go third and meet her there?"

"I am afraid we have no good excuse—and it would take nearly two days by the slow trains. I rather think you should be thankful for the solution of Mrs. Rothe."

"You need not preach. I am. But when I come back to Europe I'm going to pretend to be a widow and travel by myself."

"Are you so in love with liberty?"

"Yes, I am."

"Well, I have always thought highly of it myself," he said lightly. "How do you like Mrs. Rothe, on the whole? Don't you find her a good sort, in spite of her foibles?"



"Follies, I should call them. Yes, I like her, if only because she has taught me that a person may be foolish and yet be wise; decorate herself like a cocotte and yet be a lady; violate half the rules one has been brought up on and yet be more estimable than the wholly virtuous—Cousin Miranda, for instance."

"Those would be dangerous deductions for some girls, but you have a ripping strong head. You ought to be as grateful for that as for your beauty."

"I wish you'd stop preaching."

"I never preached in my life," he said indignantly. "I was merely thinking aloud—uttering an obvious fact. I might add that I wish your temper was in the same class with your good looks and common sense."

"Well, it isn't. Do you approve of second marriages?"

"Never given a thought to the subject. If ever I married it would not be with the divorce court among the future possibilities."

"I was not thinking of divorce—although Mrs. Rothe, in a way, suggested the question. But I wonder how it feels to be married to a second man, especially if you were in love with the first—and most youthful marriages are for love. I picked up an old volume of Hawthorne the other day and came across the phrase, apropos of a second marriage, 'the dislocation of the heart's principles.' You never forget a phrase like that. And I have been wondering."

"One is so different at twenty-five and thirty-five. It is almost like being reborn. And so many youthful marriages result in disillusion and disappointment you can hardly blame the victims for taking another try at it. There is such a thing as sacrificing too much, and I fancy Mrs. Rothe has. Still, there is something magnificent in the big gambler, and Mrs. Rothe must have more courage than weakness to stake all on one throw."

"I don't know that I blame her if she never was happy before; but sometimes first love is real love—I mean, of course, when it is; mere fancies don't

count. But if one has any brain and a moderate amount of experience, one must know when one has been through the real thing. I am thinking now of two people who have been married long enough to find out. It is, no doubt, a matter for speculation before that; and that is the reason so many girls marry and are happy, even though they have broken their hearts several times—you see, women live the life of the imagination until they can live in fact. But when one has actually lived for some years with a man and loved him and he dies—that is what I mean. Don't you think it is the second-rate person who marries again? I have a theory in spite of Hawthorne that mistaken marriages don't count—I mean so far as the soul, the inner life is concerned—but that the real one counts forever, and that consoling with another partner presupposes shallowness and a lack of true spirituality. Fancy being equally happy and in deepest accord with two men. It is disgusting."

"It certainly is unideal. And every Jack has his Jill. I don't doubt that—don't in the least believe a man could be equally happy with any one of a hundred charming and intelligent women—not if he wanted the best out of life. But it is fortunate, perhaps, that the majority don't do any deep imagining. Then you think yourself capable of being faithful to a memory?" he added curiously.

"I know I could be—and happy, in a way; certainly far happier than if I settled down into a commonplace content with another man. It is the inner life that counts, nothing else."

"How do you know these things?"

"How did you know you would be brave in battle before you were ever in one?"

"Didn't. Was awfully afraid I'd funk it."

"Well!" she said, laughing, "perhaps that wasn't a fortunate comparison. But one can have intuitions without experience, especially if one lives a more or less solitary life, and thinks. However, I have visions of myself as an



old maid on the ranch with half a dozen adopted children. Falling in love is too hard work."

"Is it?"

"Well—it has always seemed so to me." She colored, more angry with herself than with him. "I don't pretend to any great amount of experience, but you are so ridiculously literal."

"You make cock-sure assertions and then get in a rage if I treat them respectfully. When I don't, you hiss at me like a snake. I don't complain, however, for I am now a qualified and hardened subject for matrimony."

"I suppose you mean that I will make all other women seem like angels. You will have something to thank me for."

"If any man ever has the courage to propose to you and you bend so far as to accept him, and his courage carries him as far as the altar, is it your intention to nag him through life as you have nagged me in the past three weeks?"

"Have I nagged you?" She turned her wondering eyes upon him. "I never—so I thought—have treated anyone so well."

"Great God!" But he was nonplussed at her sudden change of front, as he always was. "There have been times," he continued in a moment, "when you have been quite the most charming woman in the world."

Her wondering eyes were still on his, the rest of her face as immobile as the sphinx. He blundered along.

"I have been on the verge of proposing to you more than once."

"Why didn't you?"

"You have a way of breaking the spell just at the critical moment. I am never sure whether the you I am sometimes in love with is really there or only assumed, like one of your rarely worn gowns. There are times when I think you have every possibility, and others when I believe you to be merely a more subtle variety of the American flirt."

"Well, I'm sorry you didn't propose," she said sedately. "Now I sup-

pose you never will. You would have been quite a feather in my cap."

"That means you would not have accepted me?"

"Did you imagine I would?"

"There have been times when I did." He was now goaded into boldness.

"Well, you're just a conceited Englishman!" she cried furiously. "If I thought you meant that I'd never speak to you again!"

"Now I know where I am," he said serenely. "This, after all, is the only you I am at home with."

"Well, don't speak to me again for twenty-four hours. I can't stand you. Thank heaven, there is the train!"

Some hours later he found her sitting at the drawing-room window of the hotel looking down upon the most characteristic sight in Madrid—the afternoon procession of carriages.

From four o'clock until any hour of a fine night, while the national stew simmers on the back of the stove, the wealth and fashion, and those that would be or seem to be both, drive out the Calle de Alcalá to the great paseos and parks, and back through the narrow Carrera San Jerónimo in an unbroken line that bewilders the eye and creates the delusion of an endless and automatic chain. There are more private carriages in Madrid than in any city in the world, and in bright weather their owners would appear to live in them, indifferent to hunger or fatigue. Those who have Paris gowns exhibit them, those who have not hide their poverty under the always picturesque mantilla; but few are so poor as not to own a turnout. A woman of any degree of fashion in Madrid will sell her house, if necessary, her furniture, her jewels, and live in two rooms with one or no servant, but have her carriage and her daily drive she will; for to lose one's place in that distinguished chain would be to lose one's hold on the world itself. So long as they can see and be seen daily in the avenues they love, bow to the same familiar faces and criticize the gowns of friend and foe, the *olla podrida* can burn and the frock under the mantilla be darned and turned,

the daughters dowerless, and even theatre tickets unavailable. They have at least the best in life; and then there is always the long morning in bed and the bull-fight. And who would not envy a people so tenacious of the desirable and so bravely satisfied?

Catalina was at the window on the Carrera San Jerónimo, and there was no one else in the sala at the moment. Over approached in some trepidation, not having been spoken to since the final word on the slope of the Escorial; but Catalina, diverted by the bright birds of paradise on their homeward flight, looked up and smiled charmingly. She wore one of her white frocks and a string of pearls in her hair, and stirred the languid air with a large black fan. In a strong light she was always beautiful, and in the late sun-touched shadows of evening, with her pretty teeth showing between the red waving line of her lips, she looked very sweet and seductive.

"I suppose I ought to apologize," said Over, who had had no thought of apologizing.

"You did say very rude things, but I squared them by losing my temper. If we begin to apologize—" She shrugged her shoulders and lowered her lashes to the hats and mantillas below.

He took the chair before her. "Let us talk it out," he said. "What do you think? Is this close companionship of ours going to end in love, or are we the usual passing jests of propinquity? I admit I have never been so hard hit in my life; but at the same time I am not completely floored. Perhaps that is only because I am too contented in a way. If we were separated for a time, I fancy I'd know."

"Your sense of humor must have flown off with your national caution. I never before heard of a man asking a girl to straighten out his sentiments for him."

"I don't care a hang about traditions. If I love you I want to marry you, and if I don't I'd rather be shot. I am talking it out in cold blood when I can, and this unromantic spot, with all that infernal clatter down there, is

as good a place as any. Besides, I don't want you to think that I am not capable of being serious—of appreciating you. Life would be unthinkable happiness if we loved each other——"

"You take for granted that if you managed to reach the dizzy height, I should arrive by the same train." She spoke flippantly, but he saw that she had broken the sticks of her fan.

"I told you once before today that I believed every Jack had his Jill. If I loved you it would be for what you had in you for me alone—I know what the other thing means. You are as much in doubt as I am. As for myself, I perhaps would be sure if you were not so beautiful; but there are times when you blind, and I don't intend to make that particular kind of a silly ass of myself."

"Well," said Catalina rising, "I have a fancy we will find out in Granada—by moonlight in the Alhambra and all that sort of thing. One thing is positive—we are in the dark at present, and the conditions are not illuminating. Here comes Mrs. Rothe." As she moved off she turned suddenly. "If you should continue indefinitely in this painful state of vacillation," she said sweetly, "you may consider these two little conversations decently buried. For my part I like friendship, and we have become quite adept at that."

## XVIII

"THIS is Granada—Granada—Granada—and we are living in the Alhambra—somehow I always pictured the Alhambra as a mere palace, not as a whole military town where thousands lived; and to be actually domiciled in one of its old streets—its old, steep, narrow, crooked streets—I don't quite realize it, do you?"

"I shall feel more romantic when I have cleaned up—and someone has stolen my pipe."

"Oh, I hate you!" said Catalina, but she forgot him in a moment.

She had persuaded Mrs. Rothe to go to a *pension* instead of a hotel—she

had heard of one frequented mainly by artists—and with less difficulty than she had anticipated, for it was the season of traveling Americans, and her erring but sensitive chaperon was weary of being stared at. The front windows of the *pension* looked upon a street whose paving-stones and walls had echoed the tramp of Moorish feet for nearly a thousand years, and are still as eloquent of that indomitable race as if the Spanish conquerors had never passed under the Gate of Justice. In an angle at the back of the house was a garden with a long latticed window in its high wall, and beyond were the great shade trees of Alhambra Park. There was a sound of running water and the hum of drowsy insects, but it seemed as quiet as a necropolis after the long flight from the station behind the jingling mules into Granada, and the following drive over the rough streets of the city up to the heights of the Alhambra.

Catalina's room had windows on both street and garden, and she could look down into Over's room in the other side of the angle, on the floor below. The garden, although the kitchen opened upon it, was full of sweet-smelling flowers and rustic chairs, and at one end was a long table where a man sat painting. There were no palms here, for Granada is two thousand feet above the Mediterranean and the eternal snows are on the Sierras behind her.

"I suppose, then," said Catalina, after a half-hour's dreaming, "that you don't mind if I go for a walk without you?"

"Oh, do wait! I'm quite fit now."

"I'll meet you down in the street."

On her way through the quaint irregular house she met a tall fine-looking girl, who half smiled and bowed as if welcoming her to the *pension*. For a moment Catalina wondered if by any chance her family could have bought out the Spanish proprietors, but dismissed the thought. The girl was not only unmistakably American, but of the independent class. She wore a blue veil about the edge of her large hat, and her ashen

hair in a single deep curve on her forehead. Her white shirt-waist and white duck skirt were adjusted with a perfection of detail that suggested the habit of a maid or of time and concentrated thought. Her features were good, and in spite of a hint of selfishness and rigidity about the mouth, and a pair of rather cold gray eyes, her smile was very sweet. But her claim to distinction was in her grooming, her beauty, mien and in her subtle air of gracious patronage.

"She looks like a princess and yet not quite like a lady," thought Catalina. "What can she be?"

Over joined her, and as the two gray harmonious figures walked down the street, Catalina turned suddenly and looked at the *pension*. The girl in white was leaning from one of the upper windows. But this time the cool gray eyes had no message for one of her own sex. They dwelt upon the Englishman's military and distinguished back. Catalina thrilled to the vague music of unrest deep in some unexplored nook of her being. The second response was a snapping eye which she turned upon Over.

"I met an American girl as I was coming out that I have taken a dislike to," she announced. "She has a most absurd patronizing manner, and looks as if she were trying to be the great lady but couldn't quite make it. I prefer the Moultons, who are frankly suburban."

"I thought the Moultons very jolly—poor souls. I suppose they have reached the haven of an Atlantic liner by this."

"Did you see that girl?" asked Catalina sharply.

"What girl? Oh, in the *pension*, just now. I passed a rather stunning girl on the stairs—but there are so many girls! Shall we wander about outside a bit before getting the tickets?"

The great red towers of the Alhambra were before them, and Catalina forgot the Unknown. There happened to be no one else in the Plaza de los Aljibes as they entered

it, and the afternoon was very warm and still. They lingered between the hedges of myrtle, the flower best beloved of the Moor, and disdaining the upstart palace of Charles V. looked wonderingly at the featureless wall that hid so much beauty, and in its time had secluded from the vulgar the daily life and gorgeous state of the most picturesque court in Europe; and such harems of varied loveliness as never will be seen again. Only the Tower of Cómares rising sheer from the northern wall of the Assabica Hill is as visible from the plaza as from the courts, of whose life it was once a part.

"It was from that window that the Sultana Ayxa la Horra, the mother of Boabdil el Chico, let him down to the Darro with a rope made of shawls so that he could escape from Granada before his dreadful old father murdered him," volunteered Catalina. "But of course you have read all about it—there never was a more delicious book than 'The Conquest of Granada'."

"Never heard of it, and am densely ignorant of the whole thing. You will have to coach me, as usual."

"Then I suppose you don't know that we should have no Alhambra today—hardly one stone on another—if it hadn't been for Irving—an American! How do you like that?"

"You know I have no race jealousy, and I had just as lief it had been Irving as any other Johnny. What difference does it make, anyhow? We have the Alhambra. It's like bothering about who wrote Shakespeare's plays."

"That doesn't interest you?"

"Not a bit. The plays don't much, for that matter. I'm glad our literature has them, but all that sort of speculation seems to me a crying waste of time and mental energy. Let's have the lecture. What did you say your black's name was?"

"Black! Boabdil had beautiful golden hair and blue eyes." And she sketched the vacillating fate of that ill-starred young monarch while they sat on a bench opposite the great façade

of the Alcazaba, that once impregnable citadel swarming with turbaned Moors. To Catalina they were almost visible today, so vivid was her historical sense; and, as ever, she caught Over in the rush of her enthusiasm. He always invited these little disquisitions, less for the information, which he usually forgot, than for the pleasure of watching the changing glow on Catalina's so often immobile face. Moreover, she was invariably amiable when roaming through history. Her voice, in spite of its little Western accent, was soft and rich and lingered in his ear long after she had fallen into a silence which presented a contemptuous front to such masculine artfulness as he possessed.

Today, after they had passed through the little door of the Alcazaba, she fell abruptly from garrulity into a state of apparent dumbness; but Over walked contentedly beside her in the warm and fragrant silence of the ruin. Except for the ramparts and the two great watch towers where the Moor had contemplated for so many anxious months the vast army and glittering camp of Ferdinand and Isabella on the vega beyond Granada, and the sheer sides of the rock on which the fortress was built, there was little to suggest that it had once been the warlike guardian of the palace. It rather looked as if it had been the pleasure gardens of a pampered harem, with its winding walks between terraces of bright flowers, its fountains, overgrown, like the fragments of wall, with ivy, and its grottoes, always cool, and of a delicious fragrance; while from every point there was a glimpse of snow mountain or sunburnt plain.

After they had rambled in silence for an hour Catalina emerged from her centres and suggested that they go up to the platform of the Torre de la Vela. From that high point, famous for having been the first in Granada to fly the pennons of Aragon and Castile, they saw the perfect rim of hills and mountains that curve about the city and its vega. On the tremendous ridges and peaks of the Sierras, no less than on the blooming slopes of the lower ranges,



there once were watch towers and fortified towns, the outer rind of the pomegranate which the Spaniards stripped off bit by bit until they reached the luscious pith that so aptly symbolized the delights of the Moorish stronghold. The fortresses are gone, but the eternal snows still glitter, the Xenil is as silvery as of yore, while the sloping city of Granada itself presents an indescribably ancient appearance, with its millions of tiles, baked and faded by the centuries into a soft pinkish gray, its streets so narrow that one seems to look down upon a vast roof, from which crosses and towers rise like strange growths that mar the harmony of a scene otherwise perfect in line and delicate color. The solitary tower of the cathedral rises from the mass of roofs like a mere monument above the tombs of Ferdinand and Isabella; who, for all they lie in consecrated stone, have ever about them the phantom of the ancient mosque.

Above the roofs the very air was pink; and out on the shimmering vega to the western hills the sun was seeking to pay his evening visit. On the right, or north, of the Alhambra, across the river Darro, was the Albaicin on a steep mountain spur, once both sister and rival of the palace hill, "the whole surrounded by high walls three leagues in circuit, with twelve gates, and fortified by a thousand and thirty towers." It was, in general, faithful to Boabdil el Chico, Catalina informed her companion, thirsty for knowledge, and was the scene of terrific battles between that whim of destiny and his unrighteous old father, Muley Aben Hassan. Today it is given over to thousands of gipsies, who are faithful to nothing but their nefarious and oftentimes murderous instincts. But by far the most imposing objects in the extensive panorama, after the snow mountains, were the ruined towers of the Alhambra itself. Besides the three in the foreground, and Comares, of romantic memories, was a line in varying stages of picturesque decay, extending along the precipitous bluff overhanging the Darro. Between were gardens of glowing flowers,

narrow streets, ruined walls, wild patches of wood where the cliff-side jutted; and on the south side of the Alhambra hill, parallel with the Darro, the dense park of elms planted by the Duke of Wellington.

"There is the town of Santa Fé," said Catalina, pointing to a speck on the edge of the vega. "Ferdinand and Isabella caused it to be built when they were in camp. The articles of Granada's capitulation were signed there, and their contract with Columbus. Over there in the Sierras, somewhere, is the spot where Boabdil turned to take a last look at Granada, and was reproached by his mother—who was far more of a man than he was—for weeping like a woman for what he could not defend like a man. When I was a child my mother used to sing me to sleep with 'The Last Sigh of the Moor.'"

And she suddenly trilled forth with an abandonment of sorrow which startled Over more than any phase she had yet exhibited:

"*'Ay, nunca, nunca, nunca mas veré!'*"

"That means, 'Aye, never, never, never more to see,'" she translated practically. "How close it brings the island of Santa Catalina, undiscovered by the tourist then, and our lonely little inn! My mother always sang me to sleep in a big rocking-chair, and my father sat by a student-lamp and read, frowning until she had finished. It all seems a thousand years ago."

"Did you miss your parents much?" asked Over curiously.

For a second it seemed to him that he saw a window open in the depths of her eyes. Then she turned her back on him. "I don't live in the past," she said. "Let us go down into the park. It will be dusk in a few moments, and the nightingales will sing."

They lingered a while among the terraces watching the sun go down, then descended through the Gate of Justice into the park. There the steep aisles were dim, there was the murmur of running water, and in a few moments the nightingales burst forth into song.

Over and Catalina sat down on a grassy bank. There appeared to be no one in the park but themselves. The man looked up, half expecting to see turbaned heads and flashing eyes on the towers and ramparts above; or the glittering cavalcade of Ferdinand and Isabella crowding through the Gate of Justice; or the faithless wife of Boabdil stealing out to her fatal tryst with Hamet of the Abencerrages. In the warm duskiness of the wood under the watch towers and ramparts, and the fountain of Charles V. beside them, the music of nightingale and distant waters thrilling the soft voluptuous air, it was easy to imagine that the walls of Granada had yielded to neither the Spaniard nor to Time. They were the most romantic moments he had ever known; and the Alhambra is the most romantic ruin on earth, the one where the modern world seems but a bit of prophetic history, and four hundred years are as naught.

But there came a moment when he retraced his flight and stole a glance at Catalina. If she were as thrilled with the sense of his nearness as he with hers in these glades of teeming memories, she gave no sign. With her head thrown back and eyes half closed she appeared to be drinking in the delicious notes of the nightingales. She was quite as beautiful as any of the captive sultanas who had whiled away the hours for their fierce lords in the mysterious apartments above—and startlingly like. Such women, white of skin, dark and sphinx-like of eye, with delicate features and tender forms, were sought throughout the East to tempt the sated appetite of the Moorish tyrants. Just so had women with wistful, upturned profiles listened to the dulcet notes of the nightingale floating down from the trees beside Comares into the spacious courts beneath their narrow windows, dreaming of the lovers they would never see. How like she was! In looks, yes; but he laughed outright as his fancy pictured Catalina as even the reigning favorite of a harem where a mistaken monarch sought to filch her

of her liberty and bend her will. His abrupt half-conscious laughter rent the spell of the evening, and Catalina sprang to her feet.

"I forgot to ask the dinner hour," she said. "But it must be time. I am starved."

She walked rapidly up the hill, and Over followed, conscious that he had thrown away one of the exquisite moments of life, and hardly knowing, now that the intoxication had passed, whether he would have it so or not.

## XIX

THEY found the guests of the *pension* at dinner in the garden. There were ten or twelve people at the table, and Over and Catalina were conscious of a conspicuous entrance; and a certain familiar lighting of the eye in those facing the door heralded them as a distinguished young couple on their honeymoon. Catalina, whose spirits had ebbed far out, frowned and took the vacant chair beside Mrs. Rothe, that at least she might not be obliged to talk to a man, and Over sat himself beside the husband. In a moment Catalina saw her mistake; there was but one person between her cavalier and the blond young woman who had inspired her with distrust.

The American girl sat at the head of the table with the air of a hostess entertaining her guests. She was perhaps twenty-six, but she had the aplomb of a woman who not only has been a gracious hostess for many years, but has exacted and received much tribute. She wore a thin black gown which became her fairness marvelously well, and had dressed her smooth, ashen hair both high and low. Her long back was straight without effort, and if her shoulders were a shade too broad, her waist and hips were less mature. Everybody else looked dowdy in comparison, even Mrs. Rothe suffering an eclipse.

But if her toilet was triumphant, her manner was more so. On one side of her sat a Frenchman, on the other

a Spaniard, opposite Captain Over a German, and she addressed each in his language, taking care that none should suffer at the expense of the other; and it was manifest that they all adored her. She was, in fact, a brilliant figure, and if her sweet smile was somewhat mechanical and her fine gray eyes keen and passionless, her swains were too dazzled by her manner and her handsome appearance to detect the flaws.

Catalina cocked her ears, but found neither wisdom nor cleverness in the remarks that fell from the thin, well-cut lips. It was the girl's linguistic accomplishment, her bright manner of saying nothing, and willingness to hear men talk, that were responsible for the delusion that she was a brilliant woman. Catalina's curiosity could no longer contain itself, and she turned abruptly to Mrs. Rothe and spoke for the first time.

"Who is she?" she asked. "Have you heard?"

"Her name is Holmes, and I heard her sister, that dowdy little artist over there, call her Edith."

"I wonder who—what—she is?"

"Nobody in particular, I should think."

"But she—she—dominates everything."

"That is the American girl—a certain type. You'll see a great many of them if you go about enough. This specimen was born with a respectable amount of good looks, a high opinion of herself and some magnetism. On her way through life she has acquired what some call *autorité*, others bluff. She probably has no position to speak of at home—she never would wear her hair in that Florodora lump on her forehead if she had—but she has made a great deal of running in Summer and winter resorts, and in Europe. The study of her life is twofold: dress and how to please men—while deluding them that they are graciously permitted to please her. Her knack for languages stands her in good stead, her tact is almost—never quite—perfect; for she too

often makes the mistake of snubbing women. She knows the value of every glance, she has a genius for small talk and dress—probably she has not an income of a hundred and fifty dollars a month, and her sister has to dress like a sweep to help her out—and I should be willing to stake all I have that she dances to perfection. She is the sort of girl that men delight to make a belle of, not only because she flatters them and is always 'all there,' but because she does them so much credit. But they usually are quite content to swell her train, and forget to propose. What she is on the lookout for, of course, is a rich husband, but every year she becomes more and more the veteran flirt, more polished and mechanical, and less seductive; and will end by talking anyone she can get."

"She is a type, then. I fancied her unique."

"Dear me! There are hundreds like her."

"All the same, I can't take my eyes off her. She fascinates me. I don't like her—but I think I'd like to be like her."

"Heaven forbid! She is a very second-rate person, my dear, and your beauty is real, while hers is only a matter of effect. She fascinates you because she is young and successful, and you see her like for the first time. But she is nothing in the world but a man's woman, and while as chaste as an Amazon—I suppose Amazons were chaste—has probably been engaged several times—the type is sentimental—I might add, experimental. I caught Lolly hanging over her this afternoon, and she will doubtless put him through his paces. It won't hurt him; she is not the type that men die for—not even what the French call an *allumeuse*—just a plain American flirt."

"She has style," sighed Catalina.

"Of a sort," said the New Yorker indifferently. Then she turned suddenly to Catalina with the charming sympathy of glance and manner that blinded her friends to the poor ruin

of her face. "How you could rout her if you would!" she said. "Don't you know, my dear, that the woman who receives that sort of promiscuous adulation is always the woman who wants it, who works for it? Given a decent amount of natural charm, and any determined woman can be a belle. But it means more work and self-repression, more patience with bores as well as with the wary, than you would ever give to it. And it means popularity with men and nothing more; no depth of accomplishment or interest in anything vital; and under that assumption of glorified independence she is really a slave, afraid to relax her vigilance lest she lose her hold, never daring to be absent-minded, or careless in her dress. Of all the girls I have ever known you have the least reason to envy anyone—so banish the cloud!"

Catalina glowed, and reminded herself of the opportunities thrust upon her to be the belle of a season that she had spurned with less than politeness; but in a moment her brows met and she lost her appetite. Over had been drawn into the magnetic current at the head of the table. Miss Holmes was leaning forward as if graciously permitting the stranger to enter, yet herself lured by the wisdom—it was a comment on the narrowness of Moorish streets—that flowed from his lips.

"What idiots men are!" thought Catalina viciously. "I suppose if I hung on his words like that he'd not hesitate a minute about being in love with me. But I'd like to see myself!"

## XX

AFTER dinner Catalina went up to her room to brush her hair—her head ached slightly—and sit for a while by herself before the evening walk. As a rule, she was the first to be down, but tonight she had a perverse desire for Over to come or send for her. She was suddenly tired of meeting him halfway, of being the frank,

almost sexless, comrade; she wanted to be sought and made much of. Miss Holmes might be second-rate, but she was an artist, and Catalina was not above taking a leaf out of her book.

"I'd rather be a hermit and have smallpox than bother forever as she does, according to Mrs. Rothe; and flatter men—not I! But I think I should be more feminine and difficult."

Her hands trembled a little as she burnished her hair, and once her eyes filled with tears; but she brushed them off with a scowl, and still refused to think. She had been too much with Over, and their friendship had run too smoothly for her thoughts to have been tempted to revolve about him when alone. There were times when she turned cold and then hot if he came upon her suddenly, and his touch and glance had thrilled her more than once. But she had kept it steadily before her that this was but a summer friendship, and that in a short time she would be in California and he in England. It is true that her imagination supplemented the separation with a meeting in one country or the other not later than a year hence, but she had not permitted her mind to dwell upon the significance of his audible self-analysis in Madrid, holding that when a man doubted the depth of his sentiments the time had not come to take him seriously. Moreover, to speculate upon the significance of a man's attentions was not only indelicate but put her in the class with other girls, and nothing distressed her more than to approach the average. Therefore had she never sought to discover what lay beneath her daily pleasure in Over's society and her matter-of-fact assumption that for the time he was hers.

Nor would she permit herself to analyze her sense of disappointment tonight. Her soul had been floating on the high golden notes of the night-ingles, and not alone; it had plunged down with a velocity that left it sick and dizzy, but as Catalina banged the



large pins into her hair she still refused to demand the reason.

The people were talking in the garden. She shut her window overlooking it and sat down before the one opposite. The street was lit by a solitary lamp; the moon had not risen; it was full of dusky shadows. It was easy to convert the shadows into swarthy men with turbaned heads and flowing robes, but she was not in a historical mood. Even a man with a long Spanish cloak folded closely about him and holding manifestly to the heavier shadows failed to arrest her attention. In spite of her admirable self-control, her mind wondered uneasily why Over did not call her, how he was occupied; for the time was passing.

Her eyes wandered to the height behind the Albaicin. There were lights; they might be watch-fires. It was not so long ago that that turbulent quarter had rung with the clamor of battle, of civil strife, that its gates had been secretly opened to Boabdil in the night, and his father or uncle been defied to come over and redden its streets. What were four centuries?

"I shall always have that pleasure, that resource," thought Catalina arrogantly. "I can always take refuge in the past on a moment's notice. Where on earth can he be? Does he suppose I don't want to walk—as I haven't gone down? Or is he too interested——?"

Her spine stiffened. She listened intently, then stood up silently and looked down. Over and Miss Holmes were standing in the doorway of the *pension*, talking. Catalina could not distinguish the words. Over had a low voice of no great carrying power, and Miss Holmes had neglected none of the charms that man finds excellent in woman. But he was leaning to her words in a fashion that denoted interest, and oblivion of all else for the moment. In a flash Catalina realized just how attractive he was to women.

Still talking, they moved from the doorway into the street and then down in the direction of the palace. Cata-

lina leaned out with a gasp, hardly believing the evidence of her eyes. For a moment astonishment routed other sensations. Was it possible that Over was on his way to visit the Alhambra for the first time by moonlight with another woman?—that he was going for his evening walk at all without her? Never had he thought of doing such a thing before; they went off together, frequently alone, every evening. Even in Toledo he had come directly to the Casa Villéna after dinner, and sooner or later, by one device or another, had managed to carry her off for a stroll. But there he was, complacently walking down street with another woman, and not so much as a backward glance. And the other woman had white lace about her head and shoulders, and no doubt looked like a lorelei. The only beauty she had ever heard Over praise was the beauty of fair women, which was as it should be. And Englishmen laughed at American distinctions. If this girl were second class, how was Over to find her out on a moonlight night in a tricky frame, how discover that she wore her hair like a shopgirl? Doubtless, if he thought at all about the matter, he would elevate Miss Holmes above herself in the social scale. She at least did not suggest the cowboy.

And still he did not turn his head. Perhaps he was only strolling for a few minutes with the new acquaintance, waiting for his usual companion to descend. Catalina leaned farther out. In a moment they passed the old mosque and disappeared.

She fell back from the window, unable for a moment to think coherently; the blood was pounding in her head. Her impulse was to run after them and twist her rival's neck. She panted with hate, with the desire for vengeance, with the lust to kill. She stood like a wooden idol, but she boiled with the worst passions of the ancient races behind her. She conceived swift plans of vengeance. She would make friends with the girl, poison her peace of mind, kill her if she could not inveigle her into killing herself. The malignant,

treacherous nature of the aboriginal controlled her, obsessed her. Civilization fell away; she was capable of the worst; she cared nothing for consequences. Literally, she wanted the enemy's scalp. Then, without premeditation, she wept stormily, like an undisciplined child—or a savage—beside itself. And then the obsession passed and she was horrified.

It was not thus her imagination had dwelt upon the great revelation. She had visioned love among the stars, and had expected—groping, perhaps—to find it there. But to discover it in a fit of jealous rage, writhing in the most ignoble of the passions, her soul shrieking for revenge—she descended to the depths of discouragement, humiliation. She doubted if she were worthy of being loved even by a mere man—for the moment she despised the entire sex for Over's weakness and inconsistency. Of course, like others, he had succumbed to this enchantress, who didn't even wear her hair like a lady, and was therefore unworthy of even the rage she had flung after him. She longed to despise him so hotly that her love would be reduced to a charred ember, and thought she had succeeded; then it flamed all through her, and she sprang to her feet.

"There is one thing I can do," she thought, and lit the candle. "I'll leave tomorrow. Never will I go through this again, and never will I see him again if I can help it."

She had the instinct of all wounded things, and a terror of the emotions that had torn her. Pain she could stand, and had a dim foreshadowing that in solitude she might attain that dignity of soul that sorrow and meditation bring to great natures, but never the passionate conflict of emotions that confused her now. As she locked her trunk there was a knock on her door. She answered mechanically, and Mrs. Rothe entered.

"What—?"

Catalina, who was sitting on the floor, sprang to her feet. Her hair was disordered and her eyes red. There was no use attempting to conceal anything

from this keen-eyed woman, whose sufferings were stamped in the loosened muscles of her face. She stood silent and haughty. She would deny nothing, but nothing was further from her mind than confession.

"May I sit down?" asked Mrs. Rothe. "Have you a headache? I was afraid you must have, as you did not come down."

"My head doesn't ache, but I am sick of Spain. I am going to start for home tomorrow."

"Oh, I am sorry. It will be dreary without you. And I thought it so enchanting here. Can't I induce you to change your mind?"

Catalina sat down on her trunk, but she shook her head. "I want to go home," she said.

Mrs. Rothe turned her kind, bitter eyes full upon Catalina. "Don't run away," she said. "It is unworthy of you. And this means nothing. What is more natural—he being a man—than that he should accept the minor offerings of the gods when the best is not forthcoming? Moreover, when a man has talked steadily to one girl for three weeks"—she shrugged her shoulders—"that is the way they are made, my dear, the way we are all made, for that matter, as you will discover in time for yourself. It is better to accept men as they are, and early than late."

"I never want to see another man again—and this was our first night in Granada. There was—had been for weeks—a tacit understanding that we should do every bit of it together——"

"But you disappeared. No doubt he thought you were indisposed——"

"I wanted him to come after me, for once."

"Oh, my dear, men are so dense. When they love us desperately they rarely do what we most long to have them. If I don't sympathize with you—well, I think of my own throes, not only at your age but so often after. It is so easy to fall in love, so difficult to remain there. You can marry Over if you wish—and two or three years hence—the pity of it!"

"Do you mean that no love lasts?"

"In tenacious natures like yours it may. Nevertheless, there will be times when he will bore you, get on your nerves, when you will plan to get away from him for a time. A few years ago I still clung—in the face of experience—to my delusions. Then I would have held your hand and wept sympathetic tears. Now, I can only say, go in and win, but don't break your heart over an imagined capacity for love at an interminable high pitch."

"You must have loved Mr. Rothe when you married him," said Catalina with curiosity, and feeling that Mrs. Rothe had opened the gates and bidden her enter.

"I did," said the older woman drily. "For what other reason, pray, would I make a fool of myself, and disgust and antagonize those whom I had loved so long? What a fool the world is!" she burst out. "And writers, for that matter! They are always harping on the death of the man's love, upon the punishment that will be visited upon the woman of mature years who marries a man younger than herself! I am capable of the profoundest feeling, and I have never been able really to love a man in my life. I have deluded myself again and again, and invariably the man has disappointed or disgusted me. This is my third husband. The first died, but not soon enough to leave me with a blessed memory. The second, whom I had found irresistible, developed into a gourmand with a bad temper. I lived with him for fifteen years. When I met Rothe I was forty, the beginning of the most critical period in the life of women of my sort—when if not happy we would stake our souls for happiness. It seemed to me that I could not continue to live without love, and yet that I could not die unless I had, if only for a day, loved to the full capacity of my nature. When I met Rothe and he fell head over heels in love with me—I was a very handsome woman five years ago—I was at first flattered; then his ardor struck fire in me and I made no effort to extinguish it. It was what I had waited

for, prayed for, and I encouraged it, fanned the flame. I was convinced that it was the grand passion at last; and I went out to Dakota. I gloried in the sacrifice, gloated over it. And in spite of divorce and scandal I suppose I was happy for a time."

"And now?" asked Catalina breathlessly. She had forgotten Over and Miss Holmes. Never had she been so close to living tragedy. Mrs. Rothe, in her *négligée* of pale yellow silk and much lace, her ruffled petticoat and slippers of the same shade, indescribably fresh and dainty, and, in the light of the solitary candle, a beautiful woman once more, was to Catalina the very embodiment of "the world"; and for the moment far more interesting than herself.

"Now! I hate the sight of him. I am bored beyond the power of words to tell. I have to remind myself that he is not my son, and when I do not long for my own son, who was far brighter, I long for a man of my own age to exchange ideas with, who will understand me in a degree. There are a few women with eternal youth in their souls, but I am not one of them. I am tired of all his little habits; the very expression of his face when he smokes a cigarette with his after-dinner coffee gets on my nerves. I am sick of making up and pretending to be interested in the things that interest a young man. I want to be frankly myself—of course, I should hate growing old in any case, but I am sick of being a slave—that is what it amounts to when you don't dare to be yourself. But I must keep up the farce lest I lose him, and the world laugh and once more remind itself of its perspicacity. I give him a long rope, he is still fond of me, my pride mounts as everything else fades away. There you are!"

Catalina had hardly drawn breath during this jeremiad. She no longer had any desire to run from her own pain. After all, what had Over done but take a walk with a strange girl in her own absence? She had beaten a molehill as high as a mountain. But she could think of nothing to say. In

the bitter misery before her there was the accent of finality, and comment would have been resented if heard.

"I have told you all this," said Mrs. Rothe, "partly because the impulse after five years of repression was irresistible, partly to show you that the great tragedy of a woman's life is when not the man, but she, ceases to love. Better far death and desolation, and a great memory, than a nature in ruins, and the magic that would rebuild gone out of hope forever. As for you—congratulate yourself that you are able to feel and suffer as you have done to-night. Over is a better sort than most. Marry him and prove that you are of greater and finer stuff than I. I should be delighted. And if this girl should develop into a rival of a sort, welcome the stimulation, and show your mettle—"

"I won't fight over any man!"

"Certainly not. Simply be more charming than she is. Nothing could be easier. You could not make the mistake of eagerness if you tried, but you can be obviously delightful—and you know him far better than she does, and have no machine-made methods. Now go to bed and sleep, and ignore the episode in the morning. You went to bed with a headache and neither knew nor cared what Over did with himself."

## XXI

Thus it came about that the next morning not long after dawn Catalina was leaning out of her garden window humming a Spanish air when Over pushed aside his curtain and looked up expectantly.

"Coffee?" he whispered. She nodded. He pointed down to a little table in the window in the wall. They stole like conspirators through the dark house and down to the garden. Over was first at the tryst, and never had he greeted her with such effusion. He held her hand a moment and gazed solicitously into her eyes with an entire absence of humor as he tenderly demanded if she had been ill or only

tired the night before and assured her of his disappointment in being cheated of their walk. His conscience hurt him and he felt the more penitent as he saw that disapproval in any of its varied manifestations was not to be his portion. For Catalina looked nothing short of angelic. Her eyes were a trifle heavy, as if with pain, but her beautiful mouth curled and wreathed with sweetness. She wore for the first time a white blouse and a duck skirt, and about her throat she had knotted a scarlet ribbon. The fine soft masses of her hair looked as if spread with a golden net that caught the fire of the mounting sun; and she looked several years younger, fresher, more ingenuous than Miss Holmes, though older than herself.

She ground the coffee while he boiled the water, and when he alluded with an enthusiasm that was almost sentimental to their first coffee-making in Tarragona, recalling the solitary palm against the blue sea, her face lit up and her lips parted. So, all in a night, had their attitude of almost excessive naturalness toward each other dissolved into the historic duel of the man and the maid. Both were acutely sensible of the change, yet neither resented it, for it heralded the new chapter and its unfolded mysteries. Catalina had the advantage, for she understood and he did not; he only felt the subtle change, and the conviction that she was even more provocative than during the episode of the mantilla.

"No one in the world can make such good coffee," she said politely, as she sipped hers and looked through the bars at the dark arbors of the park. "I still had rather a headache when I awoke, but this is all I need. Did you go for a walk last night?"

She held her breath, but he replied promptly: "I walked round a bit with Miss Holmes—that fair girl who sat at the head of the table. But the moon rises late and there was nothing to see. I was in bed by ten o'clock. I hope you will be quite fit tonight so that we can see the Alhambra by moonlight together. I am very keen on that."



"So am I," and she gave him an enchanting smile, but without a trace of self-consciousness. "How do you find Miss Holmes? I long to meet her. She attracts me very much."

"Oh, she is very jolly — can talk about anything and has the knack of your race and sex for putting a fellow quite at his ease. You are certain to like her. She has given up her home life and wanders about Europe for the sake of her sister, who is an artist; has a deuced fine nature, I should say. What?"

"Nothing. Shall we take a walk? We can't get the cards for the palace for an hour or two yet."

"I hoped you would feel like a jolly long walk this morning. We really had no exercise yesterday, and after that ride from Madrid I feel as if I'd like to be on my legs for a week."

They walked for two hours along one of the country roads behind the Alhambra, racing occasionally, glimpsing many beautiful vistas, lingering for a while before the Generalife, the summer palace of the Moorish kings; Catalina gloating over the profusion and variety of the flowers, not only in the famous garden but cropping out of every crevice of the walls themselves. As they sat in the warm sunshine of one of the terraces she gave him another little lecture on the history of Granada in a curiously exultant voice that made him oblivious of the useful information she imparted. Never had he been so attractive to her as in this new role of the mere man endeavoring to propitiate his goddess, and happiness bubbled and sparkled within her; if by chance their eyes met her lashes played havoc with the expression of hers. She radiantly felt that he belonged to her, she obliterated the future, and forgot the seductress. She informed Over that it was Granada, Spain, the golden morning, that made her happy, and was careful to remove any impression he might harbor that she was making an effort to please him; for pride and a diabolical cunning stood her in the stead of experience. She merely had put her moody undis-

ciplined side to rest and exhibited in high relief her luminous exultant girlhood; and Over stared and said little.

But she was determined that if he did address her it should not be in direct sequence to her wiles, for she had a passionate wish to be sought, to be pursued. She would continue to dazzle him with the jewels of her nature and make him forget the weeds and clay that had inspired him with uneasiness, but she would go no further.

"Come!" she exclaimed, springing to her feet. "We can get into the Alhambra now, and I simply cannot wait any longer."

"Do you know," she said, as they walked down the hill toward the fortress, "I have had an uneasy sense of being watched ever since I came here? I was conscious of it several times while we were exploring yesterday, and last night as I sat by my window for a few moments before I went to bed"—she stammered, caught her breath and went on—"I felt it again; and in the night I woke up and heard two men talking under my window. I suppose there was nothing remarkable in that, but they stood there a long time, and one of the voices, although it was pitched very low, sounded dimly familiar. This morning, just before we reached the highroad I had again the sense of being watched—I am very sensitive to a powerful gaze."

Over, who was probably afraid of nothing under the sun, was looking at her in alarm. "You know I have always said that you must not go out alone in Spain," he said authoritatively. "And there is danger quite aside from your beauty. Not only are all Americans supposed by the ignorant rapacious lower classes of Europe to be phenomenally wealthy, but Californians in particular. And doubtless California is a legend with the Spaniard. I am not given to melodrama, but there is a desperate lot over in the Albaicin."

"I don't see what could happen to me in broad daylight, and certainly

I am not going to run after you or 'Lolly' every time I want to go out. What a bore!"

"Not for me. I wish you would promise——"

"Well, I'll be careful," she said lightly. "I have no desire for adventures of that sort. They must be horribly dirty over in the Albaicin, and after our experience with Spanish banks it might be some time before I could be ransomed."

The Albaicin might be dirty and abandoned to wickedness, but they decided, as they leaned over the parapet of the Plaza de los Aljibes before entering the palace, there was no doubt of its picturesqueness. Far beneath them sparkled the Darro, and beyond it, parallel with the Alhambra Hill, rising from the plain almost to the very top of the steep mountain spur, was another vast roof of pinkish gray tiles. But here they could distinguish one or two narrow streets, mere cuts in a bed of rock from their perch, and high balconies full of flowers between the Moorish arches, a glimpse of bright interiors, the towers and patios of a great convent where the nuns walked among the orange trees and the pomegranates, the roses and geraniums. Not a sound rose from the ancient city; it might have been as dead as the turbulent race that made its history. It lay steeping, swimming, in the pink light that seemed to rise like a vapor from its roofs. It looked like some huge stone tablet of antiquity, with hieroglyphics raised that the blind might read.

"I shall come and look at this in every light," said Catalina; "so if I disappear you will know where to find me."

They entered the palace through the little door in the noncommittal wall, and after bribing the guide to let them alone, lingered for a time in the Court of Myrtles, where the orange trees no longer grow beside the pool, but where the arcades and overhanging gallery are as graceful as when the court was the centre of life of the Comares Palace, first in this group

of palaces. Then, through an arcade that abutted into a fairy-like pavilion, they entered the Court of Lions.

Probably the Alhambra is the one ruin in the world where the most ardent expectations are gratified. From a reasonable distance the restored arabesque patterns on the walls, like Oriental carpets of many colors, and raised in stucco, present the illusion of originals; and all else, except the tiles gaudy in the primal colors, on the many roofs which project over the arcades into the courts, and the marble floors, are as the Africans left it. The twelve hideous lions upholding the double fountain in the famous court must have been designed by artists that had never penetrated the African jungle, nor visited a menagerie, and, as the only ugly objects amid so much light and graceful beauty, serve as an accent rather than a blot. Upholding the arches of the arcades that surround the court are a hundred and twenty-four pillars so light and slender, so mellowed by time, that they look far more like old ivory than marble. Above the arches the multicellular carving again looks like old ivory, and through them are seen the gay convolutions of the arabesques on the walls of the corridor. Above the cluster of shafts at the eastern end, which forms one of the two pavilions, the florid roofs multiply and rise to a dome of all the colors. Overhanging the north side of the court—in the second story—is a long line of low windows. They once gave light and glimpses of history to the captives of the king's harem.

"You must half close your eyes and imagine silken curtains waving between those slender pillars, which were meant to simulate tent-poles," said Catalina. "And Oriental rugs and divans in those arcades, and the lounging gentlemen of the court, and turbaned soldiers keeping guard, and women eternally peeping through the jalousies above. They must have seen this court red a thousand times: Muley Aben Hassan had two of his sons beheaded by this very fountain

to please a new sultana; and when they weren't beheading under orders they were flying into passions and killing one another. And the women could look straight into that room over there where Boabdil had the Abencerrages killed because one of them, as I told you, fell in love with his sultana. Do you see it all?"

"I confess I don't," said Over, laughing. "But I see quite enough—too much would make me apprehensive. How would you have liked that life?" he asked curiously as they crossed to the Hall of the Abencerrages. "I mean to have been the sultana of the moment, of course; not one of those captives up there."

"I should probably have been nothing but devil," replied Catalina drily. "It would have given me some pleasure to stick a knife into Muley Aben Hassan, and to have applied a sharp stick to Boabdil."

They stood for a few moments in the lofty room with its domed ceiling like a cave of stalactites, its fountain and ugly brown stains, and then Catalina shuddered and ran out.

"I can stand courts where murder has been done," she said, "for the sky always seems to clean things up. But that room is full of a sinister atmosphere. I should commit murder myself if I stayed in it too long."

The impression vanished and she moved her head slowly on the long column of her throat, smiling with her eyes, which met Over's.

"I hate ugly fancies and atmospheres," she said softly. "And the rest of the palace looks like a pleasure house; only I wish there were furniture and curtains—it seems to me they could be reproduced as successfully as the arabesques and roofs. Now one receives the impression that they slept and sat on the floor."

They were entering the Room of the Two Sisters, opposite the Hall of the Abencerrages, once the chief room of the sultana's winter suite. There are two slabs of marble in the floor that look like recumbent tombstones. What their original purpose was leg-

end sayeth not, unless it was to give an easy designation to a room which needs no such trivial spur to the memory. For the ceiling of this great apartment is one of the curiosities of the world. The dome is like a vast beehive, its five thousand cells wrought with the very colors of the flowers from which the ambitious builders brought their honey sweets. It might be a sort of Moorish heaven for the souls of bees, those tiny amazons who alone have demonstrated the superiority of the female over the male.

Catalina mentioned this conceit, and Over laughed grimly.

"When women are willing to do all the work—" he began, and then lifted his hat. Miss Holmes entered the room from the sala beyond.

She came forward with a smile of welcome, her manner quite that of a châtelaine welcoming the stranger to the halls of her ancestors.

"I am so glad I happen to be here," she said. "I know you are people whom guides only bore. I have lived in the Alhambra three weeks now, and am thinking of offering my services at the office; but you may have them for nothing." She included Catalina in her smiling gaze. "I hope your headache is better," she added politely.

"Yes, thank you," replied Catalina, who longed to scratch her. She reminded herself of her new role, however, and gave her a dazzling smile that filled her eyes with warmth and accented the gray coldness of the orbs, which, like her own, faced Over. "How I envy you for having been here three weeks!" she said. "I feel as if I couldn't wait to know, to be familiar with it all. Do you live in Spain?"

"If you call boarding in *pensions* frequented by artists of all the nationalities, living in a country, I have been here a year."

She piloted them through the rooms, reciting the information that lies in Baedeker, adroitly compelled by Catalina's intelligent questions to address the lecture to her. By the time they reached the queen's boudoir in the Tor-

re del Peinador, Catalina noted that the guide chafed visibly at being compelled to ignore the man, and it was evident by her wandering glances and the inflections of her voice that she not only admired the Englishman's good looks but appreciated his social superiority over the gentlemen of the brush who so often were her portion at *pensions*. Here, however, it was obviously the woman who would be interested in the perforated stone slab in a corner of the floor, which may have been built to perfume a queen or merely to warm her, and as she and Catalina disputed amiably, Over leaned on the stone wall of the narrow balcony and looked at the splendid view of Albaicin and mountain.

Then Catalina whimsically determined to give the girl the opportunity she craved. Her interest in the conversation perceptibly waning, Miss Holmes was enabled to transfer her attentions to the man, and, with battery of eye and glance, convey to him her pleasure in dropping history for human nature. When his attention was absorbed Catalina descended softly into the long arcade which overhangs the Darro, and, after wandering about at its extremity for a few moments and getting her bearings, sat down on the window-seat that looks upon the Patio de la Reja, with its neglected fountain and cypresses. They must pass her on their way to the Sala de los Embajadores. She was not sorry to be alone, and felt happy and secure, experiencing a passing moment of contempt for men in general, so easy were they to manage—a mood which assails every charming woman at times, and even on the heels of doubt and despair. But Catalina's spirit was too buoyant not to comprehend ideality in its flight, and she stared unseeingly at the dead walls and saw only what she had divined in Over.

She waited a long while. Coming out of her reverie with a start, she wondered how long it was and drew out her watch. It was half-past eleven, and, making a rapid calculation, she was driven to conclude that her cavalier

had been absorbed by the enchantress for fully an hour.

She was too proud to go after them, but her fingers curved round the window-seat in the effort to restrain herself, and her spirits plunged into an abyss of dull despair, emerging only on jealous and torturing wings to drop again. She realized the mistake she had made in the exuberance of her happy self-confidence; for a girl like Miss Holmes can make heavy running in an hour. On the steamer and in the various *pensions* where the Moultons had lingered she had often seen what no doubt was this same type of girl retire into a corner with the man she had marked for her own and talk—or listen—hour after hour; and Catalina had speculated upon their subjects, wondering that one human being could interest another for so long a time without the exterior aids of travel. The man had always looked as engrossed as the girl, and Catalina was forced to conclude that the mysterious arts were effective, and wished it were not forbidden to listen behind a curtain; but only that curiosity might be satisfied—she scorned arts herself. Now she wondered distractedly what this ashen-haired houri was talking about to make Over forget his very manners; but none of the long desultory conversations, followed by the longer silences peculiar to her experience with him, threw light on the weapons of this accomplished ruler of hearts; although the bare idea that they might be leaning over the parapet side by side in a familiar silence brought Catalina to her feet and turned her sharply toward the arcade. But at that moment she saw them coming.

Over was a little ahead of his companion, who was smiling with her lips, and he came forward with some anxiety in his eyes.

"I only just missed you," he said. "I thought you were there in the room lost in one of your silent moods. When did you come down?"

"Only a little while ago," said Catalina sweetly, and she saw the eyes of the other girl flash with something like



fear. She also noted that her cheeks were flushed.

"You have got a little sunburnt," she said, with concern for a fine complexion in her voice. "It is much cooler down here. Have we time to go into the Sala de los Embajadores?"

And Over was made subtly aware of the second-rate quality of Miss Holmes's accent.

They entered the immense room, whose dome is like a mighty jewel hollowed and carved within, where Boabdil drew his last breath as King of Granada; and before Miss Holmes could open her lips, Catalina, with all the picturesqueness of vocabulary she could command at will, described several of the scenes of which this most historical room in the Alhambra was the theatre; not only throwing into low relief the academic meagerness of the other girl's knowledge, but insinuating its supererogation. Meanwhile, she missed nothing. She saw the girl's color fade, her expression of almost supercilious self-confidence give place to anxiety, and as she turned away and stared out of one of the deep windows, it rushed over Catalina sickeningly that Over, in the span of an hour, had captivated her heart as well as her fancy. He must have made himself very fascinating! Catalina bungled her centuries; Miss Holmes in love would make a formidable rival.

The girl turned suddenly with mouth wholly supercilious and the light of war in her eyes. Catalina's face was as impassive as a mask. Miss Holmes walked deliberately toward Over, her mouth relaxing and humor in her eye, but Catalina was too quick for her. She might be an infant in the eyes of this accomplished flirt, but she had imagination and a brain capable under stress of abnormal rapidity of action. She had pulled out her watch and was facing Over.

"The palace closes at twelve—for the morning," she said, without a quiver of nervousness in her voice. "It wants but a few minutes of twelve, and we never care for luncheon until one. Would you care to go down and make

the usual futile attempt at the *poste restante*—or are you tired?"

"Tired? Let us go, by all means. I have had exactly one letter since I arrived in Spain. There surely is a batch here."

"I expect rather important ones." She turned to Miss Holmes. "Good morning," she said gaily. "And thank you so much. We are the hungriest people in the world for knowledge." And she marshaled the unconscious Over out, he lifting his hat mechanically to Miss Holmes, while admiring the sparkle in Catalina's eyes and the unusual color in her cheeks.

## XXII

As they walked down the Empeadrada, the most shadowy of the avenues in the park, Catalina's ungloved hand came in contact with Over's and was instantly imprisoned. For a moment she lost herself in the warm magnetism of that contact, wondering somewhat, but filled with a new sense of pleasure. But as she turned her head and met his steady gaze, half humorous, half tender, she made her obedient eyes dance with mischief.

"Beware of the Alhambra," she said lightly.

"I am not afraid of the Alhambra," and although she turned her hand he held it fast.

"Aren't you?"

"You are very provocative."

She longed for the mantilla which had given her such confidence in Toledo; but swept him a glance from the veiled splendor of her eyes.

"I don't know whether I mind having my hand held or not."

But if this were diplomacy it failed; he tightened his clasp.

"I am not sure that I know *you*."

"I have heard you say that a good many times. You are not very original."

"I was thinking of today, particularly."

"Why today?" The wondering expression held her eyes. "I have never

felt more natural, nor happy. I feel as if the mere blood in my veins had turned to that golden mist we saw on the vega this morning. I adore Spain!"

She spoke the last words in such a passion of relief that he brought his face closer to hers.

"I believe I'd give my soul to kiss you," he whispered. There was no humor in his eyes, and he looked the born lover; and the glades of the "sacred grove" looked the very bower of lovers. But Catalina's moment of response was over. Humiliated and furious with herself she vowed on the spot that she would never again lift an eyelash to fascinate him. Love seemed lying in the dust, rocked back and forth by her experimental foot. He should come to her of his own free will, or go whence he came—with Miss Holmes, if he chose. She would be loved and wooed ideally, or die an old maid. But to bait—to manœuvre—to cross swords with a rival! For the moment she hated Over, and he might have departed on the instant with her blessing.

She had snatched away her hand and was almost running down the hill. He made no effort to recover her until they reached the Gate of Granada, and then they walked sedately down the white hot street together.

"Miss Holmes, it seems, has arranged rather a jolly affair for tonight," he said. "A dance in the Alhambra—in the Court of Lions. She has permission from the authorities, and has engaged some musicians. The moon rises at ten, and we will dance for two or three hours. How do you like the idea?"

"Well enough. I am not over-fond of dancing."

"I am sorry. I hoped you would give me the first waltz."

"Well, I will if I dance. But dancing is not my forte, and I hate doing anything I don't do well. I suppose you don't dance any better yourself, though. Englishmen never do."

"Indeed? How many Englishmen have you danced with?"

"Well, I have heard they don't."

"I flatter myself I dance rather well. It would be more like you to judge for yourself."

"I'll see."

They reached the post-office after a hot walk through the town, there to meet with the usual official stupidity, or indifference, at the window of the *poste restante*. In vain Catalina adjured the somnolent person leaning on his elbows to look carefully through the R's and S's and O's. He replied that there was nothing, but that there might be on the morrow; the manager of the *pension* had already spoken to him.

They left the post-office with bristling tempers.

"It is a relief to hate something in Spain!" cried Catalina. "And I hate the post, the telegraph and the banks. There is a cab. I have had enough of walking for one day."

### XXIII

AFTER luncheon Miss Holmes put her arm through Catalina's. "Come into my room and talk to me a little while," she murmured. "I am so tired of all these men."

Catalina had stiffened at the contact, but pride made her yield at once. She turned with a smile in her eyes, and the other girl exclaimed impulsively: "You are the most beautiful thing I ever saw in my life!"

"Oh!" said Catalina, melting, but it was characteristic that she merely accepted the tribute as her due, and did not return it in kind.

The two girls presented an edifying spectacle for the eyes of puzzled man as they walked off, arm in arm; moreover, at the finish of an hour's chat in Miss Holmes's cool little room they were very good friends, for women may hate each other as rivals but like each other as human creatures of the same sex. They have so many feminine interests in common that man often dips over the horizon of memory while the mind is alive with the small and normal, only to resume his sway when it is vacant again.

Miss Holmes, sitting on the floor, her hands clasped about her knees, proved to be much like any other girl, and entertained Catalina with lively anecdotes of experience in Europe. Unconsciously she revealed much that evoked Catalina's sympathies. She made her own clothes, and it was evident that her life was harried by small economies whose names Catalina barely knew. She was a piece of respectable driftwood in Europe anchored to a still more respectable sister, and the more remarkable that she still was able to suggest a young woman of the leisure class.

"Of course I must marry," she said, shrugging her shoulders. "Unfortunately the only man I ever wanted to marry is a prince without a cent—you meet scions of all the nobility in *pensions*; but that of course means that they are as poor as you are. I suppose that you—independent as you are—won't marry for ages?"

"I have no intention of marrying at present," replied Catalina, without the flicker of an eyelash.

"Lucky you! I haven't either, for that matter, although my prince threatens to descend upon me; and if he does—" She lifted her shoulders again. "Women are idiots when they fall in love. Marriages ought to be made by the State according to fitness. How do you like my scheme for tonight?" she added abruptly.

"It is a stroke of genius. Fancy having a dance in the Alhambra by moonlight to carry away as a memory! Are you fond of dancing?"

"I adore it! It is the one thing I can do to perfection. I have actually been proposed to half a dozen times on the strength of my dancing."

Catalina turned cold. "What an odd reason for proposing! A man cannot dance with his wife."

"Well, you see, a man's head sometimes swims with his feet. Given a man who is fond of dancing and he is apt to think a woman perfection who dances to perfection."

Catalina rose abruptly. "I must go upstairs and rest for tonight. I

have been on the go since daybreak. Thank you for asking me to your pretty room," she added, with the charming courtesy she had at command. "You have what the French call the gift of installation, and this looks as if you had always lived here. I can't even keep my room tidy."

"You have always had servants to keep it tidy for you," said the other, with her quick, sweet smile. She shook Catalina's hand warmly. "Come in often," she said, and there was no doubting her sincerity. "And put on your most becoming gown tonight. It will be a pleasure to look at you."

But although she was attracted to Catalina and admired her beauty with the eye of the connoisseur, she had made up her mind to marry Over. Her love for the worthy but impoverished prince who had followed her about Europe for half a year was a fiction of the moment, but Over had carried her off her feet. She had met scions of the continental aristocracies by the score, but it was her first adventure with an Englishman of the higher class who looked as if he would love with difficulty and make love with ardor. She had held his attention during the morning immediately in the wake of many sensations quickened by Catalina, and it is possible that some of their exuberance may have overflowed to her. She recalled that his eyes had sparkled and melted and dwelt ardently upon her own, that his tones had been laden with meaning more than once, that he had uttered many spontaneously complimentary things. She looked upon Catalina as a lovely and somewhat clever child who could have no chance in the ring with herself, but she had taken pains to make certain that her young affections were not involved. She might have hesitated before breaking an engagement. It must be added that she cared not at all if Over were rich or poor. An English aristocrat, handsome, charming, a guardsman—her heart ached with the romance of it.

## XXIV

AFTER supper they sat about the table in the garden until nine o'clock, the men and several of the women smoking; and there was much talk of art, of books, of travel, gossip of the studios, of politics. Until the day before it had been a party grown intimate through the association of several weeks, and tonight, at this, their third meal, the three Americans and the Englishman glided insensibly into the circle. It was a new society for all of them, and they were interested according to their respective bias.

Rothe was somewhat surprised to find that untidy artists could yet be gentlemen, not to say men. His wife felt a sympathetic interest in the individual and wondered if all these nice people were very poor and what their particular form of poverty was like; she had never come across artists in her charities. She longed vaguely to help them in some way without giving offense. And then she envied them their illusions, their faith, their enthusiasm, and wondered if the fount of eternal youth from which these endowments flowed washed from apprehension the everlasting pettiness of mortal life. Over was always interested when he was not bored, and Catalina pulsed with curiosity and thanked heaven anew for her deliverance from the Moultons. She had spent the afternoon reading to Mrs. Rothe, then had taken a nap, ignoring Over's existence.

But she sat opposite him at the table and looked very pretty in the candle-light, her arms extended, her hands clasped, her lithe body erect, her attitude one of absolute repose; the eyes, only, smiled occasionally above the serenity of the rest of her face. Once both she and Over became conscious that they had drifted from the conversation and were listening to the nightingales singing in the park beyond the wall. He met her eyes with a flash in his own, but she flashed defiance in response, and turned her attention to the German artist who

was disputing hotly with the Frenchman, pounding the table and apoplectic with excitement. Miss Holmes with her admirable skill calmed the raging waters and scattered them into various channels. She was in white tonight, with a black silk scarf about her shoulders and one end over her abundant fair hair; and the eyes of her devotees rarely left her face. The prince actually had arrived in the afternoon, and occupied the place of honor beside her, although she had contrived that Over should sit on her left; and she had played them against each other—or thought she had—throughout the evening.

The prince was a thick-set, melancholy-looking man of middle years who had some reputation for historical research, a position of solid respectability wherever he went, and a turn for severe economy. His inconsiderable power to add to the gaiety of the world was further depressed by the sense of his folly in falling in love with a penniless girl, but he glowered across at Over and resolved anew to win her if they had to rusticate on his meager estate for the rest of their lives. She was the only woman who had ever lifted the weight from his spirit, made him forget for a moment the contemptible condition into which, through no fault of his, his ancient family had fallen. If it had not been for this condition it is possible that he might long since have turned his back on the temptation of the American girl, for he held republics in such scorn that he would not have hesitated to break faith with the citizen of an illegitimate nation, as one wholly outside his code of honor and inherited sense of conduct. But this girl had brought sweetness into his life and he was grateful to her, and in his manner loved her.

She had considered him in her clear-eyed fashion, had pictured herself as his companion, well loved, no doubt, and with the entrée to the best intellectual society on the continent; but she knew him to be far more selfish than any man she had ever met, and



with a pride which, no matter how he might love and admire her, would never permit him to forget that he was a prince and she a plebeian; it is only just to add that she might have belonged to the flower of American aristocracy and he would have made no distinction. It was always a risk for an American woman to marry a European aristocrat with his uncontrollable sense of social superiority, not only over the inhabitants of the United States of America, but over those of every other nation but his own; and to marry one who took life seriously and was as poor as a church mouse was nothing short of foolhardy. But a prince was a prince, even if he were not the head of his family, and to become an indisputable princess was a great temptation to the self-made American girl—had been until she met Over. Now she would have sacrificed a prince of the blood with a malachite mine in Russia.

She had made herself very charming to Over throughout the evening, drawing him out, showing him to the others at his best, and he had been somewhat stimulated by the dull glow in the black opaque eyes opposite. As they separated to dress for the party he asked Catalina once more to give him the initial dance, and when she refused, positively, he immediately and eagerly asked the same favor of Miss Holmes. After a moment's sprightly thought and hesitation he was gratified.

Like most Englishmen of his class, he was fond of dancing, although he regarded it as a sort of poetical exercise, and on the whole preferred golf; and one good dancer was much the same to him as another. He was far too practical to feel any desire to hold a particular girl in his arms in a public room where other men held other girls in conventional embrace; but this Catalina could not know, and ran up to her room angry and hurt.

Nevertheless she dressed herself with elaborate care in an evening gown recently made in Paris, a white chiffon spangled with gold. It revealed the

slim roundness of her neck and arms and clasped her beautiful figure like mere drapery on a statue. She put a white rose on either side of the mass of hair she always wore low on her neck and found a long scarf of golden tissue to protect her when the night grew chill.

When she joined the others in the sala there was a murmur of admiration, rising high among the artists, which she received with absolute stolidity. Over came forward at once.

"What next?" he murmured. "You surpass my expectations. I can say no more than that. But you must put that scarf about your shoulders directly you go out or you will take cold."

"Practical Englishman! I never had a cold in my life."

"Wonderful young person! Put it on at once. We are starting."

Miss Holmes in pale green, looked like a lorelei with an American education. Her sister was draped in sage green, and the other artist of her sex in red and yellow Spanish shawls. Mrs. Rothe wore an elaborate blue gown with an air of doing the occasion all the honor possible. Over, Rothe and the prince wore the conventional evening dress; the foreign artists were in their velvet jackets, with the one exception of the German, who had got himself up in the property costume of a Spanish grandee.

Miss Holmes draped a white lace shawl about her head and shoulders. "Come!" she said. "It is time to start." And she led the way down the dark street with her prince. She was to dance many times with Over, and amiably gave the brief interval to the admirer who was much too serious for even the stately quadrille.

Over and Catalina brought up in the rear. She drew close to him with a little shiver.

"I still have that sense of being watched," she said. "I can't understand why I should be so silly as to notice it. I am usually afraid of nothing—never had a nerve before." But

she did understand, and resented. Over had roused and quickened all her femininity, and she longed for his protection, wondered at her former boy-like indifference to sympathy as to peril.

Over drew her hand through his arm. "It may be nothing and it may mean a good deal. Mind you do not wander off by yourself in the palace. If you do I shall be hunting for you, and that will spoil my evening. This dance has upset our plans, but we must have a stroll together through some of those old courts and corridors before the party breaks up."

## XXV

THE moon hung directly over the tower of Comares. In the arcade beside the Room of the Two Sisters was a mass of bright cushions and an Oriental carpet. Here Mrs. Rothe enthroned herself, and the melancholy and disgusted prince kept her company. The musicians fiddled and strummed in the pavilion at the top of the court. Wind was rising in the trees on the steep hillside above the Darro, and the nightingales sang. The great rooms around the court, the low chambers above, were black with shadow, but the open spaces about the lions were lively with whirling figures and the chatter of women. The original party, which was too rich in men, had been reinforced by several American girls from another *pension*, and all had entered into the gay spirit of the night except Catalina, who stood alone in the pavilion opposite the musicians, frankly miserable, and furious with herself for daring to suffer.

Over had danced no less than six times with Miss Holmes, whose dancing would throw a Hebe out of court. She was the triumphant belle of the evening—no sultana in her little hour had ever held prouder sway in these halls of the Moors; and where they, indeed, had been glad of one doubtfully devoted heart she was lightly spurning half a dozen. The men importuned her be-

tween dances, the foreigners extravagant in their admiration, Over consoling himself with manifest discontent when she gave her hand to another.

He had just completed his sixth waltz with her when Catalina had her inspiration. He had not looked at her since the dancing began. There was only one way in which she could compel his attention, and although her shyness rose to arms, her knees shook and her breath came short, she set her teeth and glided down the arcade to the pavilion of the musicians.

It had been understood that after the first hour and a half there was to be an interval for lemonade and sweets and rest, during which they would sit on the cushions and admire the opposite arcade and the airy grace of the pavilions under the light of the moon.

"It must have been here that Muley Aben Hassan and Boabdil used to sit with their courts while the minstrels—or whatever they were in those days—tried to amuse them, and the nautch girls danced, and the captives above envied the captives below," Miss Holmes was beginning as they arranged the cushions, when several of the party gave a low cry, and the hostess paused with her mouth open. A figure had risen before them in the moonlight, slim, young, veiled, the very eidolon of those forgotten women the number of whose heart-beats had depended upon the nod of a tyrannical voluptuary. Only her eyes, long, dark, expressionless, were revealed above the gold tissue of her veil, and Over alone recognized her instantly. He had missed her as they assembled, and was about to go in search of her when she appeared. He held his breath, and the others, one or two of the girls giggling hysterically, hardly knew whether to be frightened or not.

Then the low, soft, dreaming strains of music crept over to them and she began to dance. She had known the old Spanish dances all her life and loved them with all the wild blood in her, despising the more conventional whirl of the drawing-room. She danced none of these tonight, however, but an im-

provisation, born of her knowledge of Moorish traditions, the place and the hour.

As Over realized what she purposed he stepped forward with the intention of stopping the performance, enraged that other men should be in the audience, but arrested by his distaste of a scene. In a moment he sank down on his cushions, wondering that he had doubted her, for it was apparent even in the first few moments that in spite of the graceful abandon of her dancing there was to be nothing to suggest the coarseness of the women that had danced on that spot before her.

But if the swinging and swaying and bending and whirling of her body were without suggestiveness they were the very poetry of beauty. The scarf was bound about her head and over her face below the eyes, but she held a point in either hand, her arms sometimes extended, at others describing curves that made the delicate tissue flutter like the many wings of tiny birds. The spangles on her dress, the diamond buckles on her slippers were a thousand points of light, for the moon was poised directly overhead and flooding the court. The perfume of the scarf stole into the senses of the staring company and completed the illusion, delicately brushing with sensuousness what was otherwise an expression of the rhythm of life, the dreaming of an ardent but virginal soul. So a nautch girl may have danced for the first time before a king, ignorant then of what was expected of her, dissolving in the joy of rhythmical motion, of innocent pride in her own young beauty.

The arches between the company and the dancer, the fountain above the lions rising in a silver veil behind her, and beyond it the white shining arches with their moving shadows, the distant warbling of the nightingales rising above the swooning music, the Oriental mystery in the eyes above the veil—not one of her audience but surrendered himself, although, in superficial fashion, all had recognized her.

And then, while their senses were locked, while they were hardly conscious whether they slept or waked, a strange and terrible thing happened. From the Room of the Two Sisters beside them the figure of a man leaped like a sword from its scabbard, caught the dancer in his arms, and disappeared whence it had come.

There was a fatal moment of incredulity; then Over leaped to his feet and ran into the dark room. But he had no idea which way to turn, and had lost himself in the Sala de los Ajimeces beyond when he heard Miss Holmes cry sharply:

"He mustn't go alone, and at least I know every foot of the palace. The man will make for the underground rooms or climb out of one of the windows and down the hill to the Albaicin."

The word completed Over's horror, but as he hastily rejoined the party, now voluble in the Room of the Two Sisters, he despatched Rothe and the Spanish artist for the police, and then with little ceremony ordered Miss Holmes to lead the way.

Catalina, in that leap from the dark room to her swaying form, dreamy with its own motion, had recognized Jesus Maria; but in the swift flight that followed her face was pressed so hard against his shoulder that she could neither see nor cry out. Her feet struck against narrow walls, but her arms were pinioned in that strong deft embrace, and rage inwardly as she might he controlled her as easily as if she were bound with cords. It was only when she felt him lift her slightly as he vaulted over a windowledge that she found her opportunity. With a swift writhe of her body she freed her hands and beat upon his face with all her strength, which was not inconsiderable. He was stumbling down the steep declivity below the Comares Tower, and he paused a moment to take breath.

"What do you want?" she cried furiously. "Money?"

He pressed his left hand over her

mouth and dexterously caught both her hands in his right.

"Yes," he said grimly. "The señor your uncle can bring that with the golden señorita. It is you or she and the money, too. Keep quiet!" he said violently. "If you cry out I will run a nail through your tongue."

Catalina knew there was no time for any such ceremony at the moment, and the moment was all she had. With another sharp wrench she freed her head and hands, struggled to press her knee against his chest, and clawed his face with her sharp nails. The cliff was but little off the perpendicular, irregular of surface, and a wilderness of high shrubs, rocks and trees. For a man to make the descent in daylight and unencumbered was no mean feat; but to endeavor to accomplish this at night, the moon hidden more often than not by the trees and Comares, with a struggling woman in his arms, tried even the superb strength and skill of the Catalan. He set her down and attempted to wind the long scarf more tightly about her mouth and throat and to bind her hands. But she was too quick for him. She made no attempt to run away, knowing the futility of such a thing, but she braced herself against a rock and fought him. She felt not a spasm of fear, but she thrilled with the consciousness that she fought for more than her liberty undefiled; she fought for freedom to fly back to Over and have an end of subterfuge and delusion. In those moments, as she fought and kicked and scratched like a wildcat she had a vivid and serene vision of herself as Over's wife. She knew it to be writ as clearly as if the hand of destiny traced it on the silver disk above, and while her body obeyed its primal instincts her soul sang.

The Catalan was desperate. He cursed his folly in not stationing his confederate on the Darro instead of in the hovel in the Albaicin; but he had feared confusion and felt contemptuously sure of his ability to manage a mere girl. But he had had no experience of girls whom ranch life had

made vigorous and fearless, and whose fathers had taught them the principles of boxing. Catalina parried his attempts to give her a stunning blow as deftly as she filled her nails with his skin and hair, and she was so well braced he could not trip her. Once he made a sudden dive for her feet with his hands, but she leaped aside and his nose came in contact with the rock.

Suddenly he turned his head. Far above, in the windows of the Hall of the Ambassadors, from which he had made his escape, he heard the sound of voices. That moment was his undoing. With the leap of a panther Catalina was on his back. She pressed her knees into his sides, dragged his head back with one arm while with the other she pounded his unprotected face. He gave a mighty shake, but he might as well have attempted to throw off a wildcat of her own forests. He might exhaust her in time, but so long as she had strength she would hang on, and with a low roar that portended hideous vengeance, he started once more down the bluff.

As Edith Holmes led the race through the many corridors and apartments that lay between the court and the Hall of the Ambassadors she knew that the game was hers if she chose to play it. There was but one place in Granada where an outlaw would be secure, and that was in the Albaicin, and she knew the Alhambra too well not to be sure of the route Catalina's abductor would take. But it was simple enough to persuade Over that the man would be more likely to take an underground route, escaping at the favorable moment by some opening known only to his kind.

The descent to the baths was on the way to the Hall of the Ambassadors, and as she ran down the long corridor her brain whirled with the obsession of the place, and she fancied herself for a moment one of the favorites who had reigned here in the days of Moorish splendor until a fairer captive threatened her own youth and beauty and love of life with a silken



cord and a brief struggle in one of the chambers above. Over's apparent devotion during the first part of the night had roused in her all the passion of which she was capable, and she could feel his hot short breath on her neck as they ran. She had watched his surrender to Catalina's beautiful dancing and his wild instinctive leap to her rescue with bitter jealousy and fear. In a flash she had seen Catalina for what she was—a girl to rouse all the romantic passion in a man; and in all her loveliness, her ideal womanhood and her changing moods she had been his constant companion for three weeks in Spain! But thrust out of sight—the creature of a gipsy—internationally besmirched—Her feet turned to the threshold leading down to the old Moorish bath, where ten minutes could be wasted. But the American girl in her suddenly revolted. Another American girl was in hideous peril, and she shuddered with disgust even more than with pity.

She whirled about. "Prince," she whispered, "you and Helmholtz go down there and search, but I feel sure he has gone out one of the windows." And she ran on to the Hall of the Ambassadors.

They reached it at last and hung out of the windows. Far below a faint sound came to their ears, but they could not determine its nature. An instant later they heard a short but infuriated roar, followed by the sharp call of a woman. Over was already on the other side of the window when Miss Holmes caught his arm.

"Don't!" she cried hysterically.

"It is almost certain death. He is sure to have confederates!"

Over gave her a look of haughty surprise and shook her off. The Frenchman thrust a pistol into his hand.

"I never go without one here. Don't hesitate to shoot."

Over groped and stumbled down the hill, but with far more agility than the encumbered Catalan. There was no path, the thick brush and rocks were everywhere, and the moon made the shadows under the trees the heavier. But when a thin Englishman has spent the greater part of his life on his feet and out of doors he is little likely to lose his balance or skill even on a steep wilderness designed by the cunning Moor as a pitfall for the enemy.

He was halfway down when the way cleared and he saw, several yards beneath him, a curious stumbling figure, half black, half white. In an instant he suspected its meaning, and although he was obliged to laugh he paused and gave a sharp halloo. Catalina answered him with what breath was left in her, and he heard the glad note in her broken cry. He ran on, but in a moment the man stopped abruptly and endeavored once more to shake off his burden. Catalina leaped from his back and ran to one side, bracing herself once more. Over aimed his pistol and fired. The man gave a wild scream of pain, tumbled to his knees, regained his feet and fled. Catalina ran up the hill a few steps, then, suddenly exhausted, leaned against a tree. But Over bore down upon her, and when she saw his eyes she opened her arms.



## A DIFFERENCE

"YOU are blessed with four sons-in-law, aren't you?"  
 "No—infested!"

## THE CITY BY NIGHT

WE watched the murmurous summer city night  
 With all its passionate languor slowly wake,  
 A tangled valley strewn with sound and light,  
 And solemn mirth reborn for laughter's sake.

From days o'er-fierce, and lives too empty grown,  
 Athirst for youth's lost solace of delight,  
 Yet still unsatisfied, we saw life blown  
 About mad gardens that were born of night,

Where joy outlived, in byways all bestrewn  
 With lamps and painted laughter, might forget,  
 One moment might forget its empty noon,  
 One midnight lose its outlands of regret!

The night grew old, and in each garden sad,  
 Abloom with clamor, and embowered in glare,  
 We saw man seek his laughter and seem glad  
 For this torn rose, to screen his day's despair!

ARTHUR STRINGER.



## JUST SO

"IT is reported that Whoopler's wife has left him."  
 "Ah! that tends to confirm the rumor that he is married."



## HARDLY POSSIBLE

"YOU should love your enemy."  
 "Ye-es; but, you see—well, I am married to him."



"SHE says her ancestors came over in the *Mayflower*."  
 "I don't believe it. There were no cut rates in those days."

# MRS. PAWLING'S SUBTERFUGE

By Frederic Taber Cooper

DOWN the sparsely lit monotony of Madison avenue Mrs. Pawling had passed, in somnambulist blindness to the foulness of the night. A fine, insistent rain was coating the pavement with a congealing film. It penetrated, unheeded, the thin soles of her shoes, which slipped at the heel with an almost audible suction. It barely stirred her to a dumb resentment against the clinging folds of sodden silk that gripped her ankles, retarding progress. But as she rounded the corner of Forty-second street and merged in the full tide of cross-town traffic, she awoke to a chilled consciousness of her environment.

The cheerful flare from the portals of the Manhattan Hotel evoked responsive gleams from the taut surfaces of dripping umbrellas, held slantwise to the northern wind. An endless chain of stalled cars was working its slow way westward, in spasmodic jerks, outdistanced by the hurrying tramp of the army of pleasure-seekers on the sidewalk. At half-past eight the flood of human life was setting strongly toward Broadway, where the blatant glare of giant theatre signs shone, softened by distance to a shimmering haze. The vigorous stamping of chilled motormen, the insistent clangor of their bells, the raucous cries of ubiquitous newsboys, the whole strident symphony of metropolitan life came to her ear in a faint, far-off hush, drowned by the louder, more vociferous message of a phrase that echoed in her brain unceasingly, beating home its meaning with parrot-like iteration: "Bradley—Hitchcock—

died—last—night; Bradley—Hitchcock—died—last—night."

Mrs. Pawling shivered and drew her damp furs closer. She had been walking, so it seemed to her, for unnumbered hours, keeping time to the rhythm of those five words as children keep time to a counting-out rhyme. A morbid fancy assailed her that for the past two years she and Bradley had been playing a mad, bacchanalian game with fate, and that now it was Bradley whom fate had counted out.

Her husband had flung the bare, brutal fact at her, across the dinner-table, between the news of a victory in the Court of Appeals and a change of officers in his golf club. He had stabbed her with it, in the very act of carving the roast. She could see him yet as he paused, with the carving-knife half raised, and faced her squarely, his keen eyes on a level with her own. As she recalled it now, there seemed to lurk, behind the even indifference of his tone, a suggestion of ironical curiosity as to how she would take the news. Not once, in the last two reckless years, had Leslie Pawling found herself asking, in such a panic of sudden fear, how much her husband really knew.

His systematic avoidance of Bradley had been natural enough. He had the practical man's intolerance of the artistic temperament, the successful man's contempt for one whom prosperity has passed by on the other side, an artist whose pictures seldom sold. Yet hard and narrow as John Pawling was—a man, so his wife scornfully judged him, whose intellectual life

knew no higher joy than the Revised Statutes, and whose physical passions spent themselves in golf—the callousness of his announcement struck her as forced and overdone. “Oh, by the way, your friend, Bradley Hitchcock, died last night.” He said it just like that. A human being, a boyhood friend, a client of the office, was dead; and John reduced his death to the level of the jottings, the marginal notes, the by-the-ways of life! He had drawn Bradley’s will; he had won the suit that secured him the small income on which he lived; and now he deliberately said, “your friend,” shutting himself out from all participation in the loss. Then followed a pause, in which it seemed as though he must be counting her very heart-beats. How much had he been able to read in her face, during the tense, interminable moment while they looked into each other’s eyes across the table? She knew, with something akin to self-wonder at the knowledge, that she had neither fainted nor cried out. She had sat there dumbly, with a half-smile frozen on her lips, until sheer terror, forcing grief into the background, stung her into action, and she heard her own voice, sounding from an infinite distance, framing obvious, commonplace questions, the answers to which were of such vital import.

The policeman guarding the Fifth avenue crossing eyed doubtfully the blond young woman with bedraggled skirts, pursuing her unseeing way, careless of spattering mud and horses’ hoofs. Noting her evident refinement, he checked his first impulse to speak to her; then hesitated again, as the rays of an arc-light revealed the blind, stricken look in her eyes. Mrs. Pawling was scarcely aware of the friendly hand he laid upon her arm, guiding her across. Memories were racing at express speed through her brain, like the whirling wheels of a clock the escapement of which has been broken. John had answered her questions with expansive freedom; but the quizzical satisfaction that she seemed to read

in his face haunted her yet. While his ponderous tones droned on, her own thoughts had kept up a running accompaniment. The searchlight of intimate knowledge transmuted his bare details into pictures of poignant clearness. The correct appointments of her own cozy dining-room faded from her sight. Instead, she saw the big, old-fashioned room, converted to a studio by a huge, well-like skylight. She saw again its dominant note of chaotic confusion, its paradoxical medley of the debris of a workshop and the luxury of a boudoir; a score of canvases, finished and unfinished, studies in the nude for the most part, touched elbow with photographs of favorite Botticellis, framed with unquestioned taste. A rare old Horace, a Dante in Florentine vellum kept company with a shelf of French novels, Zola, Maupassant, *Les Diaboliques* of Barbey d’Aurévilly. The cheap, uneven floor of stained pine had worn lines across his few choice pieces of Eastern carpeting—Khiva, Bokhara, Daghestan—for whose time-mellowed coloring he had taught her to share his passion. And everywhere, on shelves and tables, on floor and wall, were strewn and scattered the silks and bronzes and carved wood, the pipes and swords and strings of beads, the strange, bizarre flotsam which a lifetime of wandering gathers together from the wreckage of bohemia.

In these surroundings Bradley died alone, sitting at his table, writing a letter—of course, it was the big table before the fire, on which he had so often written to her. The “dago janitor” had found him there in the morning—that was John’s jarring phrase for discreet, smiling Paolo, the heavy-browed Sicilian who tended Bradley’s rooms, gliding in and out so silently that his presence had not seemed an intrusion. She pictured to herself Paolo’s mild surprise at finding the gas still burning, his sudden start at sight of the inert, huddled figure in the chair, his flood of voluble Italian, apostrophizing all the saints at once when he realized that Bradley was dead.



The first that John had heard was when Dr. Sands had called up their office, Pawling & Parker, on the telephone, not knowing whom else to notify. The doctor thought that Hitchcock must have been dead since midnight. He said that there was nothing surprising in the death; he had been expecting the man's heart to give out suddenly any day. Parker had attended to the details. The brother, Seth, the clergyman, had been notified, and was coming down from Schenectady to take him back to the old family home, where the funeral would be held. "He'll be here tonight," Pawling had concluded, with the heavy deliberation that his wife at all times found peculiarly irritating; "Parker and I are to meet him at the studio and help him overhaul Bradley's things, so that he won't have to come down again right after the funeral." The words seemed to give him some inward satisfaction, for, after a moment's pause, he repeated them, adding in further elucidation, "His sketches and letters and private papers."

All the while her husband talked, somewhere in the back of Mrs. Pawling's brain a still, small voice had been persistently asking just what the fact of Bradley Hitchcock's death meant to her. Not in the way of personal loss—that was something she must not, dared not, think of yet. Later on, when the time for action was over, when she could escape from the torture of inquisitorial eyes, she might open the floodgate of these thoughts, the whole tumultuous, pent-up torrent of them. What she had waited for was a threat, a danger, a crisis to be met. Now it had come. The thought of her husband there tonight, in those rooms, seemed the one thing too much, the last unbearable turn of the screw.

A merciful interruption came. The telephone in the hall rang with a teasing insistence. With every sense on a strain she heard Pawling's heavy voice engaged in a one-sided conversation. "Yes, this is eleven-one-three. Yes, I said so. This is Mr. Pawling at the 'phone. Oh, hello, Jim, I didn't recog-

nize your voice. What's that? Can't you meet me?"

So it was Parker at the telephone. For a moment a hope was kindled that something had happened to prevent the meeting tonight, that she might gain a day's respite; but her husband's next words destroyed it. "Oh, all right; never mind if you are late. I may be late myself. Sorry she felt it so. Tell her I say she always was too sympathetic. No, Leslie didn't turn a hair. You know, he never came here as he did to your place. Of course, now the poor man is dead there is no good in raking up old scores; but the fact is, he was not altogether *persona grata* in our home. All right, about eight-thirty, then. The Reverend Hitchcock can't get there before nine, even if his train isn't held up by the storm."

She hardly heard her husband saying: "That was Parker on the 'phone. He says that Laura has just gone to pieces about Hitchcock." What did she care whether Jim Parker's emotional little wife relieved a shallow grief with a few hysterical tears? The vision of her husband in Bradley's rooms drove out all other thoughts. Her husband, Bradley's executor; her husband opening desks and drawers and closets, searching, prying into the dead man's papers and finding—what would her husband find? That was the question that hammered itself home till she grew faint and dizzy. What wretched, forgotten, irrefutable bit of proof might he not discover in those rooms where she had come and gone in reckless confidence? Letters? Yes, of course, there might be letters, a single one, a score, any number of them. He might have burned them or he might not. She groped helplessly in her memory, trying to recall what written word of hers might now rise up to testify against her. But it was not alone a question of what she had written; it was the bare existence of any letters at all, the damning fact that she had written to Bradley, which, dovetailing in with other facts, might change John's doubts to certainty. In her overwrought mood

it seemed as though every chair and table in the studio, the very pictures on the walls and volumes on the shelves, had some separate betrayal to make, some subtle hint of a feminine presence.

This was the fear that had stung her, goaded her forth blindly into the storm, without definite hope or purpose. She knew only that she must follow Pawling, be near him, share the knowledge of his discoveries. The menace lurking in those old, familiar rooms fascinated her. Their lure was irresistible. Over and over again, during the walk that seemed interminable, she told herself that if her husband found her there, if he stumbled upon her at the door or on the stairs, she must be armed to parry his questions; she must have a plausible excuse, a story all cut and dried, to explain her mad pursuit of him through the storm. But her numbed brain refused to meet the need; she groped helplessly for some idea not idiotic in its flimsiness. She was still groping when she reached the oyster house that occupied the ground floor of the building in which Bradley Hitchcock had lived.

To reach the entrance of the stairway that led to the studio she must pass the windows of the oyster house. In one of them a belated couple were still lingering over the remnants of their dinner. The man, with both elbows on the table, was gazing intently into the woman's eyes. Seen through the rain-blurred window-pane, his hard features seemed, to Leslie Pawling's excited imagination, to merge into a grotesque caricature of her own husband. She shrank away and slipped furtively through the vestibule beyond. Down the vista of the dark hallway a waiter opened a door, emitting a sudden burst of sound, laughter and voices and the discreet clatter of many dishes together with the pungent odor of frying fat.

Effacing herself against the shadowed wall, the woman glided up the first short flight, reached for a small key in its hiding-place on a nail behind a molding, and let herself through the

inner door that barred the upper floors at night from trespassers. She passed the dark and silent offices on the second floor, the real estate broker in front, the postage-stamp dealer, the manicure parlors in the rear. The single gas burner was turned to a mere pin-point of light. The rickety banisters, the battered stairs, with one well-remembered step, the third from the top, that would creak despite the most cautious footstep, looked doubly shabby in contrast with the gaudy red of a new Brussels carpet flaunting itself in the light from the floor above.

Here she had reason to dread inquisitive eyes. The third floor was occupied by a Spanish instructor and his French wife, who held their classes by night as well as by day. This evening, as usual, the door of the large front room was ajar. She could plainly hear the instructor's patient voice drilling a slow-witted pupil upon Ollendorffian phrases: "What is the matter with the friend of the señora? The friend of the señora is very ill; the friend of the señora will die." Mrs. Pawling hurried desperately up the one remaining flight. The steps seemed to multiply beneath her feet. Taking a tiny pass-key from her purse, she let herself into the queer little square hallway that served as antechamber to Bradley's studio and bedroom. Between cold and fear and the effort of the long climb, she was almost sobbing for breath.

Behind the door on her left, within the larger room that served as studio, men's voices could be heard, and the occasional rustling of papers. She recognized her husband's rasping tones, and the hearty, jovial voice of Jim Parker, unwontedly subdued.

With infinite precaution, she pushed open the door of the bedroom; these old hinges creaked horribly sometimes and without warning. Suddenly she recoiled, stifling a scream, and leaned half fainting against the wall. In all the mental pictures that for the past half-hour she had conjured up, of what she should find awaiting her, curiously enough the dead man had had no share.

There, in the familiar little room, furnished with an almost feminine coquetry of form and color, the undertaker had performed his task and gone. The heavy portière in the intervening doorway shut out the light and cheer of the studio. Only the flickering flame of a Venetian lamp, hanging in the corner above the window-seat, made visible the silent outline of the coffin. The upper half was open, and the lamp's rays, shining through many-colored glass, shed a greenish light upon the upturned face, cruelly emphasizing the stamp of death, accentuating the hollows at the temples, where the black hair was tinged with gray, turning livid the thin, straight nose, the sunken cheeks, the nervous, fastidious mouth.

Shaking with a morbid dread, Mrs. Pawling dragged herself to the coffin side, and in dumb, instinctive protest raised her hand to the lamp, turning it until the green light was replaced by red. As if by magic the features of the dead man softened; the trick of light and shade, which but a moment before had writhed his lips into a sardonic sneer at fate, now wrought the equal wonder of making him seem to smile in his sleep. The woman bent tremulously over him. Here was the man she had loved. Her fear of death was forgotten; likewise the greater terror that had dogged her footsteps hither. In another moment she could have found a merciful relief in tears.

The voices behind the portière had gradually risen in tone. The two men were recalling early memories of Bradley Hitchcock, and had already forgotten the solemnity of death.

Suddenly a careless laugh awoke the woman once more to a full consciousness of her precarious position. She strained her ears to catch their next words. It was Parker who had laughed, in frank amusement, at the dead man's frailties. The careless talk ran on, in reminiscence of the days before Bradley had come into Leslie Pawling's life, days of which she had often felt an unspoken jealousy. She had few delusions about Bradley Hitchcock. Women had

always been to him a series of agreeable episodes; she realized that. She herself was at best only an episode like the rest. She had held him for two years; she might have held him a day, a month, a year longer. But while she held him she believed that she held him exclusively. This was her one remnant of pride, and she clung to it. The voices of the men ran on, cynical, amused, mocking, stirring the ashes of old scandals, stripping the dead man naked.

Footsteps sounded on the stairs and along the hall. "The Reverend Hitchcock," she heard her husband hazard as he rose to open the door. But she knew better; it was Paolo, coming to replenish the fire. Under cover of the momentary stir, the rattle of coals, the colloquy that accompanied it, Mrs. Pawling nerved herself to begin her furtive hunt through bureau, desk and closet for notes, letters, anything and everything of hers that might be there. The bureau yielded nothing but a flood of memories. The desk must contain something of what she sought; but it was locked. Jim or her husband must have the keys. For all she knew, they might have ransacked that desk already.

A moment later the absurdity of the thought struck her. If he had found those letters John would not be sitting tranquilly there, extracting a cynical amusement from the Sicilian's voluble eulogy of the dead man. In a flood of grotesque English that grew blinder and more hopeless as his earnestness increased, Paolo was trying to make clear the debt he owed to Bradley. She knew the story well: his first wretched months in America, his discouragement, his nostalgia for Palermo and Bradley's interest and aid, just when he had lost heart altogether. "I tella you, I tella you da trut', he mucha gooda man to me, Misser 'Itchacock; I tella you, he one golla darna gooda man, Misser 'Itchacock!"

The woman grew hot with indignation as she listened. Why did they keep him there answering their idle questions, making sport for them with

the grotesqueness of his sincerity? Pawling's next words enlightened her.

"I say, Paolo—your name is Paolo, isn't it?—he was a great man with women, wasn't he, your 'Misser 'Itchacock'? Plenty of them coming here to see him, I'll be bound."

So that was what John was after. He had got an important witness on the stand, and he proposed to cross-examine him.

Paolo acquiesced eagerly. "Plenta woomans coma 'ere."

He was glad to testify to Bradley Hitchcock's prowess. What were they like, these women? Were they tall or short, dark or fair? Were they pretty women or plain, according to Paolo's standard? As Pawling multiplied his questions the Sicilian became suddenly more wary; "I no tink" became the burden of all his answers.

"Oh, come, Paolo, I know better than that. You must have passed them many a time on the stairs. You probably know the originals of half those paintings on the wall. I'll wager they are not all professional models, either."

Discreet and loyal Paolo! She could almost see his deprecating shrug. He was plainly determined to know nothing that might compromise the "golla darna gooda man" lying dead in the next room.

As Paolo's footsteps died away upon the stairs, the creaking third step telling of his downward progress, Pawling continued to elaborate his train of thought. All his life women had been Hitchcock's bane. He could talk of nothing else; he could think of nothing else; he could paint nothing else. "Look at this portfolio of sketches! Look at the pictures on the wall! And Lord knows what we shall find among the man's private papers! I tell you, Parker, it would be missionary work to go through them before his brother comes, and put a lot of letters out of harm's way. He always was an absent-minded beggar about letters."

Mrs. Pawling cowered like a hunted hare into the little closet behind the head of the bed. It seemed impos-

sible that John had not heard the swish of her damp skirts as she dragged them desperately in after her.

As she waited, huddled in the stuffy darkness, pressed back by the closed door against coats, bath-robes, jackets redolent of stale tobacco, something hard, a knife or key in a trousers pocket hurt her wrist. Almost at the same instant came the signal of her release—John's voice from the further room, saying: "We shall have to wait. None of the keys will fit."

Key, key? Where did Bradley keep his key? The next minute she had the closet door wide open and was searching in trembling haste through trousers, coats and waistcoats. At last she found it in the pocket of a smoking-jacket.

To unlock the desk was the work of a moment. As she did so Parker's voice reached her, laden with a fresh terror.

"Here is the mail I found in Hitchcock's letter-box downstairs. We may as well go through that anyhow."

When had she written her last letter to Bradley? Was it a century ago, or was it only the night before last? A fear which became at once a certainty assailed her, that it had arrived too late, that it was now among the letters which Jim Parker and her husband were now opening. The careless comments ran on:

"Bills rendered, most of them. Here's one from his dentist. Here's another from his tailor, 'Please remit.' This one is from his club; oh, it's a receipt for dues. What's that big square envelope? Looks like an invitation. Oh, I know what that is; wedding cards from Stanley Ashmead—I had some myself this morning. Here's a typical woman's note, tinted paper, no scent. Looks like another bid to something."

She heard the sound of linen paper tearing, then Parker's voice in an altered tone: "I wish I hadn't opened this. It's an intimate sort of letter, just signed, 'L. P.' Hadn't we better burn it?"

"Let me see that letter." John's tone was infinitely queerer than Park-



er's; it sounded like the embodiment of her worst fears. The silence which followed was almost tangible. Through the heavy curtain she could almost see him studying and turning that letter, dissecting, analyzing, reading between the lines. Parker's voice at last relieved the strain.

"Drop it, John. I know what you are thinking, but you will be sorry to-morrow."

"I must know my own wife's writing, even if I didn't know her initials. It's no use, Jim. This just explains a lot of things that puzzled me."

"Nonsense, man! Dozens of women write that same ugly, fashionable hand nowadays. It's as much like my wife's writing as it is like yours. I might just as well try to fasten the letter on her, if that's all you have to go on. Leslie and Laura are not the only women in the world who have a right to sign themselves 'L. P.'"

"That is kindly meant, Jim, but I don't think we will burn that letter."

Mechanically Mrs. Pawling turned back to her task. What was the use? The matter had been taken from her hands by fate, and would be settled according to fate's grim pleasure. Now that the harm was done, it was but an added irony to find in the desk only a few scattered notes, harmless invitations for the most part. But suddenly, in the depths of a pigeon-hole, she came upon a whole bundle of them. She did not know that she had written so many letters during the entire two years. Scented paper, too; she had never used scented paper; she abominated it. She leaned toward the flickering lamp. Surely this was not her writing, though oddly like it. Parker's words still echoed in her ears: "It's as much like my wife's writing as it is like yours."

Forgetful of caution she sprang upon the window-seat to get nearer to the lamp, and opened letter after letter in a silent rage. She knew, before she found it, that somewhere in that package she would find Laura's name. She strained her eyes to read the dates. The correspondence cov-

ered the last two years, and even further back. The whole wretched, intimate history lay before her. There was not room for a single flattering doubt. Laura, whom she had always despised as a weak, vain, insipid little woman, a woman eight years older than herself, who looked her age, every day of it—and he had kept Laura's letters rather than hers. Her own folly, her blindness, her stupidity loomed up colossal before her. Here she was, a rat in a trap. The letter in her husband's hands, the muddy print of her sodden shoes on the carpet, the disorder of desk and bureau—why, it was impossible that she should cover her trail. A vengeful inspiration flashed over her; the woman who had robbed her should make atonement. Laura had taken Bradley Hitchcock from her, had proved beyond a doubt a prior claim. Laura should bear the burden of the penalty, as well. Deliberately Mrs. Pawling secreted her own letters in her dress; with equal deliberation she brushed a metal paper-cutter from the desk. It fell with a clatter to the floor. Then, with a startled cry, she dashed not too silently nor too swiftly toward the hall.

For the first minute the two men were rooted to their seats with astonishment. Then they sprang forward, each through a separate door. Her husband overtook her in the hallway and drew her, none too gently, back into the studio.

"I was so frightened, John. I got into the wrong room. I was trying to find you—"

He cut her short roughly. "Don't lie about it, with those letters in your hand! We know what you came for. Give them to me, and tell the truth if you can."

"I shall tell you nothing until you let me go. You are hurting my wrist."

She wrenched herself free and faced him for a moment defiantly, then dropped both arms to her sides, as though in complete surrender, utterly discouraged with the knowledge of her failure. Her eyes traveled past her husband, as though she did not see him.

She spoke directly to Parker, who had been watching her with wondering pity.

"I see now that I did wrong to come," she said steadily. "I was trying to act for the best. I wanted to save Laura if I could. I wanted to spare you the pain of knowing." With a sudden gesture she handed the letters to Parker.

The studio was very still. The man holding the letters stood studying them, a gray look creeping over his frank, jovial face as he grasped their

import. Pawling's restless glance wandered suspiciously from his friend to his wife, unable to discredit the evidence of his own senses, yet still refusing to be convinced. The woman gazed from under lowered lids upon the havoc she had wrought. The first flush of malevolent satisfaction had faded. Already she was conscious that the knowledge that she owed her safety to a paltry vengeance was poor companionship down the vista of joyless years that stretched emptily before her.



## PARTICEPS CRIMINIS

WERE you not partly to blame? Confess!  
How could I know what you really meant?  
Your lips said no; but your eyes said yes.

You sat beside me, a wind-blown tress  
Touched me with ravishing blandishment;  
Were you not partly to blame? Confess!

Why did I kiss you? A tenderness  
In your glance, I fancied, gave consent;  
Your lips said no; but your eyes said yes.

How could I help it, you sorceress?  
Your eyes—why are they so eloquent?  
Were you not partly to blame? Confess!

Of course, you didn't quite acquiesce,  
But—well, I stick to my argument:  
Your lips said no; but your eyes said yes.

Who heeds, dear heart, what the lips profess,  
When the eyes say something different?  
Were you not partly to blame? Confess!  
Your lips said no; but your eyes said yes.

CHARLES LOVE BENJAMIN.



## NOT THE SAME

"SHE introduced him as her cousin once removed, didn't she?"  
"Oh, no—as her husband once removed."

## TWO RECURRING

By Gilbert Frankau

IT was a hypercritically furnished study, monomaniacally bepictured with engravings of religious paintings. Its owner, Oscar Meredith, was an atheist, a belletrist and an undischarged bankrupt.

Through the curled cigarette smoke the two men regarded each other with that look of uninterest which betokens a friendship begun at Eton.

"So you disbelieve in the 'beauty and strength of a woman's devotion'," said Cosmo reflectively. "I wish I could hold the same view."

"If you ever dare to hold my opinions, our friendship will be at an end," replied Oscar with some acidity; "the inequality of our temperaments is the only tie that holds us. You are a successful journalist, I am a literary success; you have paid comfort, I have unpaid luxury; I have genius, you have mere brains; you are twenty-six and eligible; I am twenty-eight and a bohemian. *Dulce est discipere in loco parentis.*" The owner of the study, pleased with his word-conjuring, lit a fresh cigarette and a new train of thought in his companion.

"You are right, of course. *Non sum vualis eram.* But still I never had half your ability."

"Your very unsuccess, my dear Cosmo, is a proof of your talent. To one less gifted the very name of Cosmo would have meant an assured position in the world of underpaid literature, instead of an office-chair in the underworld of paid journalism. Not that I won't admit that an editor has his functions—so has the tailor. Both wield the scissors, after all."

"Still, my dear Oscar, there is a

reason for my having quitted the pursuit of the competent for the pursuit of a competency. If it interests you, and the cigarettes hold out, I will give you that reason."

"Reasons are always rather tedious, aren't they? However, as you sound unreal enough to be in earnest, you may continue. Only take care 'what word escapes the barrier of your teeth.' Since the damning run of one hundred nights has been accorded by the public to my last play—and I had thought it so far above their heads—one of the only pleasures left me is the revealing of my friends' confidences. Still, as no one is so garrulous as the man with a skeleton in his cupboard, I presume I cannot do much harm."

Cosmo Conrad assumed a negligent attitude and his editorial air.

"Doubtless you will remember," he said, "that three years ago we took a trip to Egypt together. It was after Mollie Sefton threw you over."

"Of course, the Sphinx and the Minx, or *l'homme de trente ans*. I remember."

"*Eh bien*, while you were moaning for Mollie, in an '*amours décomposés*' pose and the best suite at Shepherd's, I spent my time in imbibing the local color and the local drinks of Egypt. *Inter alia*, I experimented with opium. That was the beginning of my visions."

"I used to occupy an exceedingly dirty couch in some low drinking-shop 'with a certain name of its own, no doubt,' and whiff myself out of the acute environments of A.D. into the mystic realms of B.C. Nothing ever seemed quite clear, and yet I had a strange sense of familiarity with the people and places of my dreams. They

were all very vague; snapshots, as it were, of things one learnt at school, *summa diligencia*, as the text-books have it. Once I remember seeing the Parthenon, dazzlingly white in the noonday sun, and saying to another equally Hellenic gentleman that Praxiteles had wasted a lot of time on his statues that no one could ever see. However, I didn't take much notice, thinking it was merely a reflex-action of the memory to my school-days.

"When you were cured—it took some three months, I remember—we returned home, leisurely as was our wont, *via* Italy, remaining a few days in Rome.

"One morning you suggested the Janiculum for a stroll, as being cool and unmarred, save for Garibaldi's statue.

"We were standing close to the parapet, and you, with an after-breakfast banality that was almost Philistine, quoted 'The white roofs of his home.' I turned toward the Campagna, and saw the Tuscan cavalry galloping across the plain."

He paused for effect and a whisky-and-soda.

"But we hadn't any cocktails that morning," protested Oscar.

"It wasn't cocktails; it was facts," continued Cosmo. "I actually saw them with the sun glinting on their helmets, through the dust raised by their horses' hoofs.

"Then with a clang, *pour ainsi dire*, the gates of memory swung back.

"You went home shortly after that, leaving me in Rome, alleging at the time, I remember, that too many 'Cooks' spoil the town.

"I remained, hoping for further revelations. My mind was full of the story I would write, if only my memory would yield up its secret.

"Then I saw *her* for the first time in the Forum, and it all came back with a rush. I had been, I discovered, a kind of major-domo in the house of one Pontius, during the time of Horatius: she was a serving-maid with blue eyes and golden hair. The type of all types I most detest."

"Then, of course, you ended by marrying her!"

"Exactly! The annoying part was that Catullus's marriage song had not been written.

"Since then it has come back to me gradually. I have lived many lives through all the great crises of the world's history, and yet each of them has been lacking in piquancy. Each time that I am reincarnated *she* reappears, and we marry. Now, perhaps, you will understand why all enthusiasm has faded out of my life. I am being hunted down the eons by a blonde: you know how I detest blondes—a colorless, never-changing maiden, with bovine eyes and an ambiguous complexion. My lives open big with the promise of adventure. I dream of playing a part on the world's stage: then when I am twenty-four or twenty-six—it used to be younger when we lived further south—*she* comes into my existence, with her stupid blue eyes and irritating hair, to bind me to the commonplace altar of a humdrum existence.

"With her I have tilled a farm in the Apennines, while Nero played his lyre to burning Rome; with her I have stayed behind when Xerxes marched on Greece; she kept me to her side in Norway, while the ships of the Vikings sailed forth to plunder; for her I kept a wayside inn near Dijon, while Paris was shrieking for the blood of the aristocrats; more, I was the only neolithic man who never committed murder, because my mate insisted on our taking a cave that none else wanted. I have stayed at her side while all the other Greeks were on the windy plains of Troy."

"I presume she was afraid of your catching cold," interpolated Oscar. "Yours is indeed a case of *taedium laudamus*. But I interrupt: pray continue your reminiscences."

"The worst is yet to come—she, too, remembers, and is, if anything, even more bored than I am. But there is no escape. Before she is twenty and I am twenty-six, we *must* meet, and, meeting, *must* marry.



"The last time she died I went down on my knees to her, and implored her not to come back; and though she was nearly dead, her graying lips faltered, 'Not if I can help it.'

"Tomorrow is my twenty-sixth birthday; will she keep her promise? I dare not hope so.

"Now, perhaps, you realize why I am a failure. For the last three years I have been obliged to work, because I shall be obliged to marry. Many and many a time I have contemplated suicide—as if that could do more than postpone matters more than a century or two! It would be more bearable were she a brunette.

"I wonder if you understand how I yearn for your gift of easy epigram and easy bankruptcy. The *her* that is in me drives me to earn a living, and makes me wish I were dead."

His companion blew the smoke of his cigarette through his nose, and then said languidly, as if it were an affair of everyday occurrence:

"Very tedious. In your place I should consult a solicitor. Arthur Norton would be just the man to choke off that kind of lady."

"My dear Oscar, your *sang froid* is remarkably irritating—therefore I shall leave you. Rudyard made his 'finest story in the world' out of far less material than I have given you tonight."

"Rudyard, my dear fellow, has not yet realized that nothing is so uninteresting as the unusual. I, thank heaven, lack his enthusiasm, and am even more obscure in my style."

"Nevertheless, I am off. Tomorrow I go down to Devonshire to stay with a friend. The shooting season being over, there is a chance of my not being too bored. Good night."

"Good night," said Oscar, resuming his Brantôme and his glasses.

With an old-time slowness that was almost invigorating, the Paddington express drew up in the inspiring gloom of Honiton station, and deposited thereon Cosmo, a headache and several uninteresting commercials.

His friend Edric, in a brougham, a cap and gaiters, met him with the stereotyped greeting and the warning that they were already late for dinner.

"We have quite a house-party," he continued as they rattled toward dinner, "several charming girls—among them an heiress, with fifty thousand pounds in consols, and no brains in her head."

"What does she look like?—though heiresses are never ugly," said Cosmo, feeling a little alarmed.

"Quite an English type. Blue eyes, golden hair and a Grecian nose."

"The same nose she had at the time of Themistocles," groaned Cosmo to his shattered soul.

"Her hands and feet might be smaller," continued Edric. "Her name is Brown."

"It was always something common," thought Cosmo; but their arrival at the house cut short his gloomy reflections.

He dressed for dinner moodily and smokelessly, wondering if that night was to be a prologue to another forty years of contented matrimonial infelicity.

He entered the drawing-room with a heavy heart and a light smile, and saluted his hostess, engaged, as always, in match-making with a zeal that would have done credit to a foreman at Bryant & May's. Edric's wife was one of those women who marry young and wish all their friends to have the same handicap.

She pounced on the gloomy editor with enthusiasm. "You've kept us all waiting," she said, flinging a "quite ready for dinner" at the footman. "Come and be introduced to the girl I want you to take in to dinner—such a pretty thing, and"—confidentially—"lots of money."

"Mr. Conrad—Miss Brown; Miss Brown—Mr. Conrad." She whisked off, leaving him alone with the heiress.

Their glances met, and all interest faded out of both.

"But you promised not to come back," he said piteously.

"I did try, Alphonse, but I had to. It wasn't my fault; I simply arrived."

"Well, I call it very mean of you," he said, giving her his arm. "But you seem to forget I am no longer Alphonse, but Cosmo—Cosmo Conrad. I edit a paper, and am considered intellectual among my middle-class acquaintance."

"Horrible. I am an heiress this time."

"Then there is some balm in Gilead," he retorted as they sat down to dinner.

"Let me see, were we ever in Gilead?" she replied, taking a spoonful of the English for soup.

"My dear Lydia, can't you let the dead past bury its head, like the ostrich?"

"Excuse me, we are not in Rome; Angelina Brown, if you please. My father was the renowned soap-boiler of that name."

"Angelina — Brown — soap-boiler," he muttered as he turned to Veuve Clicquot for solace.

"Can't you ever be a brunette?" he pleaded as he toyed wearily with the wasted wing of a chicken.

"Haven't you got used to me in ten thousand years?" she answered despondently, and both turned to their neighbors.

He drained his fifth glass of champagne with an awful feeling that it was taking no effect. So it was true, he thought, it was his dismal destiny to toboggan slowly down the ringing grooves of Time with this golden-headed clod forever guiding the bob-sleigh of his matrimonial existence. It was getting worse, he reflected. Each succeeding rehabilitation increased the ignominy of his position.

Once, he remembered, eons ago, when their everlasting liaison had been but a few centuries old, he had thrashed her within an inch of her life. In the cloud-burdened sky of his twentieth-century mind the thought was as a little rift of sunlight.

But in each succeeding phase she had been less the docile slave and more the hated equal. Now, she would be even more, almost his superior. For marry her he knew he must.

"It might have been worse, though,"

he thought; "supposing she had been an American!"

When the ladies left them he solaced himself with his host's old port, and for its sake bore with his host's old stories.

Later he rejoined the soap-boileress with haste and distaste.

"We had better get it over," he said, with a desperate attempt at gaiety. "Will you come for a stroll in the grounds?"

"Certainly. By the way, you stoop more than ever," she replied gloomily.

"I know; yet I was as fine a young cave-dweller as one could meet in a day's walk when we first met. Let me see, was that before or after the Glacial Period?"

"After, of course; I am an heiress and have had an education—haven't you? Please don't go on 'reminiscing'; the very thought of that time makes me cold."

"The whole process is so ineffably tedious," he murmured apologetically. "I should like to be a vegetable just for once; it can't be any duller, and one doesn't have to take exercise."

"You usen't to talk like that in the hanging gardens of Babylon," she retorted.

"Yes, but then we had been married only ten thousand years."

They lounged slowly down the rhododendron walk to a little summer-house they knew of. Even a proposal that has been accepted *ad nauseam* requires solitude.

"You were never chatty," she said illogically.

"Never with you," he corrected; "who could be? Why, even I, who have known you since the world began, have never yet heard you say one illuminating sentence."

"Do you remember clearly when we first began to get so bored with each other?" she queried innocently.

"No; so far as I can recollect you have always tired me; even when I was a polygamist and not required to see much of you."

"Then why do we always marry?"

She had asked the question and

heard the answer in Aramaic, Persian, Greek and Norse, in the rude bark of the cave-man and the ruder French of the Midi innkeeper. Still, it was her only conquest, and, womanlike, she wished to make the most of it.

"Because you are you and I am I. Because I can no more help proposing than you can help accepting."

They entered the summer-house. He took her hand, and sat holding it, thinking that it was even less stimulating than usual.

"You don't mind my holding your hand, do you? It's such an old habit, and it's too late to give it up now. I've always begun like this. Only I'd rather not call you Angelina, if you don't mind."

"You have over four hundred names to choose from," she said; "only, choose quickly."

"Then let it be Lydia. That sounds quite uncommon here in England; though it was the name of every other tiring-wench in Rome."

"Say *femme de chambre*," she interrupted; "it's less likely to be misconstrued."

"Listen, Lydia," he continued, in his best leaderette manner, "before I propose, tell me two things. First, is there any hope of a refusal?"

"None," she answered despondently.

"Then, is there anything in your

present life which could be construed into an obstacle to our marriage?"

"Alas, no! My temper is as perfect as ever, and I have no bad habits."

"None?" he queried. "Not even a hobby that might be construed into a hindrance? Cats, or picture-post-cards?"

"I do collect first editions of Guy Boothby," she admitted, blushing scarlet.

He bowed his face in his hands and groaned. The next minute he was himself again.

"It might have been Marie Corelli," he said unctuously. "Lydia, for the four hundred and tenth time, will you marry me against my will?"

"Yes, against my own, even."

"Then I shall have to kiss you."

Perfunctorily their lips met for one grudging instant.

"Let us be going," he said.

They strolled slowly toward the twinkling house-lights; his head was bowed on his breast, she was weeping softly. Suddenly, she raised her tear-stained eyes with a gleam of hope.

"This time," she said tremulously, "we are rich enough to be divorced."

"No cause," he muttered hopelessly.

"Compatibility of temperament," she replied.

"Darling!" he cried as he folded her to his breast.



## EXTENUATION

FATHER—Confound him! He cannot even make a living for himself.

DAUGHTER—No; but, papa, think how gracefully he fails to do so.



A POOR relation is not necessarily without money. The poorest kind of a relation is one who has any amount of it and forgets to remember you in his will.

## THE LOST HERITAGE

By Theodosia Garrison

THE close companionship of earth,  
 Its tenderness and might,  
 These things were ours by blood and birth,  
 By heritage and right.

We were born brothers to the wood,  
 And in our veins there ran  
 That fire of joy and hardihood  
 Which is the blood of Pan.

The language of the leaves was ours,  
 And ours the kindred tie  
 That told us in the lightless hours  
 What strange, wild mate went by.

Yet, brothers of our heritage,  
 What is there left today?  
 We sold it for a petty wage,  
 For servitude and pay.

Stone upon stone our cities grow  
 Mask-like on earth's shamed face;  
 We cause our kindred's overthrow  
 To build our hinds a place.

Crowded and cringing and content  
 We cry from mart and door,  
 "Behold the pottage excellent  
 We sold our birthright for!"

We have forgotten day by day  
 That once we walked elate,  
 How all majestic was our sway,  
 How mighty our estate.

This be our shame—to doubt their worth  
 Who one day understood  
 The close companionship of earth,  
 The high hills' brotherhood.



"THANK heaven, the days of religious persecution are over."  
 "But they aren't. Our church is having a fair this week."



# THE IDOLATRY OF SHIRLEY BURR

By Beatrix Demarest Lloyd

FROM his earliest boyhood Shirley Burr, Junior, had borne his father's name with a sense of pride and responsibility. To him it stood for all that was admirable and brilliant, and he held it high in his boyish hands as a newly accoladed knight might cherish the banner of his nobility.

It was his secret distress that, although there were definite things which he had resolved were not for his father's son to do, he found these resolutions curiously lapsed from memory, or strangely impotent of influence, when the definite things appeared as temptations. And his still, small voice had to invent no more original reproach than "Shirley Burr!" to reduce him to an almost degrading penitence.

The idol whose name he bore was to him at first an incomprehensible being. A man he was, with all a man's independence and freedom, yet curiously choosing to sit at his desk in the library, working through the bright beckoning hours of the day, and sometimes even far into the dusky, warm, appealing time of sleep. It may be true that the young Shirley had seen and recognized this peculiar devotion to labor but once or twice in all his boyish days—for certain it was that Shirley's mother had an anxious line between her overlaid brows—and yet the impression dwarfed the less amazing pursuits of his father, and made the bended figure above the desk the first picture to spring into his mind at the mention of the cherished name.

Once, during his first day at school, when he had been asked his father's

business, he had replied that his father was a brilliant man, and when the questioner, secretary of the establishment, had further pressed the inquiry, not being quite satisfied that this vocation would insure the tuition fee, Shirley had been fairly put to it to give any more definite idea of his father's means of livelihood. Did Mr. Burr go to an office in the morning and return at night? Oh, no; he remained at home and went out in the afternoon to see if there was any mail at his club, or any articles of his in the magazines. Then he was a magazine writer, a journalist, perhaps? Shirley was very proud on this point: whatever his father did, he did brilliantly, and people sent him cheques quite fabulous in amount, and always had a very good time when they came to dinner.

The physical personality of his idol was no less a thing to be proud of. Even the boy, inclined as a boy might be to accept his parents as standards of all that was acceptable, realized that his father was, to others as well, unusual, and took pride in the attention he attracted whenever they went walking together. He sometimes heard the low-voiced comments of the people whom they passed, and wondered if his father did too. But there was no telling, for a furtive glance into the dear face so far above him would reveal only its usual geniality, and the smile that seemed always ready upon his lips. And then, too, grown people were very inattentive.

Shirley could probably have described his father as accurately as a much older person, for he frequently amused himself, when a sleepless hour

came to him at night, in picturing his idol as he sat below-stairs in the library, the tall figure, so invariably at ease, the slender-fingered hands so caressing to the book they held, the large picturesque head, with its dark waving hair, great mournful eyes, a laughing mouth, a long, fine nose, and white skin like his mother's.

He had once slipped down to this favorite room, in one of these waking hours, to get a glimpse of the man, and see if he really were so wonderful, or if he himself had not confused with his recollection some of his mother's teaching of a radiant Deity. Shirley Burr, the elder, had seen the bright eye at the edge of the door, and putting his book away, welcomed the child with a royal laugh. They had sat together for a long time, the boy almost painfully awake from the excitement, until his mother, wakened by the soft conspiracy of laughter, had come down and chidden them both for their naughtiness. He remembered the sense of security and ease that had filled him as his father had obediently lifted him to carry him back to the outgrown nursery, and how the low, delicious voice had rumbled against his nestling cheek when his father protested that brutish sleep was no such repairer of Nature's daily damage as the pretty hour they had had together in the big soft chair.

Shirley Burr, Junior, loved his mother too, in the reckless prodigality that was his own; but she was more connected in his mind with "the way he should go," and with the punishments he accepted unmurmuring when he had been false to his resolutions and his creed. It was easier for Shirley to love the idol who had made his responsibilities so weighty than the person who reproved him when the burden was in a thoughtless moment laid aside for greater comfort in some escapade. She should have known, he thought, that the still, small voice repeating "Shirley Burr!" was greater punishment than any other she could devise, and quite sufficient. Indeed, his remorse when he felt himself unworthy to bear his

father's name was so poignant and unbearable that he would hide away as if from himself, and do penance unutterable in his solitude.

It was hard for him to understand why, with the best intentions in the world, he was so easily persuaded to things he should have left alone; but being perfectly honest with himself—a quality he had inherited from the woman who bore him—he knew that it was a weakness, and despised it. He knew, too, as he grew older, that the weakness became, paradoxically, stronger, partly because it had overcome his resolution so often, and partly because it had begun to eat into the very resolution itself.

In the time of his preparation for college he was more than ever with his father, who had undertaken, in an affable friendliness, to tutor him through these anxious months of extra work. The long straight-fingered hand had laid itself unexpectedly upon his discouraged shoulder, one morning at the beginning of this time, and the voice that was always listened to with such inexpressible delight inquired the trouble that had so cast him down. Being shown the page of baffling Latin, Shirley Burr, the elder, had drawn up a chair, and laughing a little, had gone slowly but effectively through the difficulty, bringing order out of chaos in a masterful way all the more remarkable for the inconsequent air with which he did it. He had then inquired in detail about the work, run his hands through his thick waving hair, and declared it too much. Then he laughed again, and said no Shirley Burr should enter college with a conditional welcome. From that day he had given up his morning hours to pushing the boy along.

Shirley's passionate adoration of his father gained some very practical points of admiration as they worked together. There was no impassable barrier of trigonometry or Greek that did not give way before his easeful onslaught, and sometimes when some long-forgotten passage of great beauty

leaped to his glowing eyes from the page, he would give the glad cry of a deep breath, and in his golden voice burst into its speaking as a song. Sometimes whole pages of his Homer came surging back from the long shores of oblivion. Then he would let the book go, fling back his glorious head, and give them voice. And Shirley would sit thrilled like a young novice with the sonorous words of some majestic prayer.

These days, usually the most irksome in a student's life, were made delightful in this fair companionship. And his mother, too, seemed happier, and looked upon them both as they came to her summons at luncheon hour with a deep and glad approval. They were in the country for the time, and whereas Burr had been in other years smitten with restlessness in these rustic surroundings, and, complaining that he could not work without the friction of the city surging about him, had gone back to their house in town for tedious absences, he was now apparently content to remain with them, giving the best and most of his time to his son.

When Shirley went in the fall to take his "finals," he was nerved almost to the point of hysteria with a hope of repaying the many hours of patient aid his father had given him by "passing" with a brave showing. When he wrote "Shirley Burr" upon his first examination paper his hand shook with the exultation of his desire. He went back, utterly spent, to await the coming of his "marks," and during that terrible period his father further endeared himself to the boy by giving him some purely mechanical work of a secretarial nature to fill the days. Shirley was certain that only his father knew enough not to make a fellow rest under such conditions, and to give him something of just this nature to drive him on.

The day came when the fruits of their labor were garnered, amid much well-repressed rejoicing. Shirley Burr should take his place with modest honors.

And there followed a succession of swift changes; the return to town, the trip to Boston, the half-pleasurable, half-tiresome fitting-up of college rooms, the slow, half-clumsy familiarizing of the fellow who was to share his quarters, the sudden change to the opening days of college, and the lonely adjustment to the new life.

Shirley went back to his rooms, after seeing his father and mother off in the dismal little Back Bay station, with mingled feelings of distress and agreeable anticipation. He felt lost in the press of many men, where no one had any particular interest in him, except his professional adviser, and yet there was a delight in being for the first time his own householder and guardian. Not that he had ever found his home confining, but still, this was the first step toward manly independence. As the car crossed the Harvard Bridge, the look of the river and the clustering lights wrought upon him like a moving bit of melody, and a tender-hearted mood possessed him. His father—his brilliant, glorious-minded, great-hearted, clean-spirited father, and the dear, sweet-eyed woman who was happy enough to be the wife of him—what would he not do to justify their pride, their love? What strong, honest, faithful work he would do—ah, for he was not brilliant as his father was and would never go by the royal road; but surely the other road led to the same place if one were only patient and steadfast. Let him look himself squarely in the face—he was not naturally unwavering in his intentions. He must begin at the very first, letting no fissure, however slight, mar the wall that was to shut out all alluring, time-eating, principle-destroying temptations. He remembered with a hot feeling in his face how his mother's eyes had looked at him when she had whispered hurriedly, "You must be father and mother to yourself now, Shirley. Try to do as you know that we would have you." She seemed a bit uneasy at leaving him, had cried a little, perhaps, he thought, because she had found out his inconstancy of

purpose, perhaps only because she was his mother. Heaven bless her! But, by the very honesty he had inherited from her, he knew it was the thought of his father which would always be his greatest strength, and he resolved, as the car plunged forward into the squalor of the Cambridge shore, to "begin that moment," as he expressed it, and to live his every day as if his father stood beside him.

When he reached his quarters he found his roommate entertaining a couple of friends—a very jolly three they were. They took quick compassion on his fairly solemn appearance, and believing him to be homesick—a most unmanly agony—welcomed him to his own home with a cordial ease. Buford, the roommate, introduced the friends, made room for him upon the couch, and mixed him a cheering high-ball. There was an immense comfort in lounging there, listening to the laughing jargon of the others, joining in it, sipping his drink with the air of a man of the world, and never giving a thought to irksome duties that the day would bring. The idea of going to see "The Grass Widows" had occurred to the trio too late to act upon it, and they referred to it so often after his arrival and with such evident regret that, acting partly upon the impulse of the exhilarated moment and partly upon the fervent advice of his father not to be mean with his money, he invited them all to go with him the night following. They accepted as one man, and looked upon him with increasing favor. Buford brought out his really extensive collection of photographs of actresses, perhaps the most attractive things in the eyes of even older boys than they, and the hours slipped by delightfully in the contemplation of various beauties, the criticisms of another's favorites, and the even distribution of the contents of the bottle on the table before them.

In the morning, what with his headache and new perplexing duties, he was sorry that he had invited them to the theatre that night; but magnifying his father's advice into an imperative

command to entertain his friends, he shifted the responsibility of the act, and after dinner at Memorial went back almost resigned to await the gathering of his party. Buford and Dexter came in together, after a little, absolutely in need of some stimulant before they started, and the third man joining them as they finished and insisting on being "treated" with due respect, they all drank to his health and he to theirs in the most thirsty way imaginable.

It was during this first half-hour of their reunion that Shirley decided they were the best fellows in the world, and that he wanted nothing better than to go with them to look over the famous twelve widows, and help them to a valuable decision as to the relative claims to beauty of that dozen of damsels.

At the first entrance in the first act of this galaxy of charm Buford leaned weakly upon Shirley's shoulder for support, and said almost too loudly: "By George, there's Winnie Carteret! She used to be in vaudeville. I met her at Manhattan Beach last year, and can't she dance!" They looked at him in envious admiration, which he delighted in. It gave him so expansive a feeling of importance and benignity that he offered to present them all, and he sent around his card.

Four years are a long time, as someone has said, to be a beggar, and a short time to be a millionaire. And Shirley Burr found it both a long and a short time to be at college. He had taken a course that contained no "cinches," and he found the work very hard and wearisome. It was at times like these that his mind turned most often to his father, and he found the necessary spur in the remembrance of his patient work with him during that first hard summer. But there were many other things that made the four years very short, cut into as they were by the long vacation, friendships, amusements, athletics. And there were, too, sometimes things



that brought him days of very savage regret and passionate disgust. In these moods he would rather not have thought about his father; but he did uncontrollably, and therefore scourged himself with no sparing rod that even so vital an appeal could not hold him from such indulgent weakness. It was simply the grown-up form of his old struggle, and as his "ignorances and wickednesses" became graver so, too, did his hours of remorse become more terrible. As time went on, a loathing of his own being would come upon him with a sickening force, so that he came to hate the very virtue in his honesty that made his faults so evident to him. He was no worse, he was wont to tell himself, than other men; it was only that he had a keener sense of the depths to which he sometimes fell. And then immediately his honesty would be up ablaze and he would say: "I am as weak as water." Once or twice he had thrown himself down upon his bed and suffered the pain which in a woman would have resulted in tears, when he remembered to what places he had dragged the fair high name with which his father had intrusted him.

But just as he had sworn to begin, that long past beginning night, to be strong and to keep to his standards of right and wrong, so now he told himself that he would start afresh when college closed for him; he would clean off the slate, shake off the companions and associations of his silly evilness, and go to his father with an honest confession and an invincible purpose. He would do it before then but that it was so impossible to break from all the people with whom his daily life was cast.

Toward the end of the last year, busy as the days were, Buford and Dexter and the others planned more and more good times, and had enough farewell spees to say good-bye to a regiment, man by man. There were frequent suppers, too, Buford and Shirley settling the bill between them, as they were always the most generously supplied with money. At these

suppers there would be a girl, or two, or three, merry, pretty, good-natured, in spite of the fact that their arduous choruses at the play were just over.

There was one of these girls in particular—he had known her for two weeks. She was a remarkably attractive little creature, whose picture, in insufficient drapery, was constantly appearing in cheap magazines, and whose only claim to intellectuality was that she knew enough to keep rather silent and excel at listening. The honest side of Shirley Burr could not deceive himself with the idea that her charm for him was of a very high or justifiable order, and once, when forcing an unwelcome appearance upon the less admirable Shirley, it had whispered to him, "What would your father think of her?" the boy had shuddered and turned sick at heart. But still she kept her pretty, iron hold of him, caring nothing for him, but for what he gave her. Indeed, she mostly laughed at him openly in an unexplaining, mysterious way that rather fascinated him. When she learned that he was going back to New York as soon as he received his diploma, without waiting for all the festivities of graduation week, as his mother was too ill to attend, she expressed a selfish pleasure in the plan since she, too, would be in that city then. It made her laugh just to think of it.

Shirley was really sorry for this. He thought it over in his odd, honest way that night when he was alone; thought how deeply entangled he had become in her tinsel snares, and wondered if he were going to have the strength to free himself. He was still thinking of it in an incoherent kind of way, pulling off a boot dejectedly as he sat on the edge of his bed, when Buford came in, preternaturally solemn and extravagantly wise.

"Hurly-Burly, I'm a good friend of yours, am I not?" he inquired, steadying himself with due caution at the door.

"Sure thing," responded Shirley, dropping the boot with a large uncon-



cern in things temporal. "What can I do for you?"

"You can take my advice," said Buford, keeping a superfluous sibillance from his speech by a supreme effort. "You take my advice and cut out Estella Harper. Oh, I know it's none of my business, and I'm a meddlesome fool, *et cetera*. But never mind all that. You take my advice and go in for somebody who'll care for you—some noble, beautiful girl," he suggested, the tears almost standing in his eyes at this poetic idea, "who'll care for you. Estella would let you be hanged if the rope would turn into a string of pearls afterward. She's not disinterested." The word was confusingly full of s's, and he paused, wondering exactly how many there were.

Shirley himself was disposed to be in a melting mood. But he overcame a desire to pour his heart out in one superb confession of his love. He merely shook his head sadly at the rug and muttered that he couldn't help it.

"You're a splendid fellow, Hurly-Burly," went on his friend, making affectionate if somewhat majestic gestures with the hand not occupied in supporting himself at the door. "You're one of the finest chaps that ever lived. Yes, you are. Yes, you are. Don't say you're not. Don't deny it. You know you are. She's a peachy little thing, but it's all grist that comes to her mill, and she's had hundreds of fellows being just as good to her as you are now. She's been—" He tried to say promiscuous, but failed. Shirley understood him.

"I shall be obliged to thrash you, Buford, if you say anything against Miss Harper's character," he retorted very heavily, trying to pull off the other boot, which had not been unlaced.

"Don't threaten me, sir," said Buford angrily, but his mood melted again to one of moist regard. "Old chap, brace up. I don't need to tell you about her. All I am saying is, don't fall in love with her seriously, understand? She's one of the most charming

and widely advertised young women on the stage, and her photographs are not spread around for any philanthropic reasons."

"Don't rub it in," begged Shirley, lying down miserably, with the boot still on. "I know all about it. I'm no better than anybody else."

"That's all right," replied his chum encouragingly. "That doesn't matter at all. Only don't get to really caring for her, will you, now? Promise me on the honor of a gentleman?"

In the morning his still, small voice repeating monotonously, "Shirley Burr, your father's son, Shirley Burr," awoke him. He was lying in his dress clothes, though without his coat, a boot still on one foot, and a mental as well as physical depression upon him that no words could gauge. When, with a great effort, he had risen and undressed and bathed, he lay down again in his bath-robe, his hands clasped over his throbbing, aching eyes. He lay there for hours, chastising his spirit in the unmercifully honest way he had and by which he never profited.

"Weak as water—drinking, idling, woman-hunting fool—Shirley Burr—good God!"

By noon Buford, too, had struggled up and made a little coffee over an alcohol lamp. They drank it in sullen silence and went about their neglected duties and recitations with weary headaches.

Shirley had by no means forgotten the long-projected cleaning of the slate when he arrived at home a couple of weeks later, toward the end of June. He had thought about it all the way over in the train and had made many plans for the future. Why hadn't he been given his father's strength of character as well as his ideals?

It was nearly dinner-time when he reached the house, but there seemed to be no preparations going on in the dining-room as he passed. He went quietly up the stairs to his mother's room, knocked softly and entered. She was expecting him, of course, happy and almost bright with her pleasure. It was only a bad throat

and a cold. He was to have his dinner in her room with her, because his father was going out. She raised her voice a little and called. The door of his father's room, adjoining hers, opened immediately and his father, most glowingly handsome in his evening clothes, came toward him, hands outstretched and eyes alight. Ah, how good it was to be at home again!

His father, his delicate, fine face beaming with his welcome, explained his helplessness in his outgoing. It was a dinner at which he had consented to speak, rather an important political affair, but a beastly nuisance when one's only son was coming home from college. His radiance faded into a look of anxiety when he saw Shirley's face in a better light. The boy looked utterly fagged. Working too hard? It didn't pay, it didn't pay.

Shirley almost turned away from the kindly scrutiny. If ever a man endured his punishment, he did then in listening to their gentle, anxious questions. He managed to turn their thoughts upon his father's speech, watching with proud delight as Shirley Burr, the elder, delivered a part of it for their benefit, witty and pungent as it was. God in heaven keep him from bringing disgrace upon this radiant creature!

"That ought to fetch them, eh?" said Burr, his delicate hand caressing the soft braid of his wife's hair, that lay across the pillow. "I'm doing a series of articles, Shirley, about the mines of the country. They want me to infuse a little poetry and romance into it, they said. Fancy such a *bétise*—as if there wasn't more poetry in the subject than in all my imagination. But for two hundred dollars a mine!" He laughed and shrugged his shoulders. "Shall you be up when I come in, boy? I want to have a chat with you about college and things, and tomorrow is always so far away. Well, I must go." He kissed his wife gently on the cheek, his wonderful face pressing against her own tenderly, then turned to his son. "They won't let me kiss her on the lips," he said, with

a child's wistfulness. "Be good to her while I am away."

For the week that followed his return to his home Shirley's life apparently went on serenely. But though only he knew it, he was nerving himself with an unceasing strain against the near day when Estella should write to him to come to her. He knew himself well enough to be sure that it was impossible to tell by their thickness how strong were the walls he built about himself, and so, though day after day went by, he did not cheat himself with the idea that this made his victory the more secure. He had put aside a temptation to tell either his father or his mother of his entanglement and many follies, knowing that their strength would lustily be given to aid him in his need. He had put it aside because he thought it cowardly to make them suffer the knowledge of his abominable weaknesses in order to support his desire to overcome them, and because—ah, very much because—it was not a pretty thing to tell. He pictured his mother's brave grief and disappointment, and it seemed that shame struck his bare soul with a cruel hand. But even that, he knew in his heart, would not bring him as great an agony of self-despise as the shrinking of his father's sensitive spirit of beauty. He should be ever after to his father a hideous deformity, an ugly thing, something that clear, proud voice could never speak of, the voice whose tones had reveled in the pure music of an old Greek page.

No, no—that could not be! He would do his dirty work alone. When Estella wrote him that she was in town and wanted him, he would reply only by letter, explaining that he could not and would never come again. She had given him—it burned in his pocket now like a stolen thing—a key to her apartment, a sordid, hateful insignia of their intimacy. He dreaded having to inclose this vulgar evidence of her frailty and his in the letter he must send her. And yet he was fearful lest he might lose the thing, and so

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become in her eyes guilty of keeping it.

Her letter came finally, three dashing words to the little sweet-smelling page, and it found him strong with the power of the ties about him. The very sprawl of her writing gave him courage, laying it as he did beside a sheet of his father's exquisite manuscript as he sat at his deserted desk to answer it. He wrote her as manfully as the situation permitted, begging her forgiveness in all sincerity for the caddish part he seemed to play, and for all that he had done. But when it came to the dreaded question of the key, it seemed so brutal a thing to fling at her that he thrust it back into his pocket with a groan. Knowing well that he might hesitate when the thought of her persistently assailed him, he posted his reply at once and went to sit beside his mother, hoping that her presence might keep all unworthy waverings of intention from him. He added another power to the influence by talking to her at length about his father, about his Shirley Burr.

He told her about his childish adoration of the rare, fine spirit, his pride in the place his father held among the most brilliant men of the country, his feeling of responsibility about the famous name.

She listened quietly, her eyes never leaving his face.

He told her how his early ideas of God had been founded upon the appearance of his father, how from the very first his measure of right and wrong had been "what father would do," how all his foundations and principles were built upon this man. And he told her too, how, when he lapsed from duty and was not doing as he should, his greatest pain was in the thought of how his father would despise him if he knew.

When he finished speaking she drew a deep, long breath, and closing her fingers on his own with a tender pressure, said quiveringly: "I love him too."

He went with her the next day, at her suggestion, to the little mountain

resort where she was to spend a week or two. He went gladly, eagerly, having a driven feeling in his heart that it would be better if he could get away.

But if he had hoped to get away from his own weakness by putting miles between him and the object of his dear desire he was as mistaken as many another man has been. And that it was so, before two days had gone he knew as sure as his plain-dealing second self could make him. He had run away like a coward. And now, like a coward, he was struggling with the pitiful desire to go back. By what vile transmutation had his father's blood within his veins become such milk and water!

But it was so easy to go—a mere day in town. He could surely find her somewhere, somehow. She would be angry, perhaps; perhaps she would only laugh. All day the temptation explained its feasibility to him, until his spirit of resistance was crushed beneath the force of its logic. With eyes turned away from what he did, he made excuses to his mother and went to town. Under the whip of his passion for the girl even the forbidding vision of his father's pale, fine face could not deter him. He went to her only the faster that in her presence he could obliterate the great, reproachful eyes that haunted him. He went to her as some men, too weak to make their fight, go to their unsanctified deaths with an unholy urgency. He had planned to call up her apartment on the telephone, to see if she were alone and would see him. But when he reached the city, overwrought by impatience during the tedious journey, he simply jumped into a cab and was driven to the place. What if she were not alone? He knew he could face the possibility. He wanted only to see her for a moment, to ask her forgiveness for imagining he could exist without her, to beg her to tell him when he might come again. It became a pounding phrase in his head, with the beating of his heart and the noise of the horse's feet—he wanted to see her only for a moment. And he

said it over so many times that it bewildered him, like a kind of delirium.

Had he had any difficulty in finding her door it might have aroused him; but he found himself before it without any conscious effort, and simply and insanely he put his key into the lock and entered. Fairly drunk with his eagerness to see her he sought her out in the rooms within, and came upon her so suddenly that it nearly forced a cry from him, expectant though he had been of finding her. She was very startled by his sudden appearance. She drew a deep breath, and then in her mysterious way began to laugh at him silently. She was dressed for going out and she seemed to be waiting for someone.

Neither of them spoke; to be with her, to look at her, was what he wanted; and she seemed to find sufficient amusement in the situation without any explanation or comment. With the sound of an opening door somewhere in the further rooms of the place her dainty merriment ended. Her face grew grave at once. She pushed him back suddenly into a window where the curtains would conceal him.

"I can't lose you both, you're such dears," she whispered, almost laughing again.

He was about to protest at being made to hide himself, when the newcomer, entering the room, crossed the constricted line of his vision. It was Shirley Burr.

And while the younger man stood in that cramped little Judas-cabinet, the world came curiously to a silent, quiet end, not at all with the noise and fuss that he had been taught as a child would attend the consummation of that last catastrophe. The earth fell away from beneath his feet, the heaven passed away from above his head. Everything to which he had held as sacred and eternal crumbled away in his fingers.

He saw the long, straight-fingered hands tilt up the woman's chin. He watched with the hideous calm of a vivisectionist the wonderful face press

tenderly against hers as he kissed her. Then the tall figure, always at ease, went with her to the door and led her out, and the deep, sweet voice asked her why she looked back when he was by. Then the outer door closed upon them and they were gone.

And Shirley Burr, the son, pitched forward upon the floor with a sob, and there remained, alone with his strange, dreadful prayers. For the Mountain of Disillusion is hard by the Valley of the Shadow of Death, and few there be who go by either road and are unafraid.

And yet it was from that mountain-top that he saw, through his burning tears, the way that led to a better country than he had ever known. It was for him to take the sad, void space, and therein to create a new heaven and a new earth, not only for himself but for the dear, sweet-eyed woman who had lied and lied and hidden the truth away from him in her own torn heart. Now he could read the look in her anxious eyes that he had seen and never understood. He would never see it there again, please God.

He knew a birth within him stronger than himself. No puny and unfixable resolve, but the cruel revelation of her need of him girded his loins and sent him out upon his way. As the once blind rejoice in their sight, the once halt delight in their straightened limbs, so he who had been weak gloried in his new strength.

A calm, that brooded like a great white bird above a nest, entered him. The last unworthy fragments of the old world fell unheeded from the hands that had so madly tried to save them. He stood upon his feet, a man new-born, child of a larger race. For by the strange convulsion of this Doomsday had the weak waters of his soul been flung together and become a sea.

And when he went away as he had come, and reached her side again, she saw a new soul shining in his face. But when she questioned him, he took her in his arms and held his peace.



## NEPENTHE

I DRINK to red-lipped Circe of the Vine,  
 Whose kisses crush the memory of care,  
 And in whose fluent smile, half seen, there shine—  
 Changed now to pearls—the teardrops of despair.

I take her hand—and lo! the hand is Fame's!  
 She speaks—and wisdom wings her lightest breath;  
 She is the memory of the many names,  
 And in her heart is ignorance of death.

But best of all, her lips, when pressed to mine,  
 Become the lips that I have sought in vain,  
 And in the easy kisses of the wine  
 I find the kisses I could never gain.

REGINALD WRIGHT KAUFFMAN.



## A MARRIAGE OF SOULS

THERE was once a literary man who married a woman of similar bent. And everybody said, "What an ideal union! This is indeed a true marriage of souls!"

The man and woman were of the same opinion, and during the first few weeks of wedded bliss they never lost an opportunity to tell their friends and each other how perfectly delightful and congenial it is for husband and wife to follow the same pursuit.

The honeymoon over, they resumed their literary labors.

"Listen," said the woman to the man at the end of the first day's work, "and tell me what you think of this story I have just completed."

And she proceeded to read it to him. Once or twice the man stifled a yawn, and at the end he casually remarked, "It isn't bad stuff. But"—and here his eyes sparkled—"let me read you this poem I have written."

The woman, angered at the lukewarm praise he had vouchsafed her, retaliated by criticizing the metre of his verse.

Before the year was out they had applied for a divorce on the grounds of incompatibility of temper.

The man married a woman who could not have told iambic metre from an ichthyosaurus, but she doted on men who "wrote things."

The woman wedded a retired pork-sausage manufacturer who was endeavoring to surround himself with culture.

And they all lived happy ever after.

BLANCHE GOODMAN.

# THE GRAFTERS

By Ellis Parker Butler

ATTORNEY TOOLE was a legal light of Willington; he was, in fact, the legalest and lightest of the entire Willing County Bar. He smiled habitually, not because he thought a smile becoming to his freckled face, but because he found things so eternally amusing. In law a man is considered innocent until he has been proved guilty; in Willington Attorney Toole considered everything a joke until it was proved serious. He considered it a joke that he had been admitted to the Bar; he considered every trial case he received a joke, and it usually turned out to be a joke on his client.

Attorney Toole's specialty was collections. He could wheedle or bluff money out of the dearest beat that ever expired financially. That was how Widow Morgan came to apply to him. Let us take up the case of Widow Morgan carefully, since it was the contents of the box in her second-floor front that wrecked the Citizen's Party in Willington.

The party of the first part, Widow Morgan, was the keeper of a high-class ice-water and weak-coffee boarding-house in the town of Willington. To her, on a certain day and date, came William Briggs, the party of the second part, and applied for the said ice water and weak coffee and other board and lodging, agreeing to pay four dollars a week therefor. But this said William Briggs, being a book agent, lightning-rod agent, patent medicine peddler and other transient things, did, at the end of four weeks, jump his board bill and mysteriously disappear, leaving only a note which said:

DEAR MRS. MORGAN: I'm off. Good-bye. Business is bum. Sorry I can't square up,

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but I leave you the box in my room in part payment.

Having done this, the said William Briggs passed out of Willington and out of this narrative. And good riddance, for he was a slangy young gent.

Every pleasant evening for many years a gentleman of Willington had dropped in to see Widow Morgan. This was Colonel Guthrie. He was a fine old gentleman, with brave mustaches and a valiant goatee and deep-set eyes. Standing six-feet-two in his boots, he was a fine type of the thin but impressive military man. He came by his title honestly; he had been a sergeant in the Civil War. Being a widower, he had a perfect right to court the Widow Morgan. He made no secret of it. Everyone in Willington knew that he was courting her, and one and all respected him for it and refused to interfere—with one exception. Nathaniel Grubb, butcher and capitalist, wrapped love and affection into every roast of beef and round steak he sent to the widow. Just when he ceased to look upon the widow as a mere customer and began to consider her as a possible Mrs. Grubb cannot be stated—probably it was about the time he decided to build Grubb's Opera House.

The colonel scorned Grubb. As a gentleman farmer in reduced circumstances he looked upon Grubb as a beefy, puffy moneybag. Grubb himself knew he was all that, but he knew that he was a public benefactor, too, for he was giving Willington an opera house, a thing no other man had been foolish enough to do, and trusting to this glory he entered the field against the colonel. The widow received him coldly, and complained of the tough-

ness of his steak. When he called and spoke meaningly of his love state, the widow assured him that the last leg of lamb she had received from him was not as good as the one before.

Colonel Guthrie lived with his daughter, and every evening his daughter tied his white neck-bow for him, kissed him affectionately, told him how handsome he was, and watched him walking toward the widow's boarding-house. She wished her father to be happy; she liked the widow, and her own wedding was being postponed from year to year in order that she might not leave her father helpless and unwomaned. She was engaged to Attorney Toole.

It was but natural that in ten or a dozen years of slow courtship the widow and the colonel should exhaust most topics of conversation, and the decamping of William Briggs was welcomed by them both as a fertile subject. Mrs. Morgan detailed the entire transaction. She repeated what he had said to her and what she had said to him, and what he did and what she did. The colonel listened attentively and remarked from time to time, "Tut, tut!" and "Well, now!" with great feeling.

"But have I the right to open that box?" she asked. "Is it mine? If I open it, can he come back and sue me—or anything?"

"Ah!" said the colonel impressively. "Can he? That is the question. Can he?"

"It is a large box," said the widow.

"A large box!" repeated the colonel gravely. "Of course, if it was only a small box— But it is a large box! How large?"

"Quite large. About medium large. Not too large. Beside anything very large it would be small; but beside anything very small it would be large." The widow looked at him appealingly. She longed for advice.

The colonel nodded his head in a sympathetic manner.

"I know!" he said. "I know! Medium large. I have seen such boxes."

He rested his forehead on his cane and thought. He was very dignified so. Suddenly he lifted his head.

"Is it a heavy box?" he asked with great interest.

The widow waved her hands in the air.

"Medium!" she said. "Just medium heavy."

The colonel shook his head and looked dejected.

"Medium!" he murmured. "A medium-sized, medium-heavy box!"

He lapsed into thought. If it had been a small, light box he would have known what to advise. He would have told her to open it and appropriate its contents. If it had been a very large, very heavy box he would have advised her to leave it alone. But a medium box was an indefinite thing. It suggested unlimited legal complications.

"I would like to help you," he said. "My advice is always at your service, madam, as you know, but a medium box— I advise legal counsel. Do not touch the box. Do not open it except in the presence of the law."

The advice sounded good. In the colonel's deep voice it seemed impressively correct. The widow almost shuddered as she thought how near she had come to taking the kindling-wood hatchet and knocking off the lid of the box.

The colonel cleared his throat.

"My daughter," he said slowly, "is, I may say, in close touch with Attorney Toole. I may say they are close friends, if not more. I presume," he paused impressively, "I presume I could persuade Attorney Toole to advise us."

The widow clasped her hands with pleasure, combining a pretty, imploring gesture.

"Could you?" she exclaimed. "If you could!"

"For you, madam," said the colonel, with a bow, "I would do far more."

Attorney Toole, when the colonel called at his office the next day, listened to the circumstances of the box with his inscrutable smile.

"'Tis a very serious case," he said.

"So I told that estimable person, Mrs. Morgan," said the colonel.

"But I'll undertake it," said Toole, "for friendship. Only for friendship. I would not take a case for money involving a medium-sized box. But as you are my friend—" He smiled upon the colonel meaningly.

"A medium-sized box," he added, "should only be opened in the presence of an attorney-at-law. That," he said, "is legal advice, and is worth five dollars. I charge you nothing for it, being your friend. Consider it a gift from me to you."

"I appreciate it, sir," said the colonel.

"And now," said the lawyer briskly, "for the *modus operandi*, as we lawyers say. Has the lady a hatchet?"

The colonel thought.

"I do not know," he said at length, after he had carefully searched his brain. "But I will bring a hatchet."

"Good!" exclaimed Attorney Toole. "That's better yet. A medium-sized box left by a transient in payment of default of a board bill should always be opened, if possible, with a hatchet not the property of the plaintiff. Chitty says that."

He took from his desk a bulky volume and ran over the pages rapidly.

"Box," he said, "small box—medium box. Here it is. Humph!"

The colonel leaned over the book, but the attorney closed it quickly.

"Bring an axe," he said. "A hatchet would do, but an axe is more legal. Hatchets for small boxes; axes for medium boxes."

"I will bring an axe," said the colonel pompously.

"Be at the house at eight this evening," said the attorney.

The colonel said he would. He bowed to the attorney and passed out. He felt pleasantly businesslike.

"Now, some folks," said Attorney Toole, "wouldn't get any fun at all out of such a case as this. I do. That's why I keep so young."

It was true. He kept almost childishly young. People noticed it.

It was an impressive scene when, by the light of a squatty kerosene lamp with a red wick, the widow, the colonel and the attorney gathered in the sec-

ond-floor front to open the medium-sized box. A look of grim determination rested on the colonel's face; the widow was grimly remorseless; Attorney Toole smiled knowingly.

"Knock off the lid!" he said firmly. The colonel raised the axe and struck. The board splintered but remained firm.

"Legally," said the attorney, "you may strike three blows."

At the third blow a portion of the lid fell clattering to the floor, and the widow, the colonel and the attorney peered anxiously into the box.

From it the colonel tenderly lifted a nickel-plated cylinder as tall as a man's knee and as large around as a leg of mutton. It had a convex top and on one side a dial. From near the base a long rubber tube extended.

The colonel handled it gently. He held it in his hands as an old bachelor holds his new-born nephew. The widow looked into his face, appealing for enlightenment. The colonel carefully studied the object in his hands. He looked into the box again, and back at the glittering object in his hands. There were three more, exactly like it, in the box.

"What is it?" asked the widow nervously.

The gingerly manner in which the colonel handled it aroused her suspicions. She backed away from it.

"Don't you know what it is?" she asked anxiously.

"Yes," said the colonel, "oh, yes! But I can't imagine what that young man was doing with them, with four of them. Perhaps," he added, "he was agent for them."

"He was agent for 'most everything," said the widow. "But what are they?"

"Madam," said the colonel, "they are fire-extinguishers; chemical fire-extinguishers. I recall having seen some once when I attended a theatre at Jefferson. They are used to extinguish fires."

"Well!" exclaimed the widow. "And how in the world do they work?"

The colonel turned the nickel-plated object over and over.



"That, madam," he said slowly, "I cannot say. If I study them closely a few days no doubt I can discover how they work. At present I am in the dark."

"And what, pray," she asked, "am I to do with four fire-extinguishers?"

She asked the question as if she held the colonel responsible, and he accepted the responsibility gladly.

"That I must decide," he said grandly. "I must consider. No doubt," he added, "they are of far more value than the amount of your bill against this fellow Briggs. First, however, I will ask my legal friend here if we have a perfect right to dispose of these fire-extinguishers?"

"You have," exclaimed Attorney Toole joyously. "Every right in the world. You can sell, give, donate or bequeath them, for better, for worse, till death you do part."

"Then all is well," said the colonel.

"Except," said Attorney Toole to himself, "that those are first-class nickel-plated lung-testers, and not fire-extinguishers. But that doesn't matter. In fact, the demand for lung-testers is on a par with the demand for fire-extinguishers in Willington. Now, some people wouldn't get any fun out of this, but I do. I enjoy it."

During the next few days the colonel thought deeply. He considered a hundred different methods of disposing of the supposed fire-extinguishers. He thought of having a raffle; but no one would buy chances on a fire-extinguisher. He thought of taking them down to Jefferson; but the possibility of selling them after he got there seemed doubtful.

It was when he was standing before the incompleated Grubb's Opera House that the practical solution came to him. He would sell them to Grubb. Grubb's Opera House needed fire-extinguishers. The safety of the people of Willington demanded fire-extinguishers in Grubb's Opera House. He went to Mr. Grubb. He offered the fire-extinguishers to Mr. Grubb at ten dollars each.

Mr. Grubb was trimming a roast. He had just cut off a piece of suet, which he held in his hand as he listened. When the colonel had, too haughtily, perhaps, explained the object of his call, Mr. Grubb held the lump of suet offensively near the nose of the colonel.

"Fire-extinguishers!" he laughed. "Me buy fire-extinguishers? I wouldn't give *that* for them."

He shook the suet before the colonel's eyes.

"No, sir!" continued Mr. Grubb. "I wouldn't give *that* for them. And I throw that away!"

"Sir!" exclaimed the colonel, growing dangerously red, "you are a low-bred—a low-bred beef-chopper!"

"Mebby," admitted Mr. Grubb indifferently; "but I don't buy no fire-extinguishers, nor lightning-rods. No."

When the colonel reported his ill success to the widow that evening he was astounded to find that she sympathized with Mr. Grubb in his refusal.

"I don't wonder," she said. "He's put so much money into that opera house already. He's done enough for the town. He's been a very public-spirited citizen. And to think he made it all out of selling meat! It must be a good business."

The colonel glowered at the lung-tester that stood on the parlor table, and an hour later went home disheartened. The widow had almost openly rebuffed him and had praised Grubb.

Early the next morning he dropped into the office of Attorney Toole, and as that young man lay back in his chair, with his feet on his desk, the colonel told him the whole story. The attorney smiled.

"After that," he said, "you ought to make him buy them."

"Gad, sir!" exclaimed the colonel. "If I only could!"

"Colonel," said Attorney Toole, "I see you hesitate to force him. The feeling does you honor, but it isn't business. You hesitate even when you see how easily you can force him to do what he should do to protect the

lives of our trustful citizens. I admire you."

The colonel coughed. He felt that the admiration was his due, but he did not see exactly why.

"You," said Attorney Toole, "knowing that our town council can pass an ordinance compelling all owners of opera houses to install nickel-plated fire-extinguishers—to install four of them—for the protection of our people, hesitate to ask them to pass such an ordinance. You hesitate because you do not wish to appear malevolent toward a rival. Now, don't you?"

The colonel coughed again. Attorney Toole lowered his feet to the floor and slapped his desk with the flat of his hand.

"And I," he shouted, "beg you not to hesitate! I beg you to act! I beg you to think of the lives of the poor, helpless women and children. I beg you for humanity's sake to go to the honorable mayor and city council and appeal to them to pass an ordinance compelling this Grubb to buy nickel-plated fire-extinguishers. To compel him, sir!"

He shuffled the legal-looking documents that littered his desk.

"What have we come to," he asked sadly, "when our leading citizens thus neglect their duty? Will you neglect your duty? Will you forswear your plain duty to the star-spangled banner, for which you once fought and, if I am not in error, bled?"

"No," said the colonel gravely.

"Good!" exclaimed Attorney Toole. "Then there is one true citizen left in Willington." And he smiled again.

It is to the colonel's credit that he did not delay when he saw his duty to the women and children of Willington. He went at once to the mayor, the honest, upright shoemaker, Johann Stitz, and laid the case before him.

Johann Stitz and the city council had been elected on a citizens' ticket. They were, therefore, free and independent. They owed allegiance to no political party, and they chafed and worried because they were so inde-

pendent. Their independence made their work more difficult; it compelled them to decide things for themselves. As Democrats they would, for example, have promptly refused to saddle an expense on the Democratic Mr. Grubb; as Republicans they would, with equal promptness, have done whatever the Republican colonel requested; as citizen-tickers they had found all such questions most difficult of decision, and the burden had largely fallen on Mayor Johann Stitz. The council basely unshouldered the burden upon him. "Ask Stitz," they said. "He's mayor. What he says, we'll do." And Stitz would never say.

As the colonel entered the shoe-shop the mayor was reading a magazine, which he laid beside him while he listened to the colonel. A pile of similar magazines lay on the floor at his side. They were the missionary offerings of an enthusiastic female who had labored for the success of the citizens' ticket. They were magazines telling of the municipal corruption of "New York, the Vile," "Philadelphia, the Defiled but Happy," "Chicago, the Base," and "St. Louis, the Decayed." They had been given to Mayor Johann Stitz to show him the evil of graft and to keep his administration clean and pure.

When the mayor heard the colonel's request he beamed on him through his iron-rimmed spectacles.

"Ho! ho-o!" he exclaimed, "it is to make Herr Grubb buy some fire-extinguishables, yes? So shall my city council pass an ordinance, yes? Um!"

He smiled broadly at the colonel, and then nodded.

"For how much you graft me?" he asked blandly.

"What?" asked the colonel.

"Graft me," repeated Mayor Stitz. "I says, for how much you graft me when I pass one such ordinance my council through?"

"What's that?" asked the colonel, puzzled.

"For how much you make me one

graft?" Mayor Stitz repeated slowly. "Graft! Graft! Understand him not?"

The colonel shook his head.

"What is it?" he inquired politely.

"Graft!" said the mayor. "Don't you know him? When I make you one ordinance, so, then you make me one graft, so! Like I read in this books. Me to you, one ordinance; you to me, one graft. So!"

The colonel did not understand. His face showed it. A crease wrinkled the brow of Mayor Johann Stitz.

"Here in this books," he said slowly and distinctly, "I read me of this grafts. It is to me this graft comes. So is it by all big cities. Man would to have one ordinance. Goot! Then gives man to the boss grafter a graft. So! Then gets the boss grafter one ordinance made like is wanted. Yes! No graft, no ordinance! Some graft, some ordinance! I read him in this books. It is a goot way. I likes me that graft business."

A glimmering of the meaning entered the colonel's mind, but he could hardly connect the idea of bribery with the honest Johann Stitz. As a fact, to Mayor Stitz the idea of unlawful gain did not come. Graft was a way out of the difficulty of having to decide things. It was a system authorized by the lawmakers of great cities, and a system that could operate in Willington. To them that grafted should be given. The colonel frowned.

"And what—how much must this graft be?" he asked coldly.

Mayor Stitz smiled blandly again.

"That makes not!" he exclaimed. "It is what you will to graft me. One bushel apples—two bushel apples—that must you say."

The colonel thought of the widow. He thought of the fire-extinguishers.

"I will make you a present of a bushel of apples," he said.

To his amazement the mayor laid down his magazine and arose.

"Well," the colonel inquired, "will you pass the ordinance?"

The mayor looked at him in surprise.

"First must I go by Herr Grubb,"

he said. "Mebby so he graft me more. I know not."

"Look here!" said the colonel in alarm, "I don't want you to do that."

"Well," said the mayor, "still must I do it! So always does the boss grafter. Which side grafts him much, so he goes. It is never different. To the muchest graft, so goes he. I read it in this books."

The mayor was obdurate. He would not budge from the high principle of graft. The most the colonel could obtain was a promise that no names should be mentioned. He seated himself on the cobbler's bench and awaited the mayor's return. The mayor returned radiant. He was rubbing his hands.

"Nice!" he exclaimed. "Nice! I make me one great boss grafter yet. Herr Grubb grafts me one roast beef and six pigs' feet. He would not no fire-extinguishables have."

The colonel looked the mayor squarely in the eye.

"Stitz," he said, "I will not run an auction bargain with that Grubb. I came to you first. It is your duty to pass that ordinance anyway. I scorn to bribe you. But to end the matter here and now I'll do this: if you will agree to pass the ordinance compelling Grubb to buy the four nickel-plated fire-extinguishers now owned by Mrs. Morgan at the price of twenty-five dollars each, I will graft you to four bushels of Benoni apples, two bushels of Early Rose potatoes, four bunches of celery, a peck of peas and one spring chicken. And if you won't"—he paused and raised his hand threateningly—"I'll go to the five councilmen and I'll graft them individually, and you can't help yourself."

The mayor's eyes sparkled.

"Say," he cried, "ain't I a boss grafter? Apples, potatoes, celery, peas and chickens! Five grafts to one ordinance! I do it!"

He did. At the next meeting of the city council the ordinance was unanimously passed, and the chastened Grubb humbly sought the widow and carried off the four lung-testers, which were

properly installed on little wooden brackets in different parts of Grubb's Opera House, and the widow, in the fulness of her heart and pocketbook, agreed to marry the colonel. Less than a month later Attorney Toole, smiling, married the colonel's daughter.

It was not until an agent for a real fire-extinguisher came to Willington that the scandal of the graft became known, and Attorney Toole, as a member of one of the regular political parties, was elected city attorney. For reasons of his own he did not push the charge of graft against Mayor Stitz. He let it drop after an interview with that boss grafter.

That interview must have been a great joy to Attorney Toole. He saw the fun of things. Among other things the interview managed, in some way, to alter Mayor Stitz's opinion of himself, for one day, when the colonel had taken his wife's shoes to be half-soled, the ex-mayor said:

"When I am ever mayor once more I makes no such fool mistakes. I makes me a real boss grafter. It is to laugh when I thinks how I took me for a grafter and wasn't. No!"

He chuckled over the shoe he held between his knees.

"So is it that Attorney Toole makes no prosecutions of me. I'm no grafter. Like so," he said, pointing his awl at the colonel; "money is graft, and houses and lots is graft, and horses is graft, and buggies. *But*"—and he paused impressively—"apples isn't, and potatoes isn't, and celery isn't, and peas isn't, and chickens isn't. Nothing to eat is grafts. Man can't eat grafts. If it is to eat it is not grafts. So says Attorney Toole. Things to eat is no more grafts, says Attorney Toole, than lung-testers is fire-extinguishables."

At which the colonel's back stiffened and he walked out of the cobbler's shop.



## MAKING GOOD USE OF IT

MISTRESS (*to colored laundress*)—Eliza, I cannot understand how you could tear such a large hole in my new white skirt.

ELIZA—It ain't me what's done it, Mis' Tomkins, honey. It was dat good fer nothin' nigger, Washington Bobbs. He done put his big foot fro' it when he was dancin' the two-step with me at the 'mancipation ball Saturday night.



## THE WAY OF A WOMAN

CRAWFORD—Does your wife always consult you?

CRABSHAW—After a fashion. Whenever she wants anything she orders it first and then asks me if she can have it.



"HOW long did it take McFudge to break into the Newport set?"  
"Three mergers, one wheat corner and a trip to London."

## NOCTURNE

IN this fair garden of the South,  
 Alone, my fancy ever goes  
 Northward again unto your mouth  
 To find a rose.

Melodious the vines with birds,  
 Yet all the sunny day I long  
 For one delicious voice whose words  
 Can shape my song.

And to the tranquil night's blue skies  
 I look out through the lattice bars,  
 Trying to find two tender eyes—  
 Love's only stars.

So, sweetheart, all about me seems  
 Unreal, yet it all were true  
 Could but my heart hold of my dreams  
 The dearest—you.

FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN.



## DROPPING LETTERS

PRINCEVARD—That English girl has a way of dropping her eyes when she talks.

MISS VASSAR—You mean her h's, do you not?



## AN UNKIND INSINUATION

ELLA—I wish I knew of some remedy for insomnia.

STELLA—Why don't you try counting until you get up to your age?



WE attain notoriety by seeking it; fame comes to us unsought.



# TRYST

By Emma Wolf

SHE locked the door softly behind her, turning the knob again to make sure it was fast. Both stealth and courage were in her deliberation. She was glad of the reprieve, and afraid of it; glad Christopher had left early so that she might get "the beauty sleep she did not need" against the morrow's excitement; afraid lest, in this last moment of leisure love had thrust upon her, she might do that against which she had so valiantly struggled. She was afraid to be alone and idle.

Everything had been thought of and done, everything down to the minutest order for her father's comfort during her absence. Even now she turned desperately and walked with busy step to her trunk. She lifted the lid and looked down upon the bridal array with puckered brow. No, there was nothing to do; everything was there and she glanced fruitlessly about the room—everything was ready. She stood frustrated.

Yet surely it was the natural thing to do; only the very shortest kind of note "in memory of." It could harm no one, and it would mean so much to her.

"It will be just good-bye—and finished," she pleaded with her conscience. "As though I had shut the door upon him forever—but gently. I must. One likes to finish—gently. It is only fair to one's conscience."

She moved to the writing-table and sat down, her hand wavering toward the paper. But, having touched it, she drew a sheet toward her with no uncertain movement and dipped her pen. A severe defiance pressed her lips

straight and close. She was still combating someone or something, but she bent her head over the task of dating her missive. Then, with scarcely a pause:

"Dear —," she began, and contemplated the word, a flood of agonizing memory fighting over her face and vision. The next instant she had crushed the paper into a tight ball and flung it into the basket.

She began again, calmly this time, all feeling well in check:

I want to tell you that I am going to marry Christopher Ford tomorrow night. I hope——

A soft, persistent rapping upon the door suspended her hand. She arose straight and stiff, as if called to arraignment. The rapping continued.

She finally managed to speak. "Who is there?" she called in a tense voice.

"It's I—Olive," came the childish response. "I saw the light. May I come in just for a moment?"

It was Christopher's niece, the girl with the odd, shy eyes and thoughtful brow who had won her heart that morning.

Virginia turned the written words face downward and went to unlock the door.

"You don't mind?" The appeal in the girlish voice, in the wistfulness of the girlish face raised to hers, struck through Virginia's psychic armor. A smile illumined her pallor and she drew the girl in.

"Why, of course I don't mind," she said in the voice that Olive had declared would of itself make life a romance for her uncle. She stood a mo-

ment framing the young face in her hands, gazing into the depths of the gray eyes.

"Oh, grandma, what big eyes you have!" she murmured, with a sharp catch in her laugh.

"The better to see you with, my dear," Olive faltered, with a burning blush over her temerity. She was experiencing a severe case of heroine-worship which had overcome her in the first wonder of their meeting that morning, and the intimate nature of this moment sent the blood thrilling through her veins.

"You see," she laughed impulsively as they seated themselves upon the couch, Virginia's arm still about her, "I haven't given my consent yet. But I do now."

She held out both hands and Virginia's closed tight over them.

"I was jealous at first," the girl prattled on, her face alive with excitement; "terribly jealous when the telegram came to me day before yesterday at college. I—I cried. You see, Uncle Kit has been everything to me."

"I know," smiled Virginia, touching the dark hair tenderly.

Olive swallowed her tremulousness before she could continue. "Other girls had their mothers or fathers or sisters—but I had only Uncle Kit always. We always told each other everything—and he hadn't told me a word about you—not a word. So of course I couldn't know."

She seemed to be begging pardon.

"Couldn't know what, child?" asked Virginia in a low voice.

The girl laughed shyly. "That you were fit," she explained, with a sudden proud uplift of the head. "Because, you know, I think my Uncle Kit is the very best man in the world."

"He is the veriest best," acquiesced Virginia quietly.

"I know he's not handsome to some people," Olive challenged.

"Every feature of his face is dear to me," returned his betrothed, suiting her tone to the girl's grave devotion.

"If they were other he wouldn't be he—and I shouldn't love him."

"There isn't an unworthy deed in all his life," burst forth his worshiper. "He is true blue from first to last; and he is giving it all to you—intact. And the wonderful thing is that he is getting full value in return."

"Little Mercenary," said Virginia, with a curious laugh.

"I couldn't know whether you knew about the treasure you were getting, and I wanted to tell you because I was always afraid he wouldn't get 'for value received.'"

Virginia was smiling down into the upturned face. She did not speak.

"And I want to take it back—now that I know you—true blue for true blue."

Virginia laughed again, pressing her lips to the smooth young brow.

"I'm going now, but I had to speak about the miracle, the fairy tale, before I could sleep; that you—just glorious you—should have been kept for him all these years—that no other Prince Charming carried you away before he came—that you, the loveliest lady in all the land, should have been kept safe all these years until the best man in the land came along to claim you!"

"She does not know," thought Virginia, with a wild start of the heart. "And I cannot tell her now." She laid her cheek upon the dark head.

"What an extravagant little lover you are!" she murmured thickly. "Are you really nineteen or only twelve?"

Olive's arms bent about her. "I love you," she whispered. "I always knew I would die for my Uncle Kit, and I would now for you, too. Please let me make a little prayer: I thank God for making and keeping you—blind—until my Uncle Kit came along." She laughed happily, springing to her feet. "There! Don't laugh at me. I know I'm romantic and emotional and everything. I won't be when I'm older, but please forgive me a little longer. Don't tell Uncle Kit I kept you from your beauty sleep—he'd put

me to bed without any wedding. Good night, best and dearest—after Uncle Kit!"

She had come and gone like a clash of mad, sweet bells.

Virginia stood alone, letting the reverberation of her unmeasured youth die away.

Suddenly she made a stride toward the table, seized the unfinished note, and with averted eyes flung it into the fire. The next instant she was down upon her knees, her face buried in her cushioned chair.

"Oh, you—you who have done so many unworthy deeds—to me," she sobbed, "good-bye, dear—good-bye!"

The decorators had just left. A late afternoon, sabbatic silence brooded over the transfigured house. The room waited in pale misty green splendor for the coming of the bride.

Two girls, coming softly from opposite directions, met with a laughing shock upon the threshold.

"Rubber!" cried Kitty Fullerton, gamin-like, sweeping in.

"The same to you," returned Olive, following in the wake of Virginia's best friend. "Oh, but isn't it lovely! Like a dream of Corot—there, in that corner where the sun shimmers it."

"Tut! tut! It's just hops and things," said Kitty, settling herself in the window-seat, elbow on knee, chin in hand. "She'll be along presently, I suppose, and——"

"Complete the picture of spring."

Kitty put up her lorgnon, examining the girl as she might a curio. "Spring!" she repeated drily, having completed her inspection. "Oh, yes—'The triumph of hope over experience,' eh?"

"What?" questioned Olive, wide-eyed.

"Nothing—only a nasty cynicism, child. Now you quote!"

"I? What do you mean?"

"Everybody quotes poetry when they meet Virginia for the first time, and you met her only yesterday. So spout all the poems you know; I've

known her all my life and I'm resigned to it."

Olive laughed. "There's only one," she answered, with a shy flush, coming over and throwing herself on the floor at the older girl's feet. "Anyone who knows Shelley must think it when he looks at her. You know the lines:

"And the Naiad-like lily of the vale  
Whom youth makes so fair and passion so  
pale.

"Why do you look at me so queerly? I smuggled a bunch of them into her room just now. I was so glad she wasn't there—one hates to explain the best things."

"Smuggled in a bunch of what?" The mockery had vanished from Kitty's face and voice.

"Why, lilies-of-the-valley, of course. Whatever is the matter, Miss Fullerton—Kitty?"

"My dear, go and get them at once—at once, please! Give them to me instead." She smiled persuasively into the surprised face, but pushed her from her peremptorily.

"I don't know what you mean," said Olive stubbornly, her mouth and chin settling into the determined lines which made her Uncle Christopher's face so dominant.

Kitty frowned impatiently. "We never give Virginia lilies-of-the-valley," she said sharply. "The sight of them hurts her. Isn't that enough to make you want to take them away? Or shall I?"

"Wait a minute. Why does the sight of lilies-of-the-valley hurt her?" persisted Olive slowly.

"Because, if you must know," snapped Kitty, "Ralph Winston always gave them to her, and we never needlessly remind her of him, and certainly not today."

"And who is, or was, Ralph Winston?" questioned the girl quietly.

"Why, Olive Ford!" Kitty's eyebrows threatened to recede into her pompadour.

"Yes?"

"Do you—Christopher Ford's niece—the only relative of the man who is

going to marry Virginia Blair tonight—mean to say you have never heard of Ralph Winston?”

“You forget I had never heard of Virginia Blair until two days ago, when my uncle’s telegram came to me at Bryn Mawr, asking me to his wedding. I met her only yesterday.”

“Olive, didn’t you know that Virginia is called *Mrs. Virginia Blair*?”

The prying sun slunk away from the blinds. A graying pallor seemed to touch the erstwhile glory of the room. The girl gazed dumbly at her companion.

“I don’t think I understand,” she said painfully.

“Didn’t you know she was married seven years ago to Lieutenant Ralph Winston and divorced two years later?”

“No,” said the girl hoarsely. “Go on.”

“That’s all. Don’t ask to be told any more, dear. It’s unspeakable.”

“Not to me. I have always understood—things, Kitty Fullerton.”

Something compellingly magnetic thrilled from the girl’s whole quivering being into Kitty’s veins. “What do you want to know?” she asked submissively.

“Everything. No—first: did she—love him?”

Kitty gave a laugh significantly like a sob. “Love him! If you had ever seen him, child, or heard his voice, you would never have asked that question. He was one of those picturesque figures which, on canvas and framed, you might have labeled ‘A young girl’s dream: a portrait.’ And he knew it and lived up to it. His sensationalism she—we—every woman who knew him—called bravery; his egoism, introspection; his libertinism, bohemianism. His gallant bearing, his dash, his glance, his voice, cut a swath of triumph for him wherever he chose to win.

“And one night, at a military hop, Virginia Blair, the only child of the wealthy, widowed Judge Blair, came his way. You know how beautiful she is today—you say she reminds you

of spring; so he said seven years ago when she was twenty—and the comparison was singularly apt. You quoted Shelley’s ‘Sensitive Plant’—so did he when first he saw her. He had all the gifts and graces of the profligate. Sometimes I wonder if it isn’t just those irresistible gifts and graces that spoil them for any real worth. But perhaps it compensates—heaven knows! I’m sure I don’t in these high carnival days. Well, there they were. He looked down and she looked up; and there was no more question, no more father, no more authority for Virginia Blair. For, from the first, Judge Blair distrusted him—all genuine men did, partly from instinct, partly from rumor, partly, I suppose, from jealousy. Finally he forbade her receiving attentions from him. Virginia answered that some day she hoped to be his wife. Her father said never with his consent. And so one evening in September—just such an evening as this—just as the sun was setting, she stole quietly out of the house with a handbag, met him by appointment under a sycamore tree in the park, and a half-hour later was his lawfully wedded wife. She had left a letter for her father, and—you know how those things always end—he adores her, and two weeks later he had forgiven her and received her with open arms.

“Exactly six months later Lieutenant Winston’s brother officer, Captain Stewart Rolfe, sued his wife for divorce, naming Lieutenant Ralph Winston as co-respondent. He was court-martialed and dismissed from the Army. In the course of the proceedings Lieutenant Ralph Winston’s gambling debts and other pleasant obligations took a hand in painting him in his true colors. But Virginia Winston laughed proudly at it all, and went away with her disgraced husband head up, yielding no quarter. They went to Shanghai, where he ostensibly had some business interests. Virginia wrote charming letters home to her father, to me, to all her friends. Yet a year after her

departure, for no apparent reason, Judge Blair suddenly packed his trunk and disappeared. Two months later he returned with his daughter. God knows what terrible scenes they had gone through before he induced her to come with him, but when we saw her none of us could speak. She was the ghost of lovely Virginia Blair, but a ghost that smiled upon us as if she said: 'I shall go softly all my years in the bitterness of my soul.' He—her father—had found her alone; five months before he—that scoundrel—had run off with the wife of his best friend. Well, the divorce was easily granted. And—that's all."

Absolute silence followed her words.

Finally, "Where is he?" asked Olive Ford in a cold little voice.

"Who?" questioned Kitty, busily mopping her eyes.

"Ralph Winston—her husband."

"Somewhere in the Orient. I've heard. But he's not her husband, child."

"Oh, yes, he is."

"Why, Olive, I told you they were divorced."

"That's nothing. She loved him."

"But he had outraged her love—killed it by downright crime and cruelty."

"Love is love forevermore."

"Little girl, you go to kindergarten; that's one of the games you play."

"Yes. You wise ones call it idealization. But let me tell you, in the long run science and the ideals you laugh at will be found to be one. Only, science is taking the long way round. And tonight Virginia Blair—is—" The words came heavily, slowly. She stopped, her young face bitterly aqiver.

"What?" urged Kitty, curiously unstrung by the girl's fierce contention.

Olive's face hardened, burning dark. "There is no marriage but the love marriage," she pronounced deliberately. "After that—or before—all is commerce—or prostitution."

The ugly word left her innocent lips with the finality of a verdict.

"Good heavens, Olive Ford, you don't know what you are saying!"

"A woman like Virginia Blair," proceeded the girl monotonously, as if possessed, "is a soul as well as a body. You can never divorce a soul from its mate because the memory of the soul is eternal; that's what we mean by immortality. Some women have no souls. They can go through the marriage ceremony as often as they like; they are joined, never married. But Virginia Blair is not that low kind. And, Kitty Fullerton, she, Virginia Blair, is cheating my Uncle Kit!" She pounded the other's knee frantically.

"Stop that," cried Kitty, seizing her wrist. "Remember of whom you are speaking—the most exquisite woman I have ever known. She loves your Uncle Kit. The other is dead to her; she has buried him deep. Her whole life shows it—has shown it for the past three years. I don't know where you got that astounding puritanic idea, but you're wrong. Life isn't so stern, so hopeless. Look at me, Olive; you are quite, quite wrong."

"No, no, no!" exclaimed the girl passionately, springing to her feet. "There are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in your philosophy.' I may be young, inexperienced, romantic; but I'm right. I know I am right."

"Of course you are right," echoed a charming voice from the hall. "Right as a trivet. Kitty Fullerton, I'll lay you ten to one Olive is right."

Virginia stood in the doorway, parting the heavy curtains.

As she stepped into the room all Olive's wild theories rose up in a body to confound her. Virginia stood there in her fair purity, giving the lie to every unbeautiful doubt. In the radiance of the soft brown eyes below the low brooding white brow, in the gentle dignity of the slender shoulders, in the quiet poise of the whole graceful figure lay a world of potent refutation and appeal.

"How lovely the room looks, doesn't it?" she said, her eyes lingering in their



gaze. "But what were you two quarreling about as I came along? Explain; I'll be umpire." She smiled questioningly upon their dumbness.

Suddenly, moved by one of those swift impulses for which she never could account, Olive stood by her side.

"Lady Fair," she began dramatically, drawing up her lanky figure as to a great height, making as if to draw off a plumed hat, and then bending low, "'there can be no quarrel in your lovely presence. Far have I traveled and many fair faces seen since last we met, but yours shines effulgent, dimming all the rest. I stand suspended, awaiting your reply. By my sword I were a happy man to call you mine. Proud indeed were I could I this day call you openly—sweetheart and wife!'" Still bending low, she raised the slender hand to her lips and pressed upon it a lingering kiss.

Surprised at the trembling of the hand, she straightened and looked up. The lovely face smiled upon her through a strange pallor.

"You silly girl," laughed Virginia unsteadily. "And now I—I'm on my way to my room to lie down till Anna calls me to dress. I've had all the dinner I want, so *au revoir*. Make yourselves pretty tonight." She waved to them and was gone.

Olive stood staring after her. Presently she wheeled around upon the silent witness and strode over to her.

"What happened?" she demanded in a rough but frightened whisper.

"Where," drawled Kitty in a low voice, "did you ever hear that speech?"

"I never heard it; I said it. It comes from 'Osmond and his Philomena,' a skit on the eighteenth-century novel. I played Osmond to Bess Alvord's Philomena at college on class day. Why did she go off like that?"

"Lieutenant Ralph Winston," explained Kitty in slow irony, "played Osmond to Virginia Blair's Philomena at an entertainment long ago. Ever after his sweetest endearment for her was 'sweetheart and wife.' She told me so before the court-martial. I

verily believe, my dear, that the devil is using you as his jester-in-chief."

"It looks like it," declared the bewildered girl helplessly. "Oh, let me get out of this! I'm off for a run in the open to get these ghosts and goblins out of my brain." She turned and fled.

Five minutes later Kitty arose dreamily from her seat and presently only shadows and silence filled the waiting greenroom.

Virginia entered her room and dazedly locked the door. For several seconds she leaned against it, a din of confused voices in her ears, a maze of confused visions in her eyes. These presently cleared and, distinct above all, came low, sonorous, caressing words, "Sweetheart and wife—sweetheart and wife," repeating themselves interminably, claiming her completely.

As one who sleeps while she walks, she approached a chair before her dressing-table and sank blindly into it. Her arms fell listlessly at her sides, her eyes gazed into the distance, a piteous sadness slowly enveloped all her relaxed loveliness.

"Sweetheart and wife," the reverberating words beat themselves like a muffled blow upon her brain, dulling consciousness. A faint, delicate fragrance stole to her from the lilies-of-the-valley on the table and her nostrils dilated greedily. Her eyes widened. A vague, tremulous smile parted her lips. Mechanically, as if through force of habit, she leaned forward, drew a spray from the vase, and lingeringly fastened it in her bosom.

Her head remained drooped, her eyes upon the lily bells. The faint, delicate fragrance wrapped her close.

"Between dusk and dark."

Her glance wandered to the window. Not yet, dear love. A little while and the glow over the hills will fade to pink. Then—

"The bench under the sycamore tree."

She knew it well; a quiet spot in the wide hollow.

"You will not fail me, sweet?"

What need to ask while his thrilling eyes held hers?

And some day father would forgive—some day when, having lost his bitterness over the thought of parting with her, his reason must acknowledge Ralph's true worth in the light of her great happiness. Dear old dad! How he had always loved her. It seemed so mean to steal away from him in this way; but then, there was no other way—

"Tonight, then, love, forever."

"See, the glow is fading!"

As one who sleeps while she walks, the vague smile still slightly parting her lips, with unseeing eyes, she softly arose, approached the closet, took out coat and hat, slipped them on without a falter, pinned her veil securely, picked up her gloves from the dresser, drew them on, picked up the new, carefully packed suit-case from the corner, and, noiselessly as a wraith, passed out of the room, through the empty corridors, and so out of the house. The great front door swung gently to behind her.

Evening was abroad. The slender figure flitted down the familiar streets, her lambent brown eyes gazing straight ahead from the strange, fixed pallor of her face.

She was, perhaps, a little early, and Ralph was always a little late, but it was better than waiting at home, like a thief in the night; and she would not mind waiting in the open, now that the step was taken. All her friends would be dining at this hour; there would be no passer-by to recognize her. And the bench under the sycamore tree was secluded.

She entered the park, turning unerring footsteps toward the appointed spot.

Quiet — quiet — quiet everywhere. She seated herself upon the bench, put down the suit-case and sat gazing ahead with the fixity of a statue's gaze. A flitting bird rustled the leaves overhead, and again the tender evening quiet fell about the motionless figure upon the bench. The moments sped.

Over the brow of the hill the form of a young girl was sharply etched

against the pale saffron sky. She stood a moment as if hesitating between two pathways—the well-worn winding road at her right, and the wild, picturesque incline at her left. With smiling expectancy she decided and swung down the steep.

Halfway her foot slackened, her breath came pantingly; she had espied the still figure on the bench under the sycamore. With dilated eyes she came to a halt a few feet away in the dim shadow of a fir.

And then, as in a flood of light, knowledge tumbled tumultuously into Olive Ford's quick brain, blinding her for a moment; but only for a moment. She knew.

A painful triumph lifted the girl's head high; but her eyes were dim with pitying tears. "Thank God, it is I," she thought simply.

The great proof of her love was at hand—not to let her know; *never* to let her or Uncle Kit know.

Cannily, like one to whom the dark things of life had once been the way of light, she noiselessly approached the waiting figure.

She did not touch her, no sound escaped her lips; but, as if in response to a call, without a sign of wavering, the still figure arose, picked up the suit-case, and, with eyes gazing ahead, followed the figure of the young girl, who gave no backward look.

Down the winding, graveled path, into the dim streets they passed, the inspired maiden and her unconscious charge, one tense, fixed idea—thought, prayer, command, what you will—filling the mystic-bound leader:

"Follow—follow me."

And the woman with the wide, unseeing eyes followed, unknowing.

Whether they touched ground, rounded corners, passed people, heard or saw sound or motion Olive never knew. Sensation was at such pitch it seemed at standstill.

That later on they must stop, that there was a house to be reached, steps to be mounted, a door to be opened, a room to be gained, held no place or part in her brain. Only that this dark

figure, dead to the world about, moving blindly close behind her, should continue moving close behind her, that was the herculean task assigned her.

And presently the strain loosening, she found that she had achieved—that they two were standing alone in the darkened room with the door closed between them and the gross, cynic world.

Still enacting her strange, protective role she fastened her eye upon the slender silhouette beside her, the while she mechanically touched the electric button.

The light revealed the form of Virginia Blair in hat and coat, suit-case in hand, motionless under the chandelier. By the vacant expression in the beautiful, far-gazing eyes, Olive knew she was still absent upon her soul's adventure, and by the same sign she knew that this semblance of a woman was hers to command—her slave, her creature.

And she commanded.

There was no audible word, but instantly the suit-case was placed upon the floor, the hat and coat removed and hung in the closet, the gloves laid by upon the dresser, and Virginia Blair was seated in the chair before the dressing-table. At the same moment Olive, with quickened vision, seized both the lilies on the table and the spray in her bosom and flung the mischievous messengers out of the open window. Her task was completed. She leaned breathless upon the table for support.

A troubled look passed over the calm face of the waiting woman. With a swift step in her direction Olive flung her arms about her and drew the lovely head to her shoulder.

"Virginia," she whispered, her cheek close to hers, "Virginia dear, wake up!"

A suffocated scream answered her, and Olive felt herself flung as with superhuman strength against the opposite wall.

Virginia, breathing heavily, sobbing tearlessly, was staring wildly at her.

"You were asleep," cried the girl with eager, trembling lips, a mad pity wiping out every other thought. "You were asleep, and I waked you."

Virginia frowned angrily upon her.

"You were dreaming," Olive continued, still in frantic explanation, "and I waked you."

A shudder crept slowly over the slender figure. "Dreaming," she murmured, "such a dream—such a strange, realistic dream, Olive, child! Are you sure—are you quite sure—I was—dreaming?" She gazed appealingly at her.

"Why, Virginia," laughed Olive brokenly; "what else could you have been doing sitting there?"

"Why, of course, what else?" Virginia repeated blankly, the customary bright tone catching up the pretty cadence of her voice. She glanced about her and smiled upon the girl, holding out both hands to her. "Dear, I am forgetting," she laughed. "How absurd! This is my wedding night."



## YESTERDAY AND TOMORROW

THY tears, yea, all thy weeping,  
Will it awake dead yesterday?  
No day is sounder sleeping,  
A thousand, thousand years away.

'Tis but a name, the sorrow  
Of other than the present morn.  
Yesterday's dead; the morrow,  
Perchance it never will be born.

JOHN VANCE CHENEY.

# THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING SOMEBODY

By Edgar Saltus

TO know yourself is all very well; not to know your neighbor is better; but to be known is celebrity. People who cannot be celebrities occasionally attempt to be somebodies, and, failing in that, try to look as though they had succeeded. The effort is commendable; it is also easy, in addition to being important.

Yes, indeed. Hereabouts, if you are nobody you are nothing, and abroad you are nowhere. Either condition has its inconveniences. In Paris they are particularly depressing. In Paris, French is a dead language. Germany, you know, conquered there twice: first with her bayonets, latterly with her beer, the result being that in the best hotels only the impurest Berlinese is spoken. French, when not on the bill of fare, is regarded as an extra and charged as such. This item only dukes and ambassadors dispute.

Dukes and ambassadors are somebodies. If you are thinking of going abroad a good plan will be to model your deportment after theirs. In so doing, when anyone presumes to address you, you will find it distinctly impressive, if you cannot answer rudely, not to answer at all.

But rudeness is to be preferred. An ounce of insolence is worth a pound of Ollendorf. It is worth more. It will take you further than any acquaintance, however superficial, with French and even with Berlinese. It will cause you to be mistaken, at least temporarily, for somebody, and, even temporarily, it is always advantageous to be mistaken for that.

An outward and visible sign of this sort of thing is what foreigners call decorations. Here they are infre-

quent. Abroad they abound. In France they are omnipresent. But there their tenure is threatened. A bill providing for their abolition has been recently proposed.

What the grounds are for this measure we are uninformed. But we hope that it will not pass. Our reasons are purely personal. The last time we went to a theatre in Paris we lost the check for our coat. On inquiring at the cloak-room the woman in charge asked what kind of a coat it was. We told her that there was no decoration in the buttonhole. She produced it instantler. It was the only one of the kind in the place. Had this measure been operative, we might be inquiring still. Decorations are therefore highly serviceable to those that have none. If only on that account it may be hoped that this measure will not pass.

There are graver reasons. In this country, where every other man you meet has something colorful in his coat, we, as a people, do not believe in decorations. We believe in badges. The wearing of these little things is a custom, of course, and, to the wearers, a custom that must be agreeable. But it is one that has been imported. Obviously, therefore, were this measure to pass and were it then adopted by other nations, we Americans would be the only decorated people. Whereupon, being a civilized race, and, as such, accustomed to follow the fashions, we would have to relinquish our badges, and with them the satisfaction which they presumably induce. That, we cannot help feeling, would be regrettable.

Decorations have, therefore, their

uses. They are serviceable if you have not got any, and if you have they make you feel as if you were somebody. So important is that feeling that men of determination who have been unable to acquire it officially have provoked it surreptitiously. The statement may seem fantastic. Here is an agreeable instance.

Recently, at the Paris Élysée—the White House of France—a gentleman was observed wearing a decoration which struck an amateur as being so beautiful that he ventured to ask whether, without indiscretion, he might be permitted to inquire what it was. "Oh," said the gentleman, with a little diffident laugh, "it is my own invention."

After all, why not? Besides, did it not show enterprise? No one else having recognized his claims to be somebody, he had done it himself. There is the right spirit.

There is, though, a method that is perhaps superior. At Versailles, on the occasion of the refounding of the German Empire, there appeared the late Mr. Washburne, who, at the time, was the American representative. There also appeared a mob of sovereigns and, with them, a swarm of envoys, legates, aides, equerries, generalissimi. The assembly was gorgeous. There were uniforms radiant as rainbows, and on these uniforms crosses without number, a constellation of stars, every decoration under the sun. There was not a man there not tricked out in a fashion absolutely stunning. No, not one, except Mr. Washburne, who stood about, quite unadorned, in democratic black. Said Bismarck: "He is the most distinguished-looking person present."

Which rather goes to show, don't you think, that a good way to attract attention is to differ a bit from your neighbor? In that difference and its maintenance is the whole art of being somebody. The secret of it is simple. You have but to intensify your individuality. If you have no individuality, cultivate one.

There are people who will tell you

that it is better to have a regular income. That is a very middle-class view. Investments in the prose of life yield only dullness. You talk shop instead of subtleties, and degenerate into a mere man of means. But, given individuality, and though you have nothing you may have everything. At a bound you leap to the lips of men. Youths there are, full of promise, naturally fitted for that leap. Before the opportunity occurs they are deformed into conformity. They get what is called a thorough education. How delectably false that description is! The only things worth knowing are the things that cannot be taught. In spite of which, or perhaps precisely on that account, they are shown the highroads and told to follow them. The highroads are sterile. Yet on them they proceed, hoisting their neighbors' standards, expressing other people's opinions, or rather their absence of ideas, developing low passions for respectability, exhibiting generally the conventional in all its horrors, and, with it, the humdrum unredeemed by a single revolt, the spectacle of human sheep. In later life you find them interesting themselves in matters in which they have no concern, and discussing people who never heard of them. The wages of similitude is non-entity. The bulk of the census has that for reward.

To acquire something more ponderable, be different. Be different, and evermore be different. But be condescending. Nothing, except genius, can make you so well hated as a properly distributed potpourri of condescending airs. You may object that you do not want to be hated. That is because you do not know what is good for you. Animosity is the tribute that failure pays to success. Until you trail rancors as a torch trails smoke, you cannot claim to be anybody. Yet the moment you have induced a more or less general feeling of exasperation, such is the inane love of fair play that your best detractors will turn about and declare that there must be a good deal in you. They are certainly in error. But



no matter about that. You are somebody.

To be somebody is not, therefore, very difficult. In any event, you will find it more satisfactory than not being anybody. In a city, for instance, like New York, where everybody scoots about in a motor, a man who drove behind postilions might readily be mistaken for the real thing. The impression created could be heightened by giving theatre-parties to big rag dolls, with which, during *entr'actes* and interludes, the host did not omit to affect to converse. Supper, naturally, would follow, not for the dolls or necessarily for the host, but for his friends—better yet, for his enemies—a supper variegated with grains of nenuphar, eyes of angel-fish, salmis of quetzals, orchid wine, rose liqueur, the maxims of Confucius and chrysanthemum soup. The exoticism of these proceedings would be promptly written up and the originator become a subject of editorial discussion. He would be somebody, if but for a day.

In lieu of which aspirants take to making money instead of spending it, or, what is quite as futile, to writing. That is all so stupid and amateurish. In these latitudes, where everyone you know is beastly rich, it is a real distinction to be poor. As for writing, dear us! In these days, when you find the relaxations of cooks and crooks on every stall, it is more original to commemorate Epicurus, who was original, and who never wrote anything.

Besides, mere money and even a real masterpiece will not make people turn around and look at you. There is too much of the one and too few of those that care a rap about the other for either to differentiate you from your neighbor by a straw. To stand out you must omit to fall in. You must rigorously avoid any resemblance to tedious persons. When they talk platitude to you hand them paradox back. If you cannot do better, bark. Tell them that cannibalism is society in its ideal state, that Homer was born in Harlem, that Shakespeare was a woman who practiced dentistry, and that you are medi-

tating a comic history of the moon. Announce whatever they can least digest. The shock of it will alarm what little imagination they possess. They will complain of your eccentricities. And so much the better. In the complaint of your fellow-beings are the beginnings of fame.

Indeed they are. Originality is first abused and then annexed. Besides, the reproach of eccentricity is one that you may covert. Eccentricity is but an avoidance of the everyday. It means out of the common. The man who first wore a high hat was regarded as eccentric. The man who first carried an umbrella was regarded as worse. It was thought crazy of Swift to write about a broomstick. Yet today, do not the most respectable among us wear high hats, carry umbrellas—what is more typical, borrow them—and write about nothing whatever?

The primal charm of these novelties acceptance has vulgarized. To stand out you must find something new. But in a land where all men dress alike and all dress like undertakers, that is disgracefully easy. Promenade in winter in white broadcloth and in summer in raspberry serge and you will not merely stand out, you will be held up. Editors will despatch their young gentlemen to obtain your views on fashion, to snapshot you while they are at it, and your face, your form, too, multiplied indefinitely, may cause a little talk.

May, we say, for the result will be surer if instead of a new caprice you invent a new delight. A satrap once offered his satrapy for one. He failed to get it, of course, but the offer made him talked about, which perhaps was just what he was after. Satraps are frightfully insincere.

But then society was created by simpletons that satraps might live in it; and to live, to really live, although at first blush it may seem a very general occupation, is, on the contrary, curiously rare. Few there are that live. The existence of the bulk of humanity is comparable to that of ants. It is just as anonymous, quite as obscure.

To escape from the horrors of that obscurity, to climb, however transiently, into view, to be obvious, to have a name, though it be a bad one, men have gone to the scaffold, occasionally to the altar and thence back again to the obscurity from which they came. Yet that, perhaps, is better than nothing. It may be dreadful to have your name in the papers; it is still more dreadful not to. To see it there is really something; but to see yourself caricatured is success. Only celebrities are lampooned.

To achieve that is the crowning grace. How to do it, though, is rather complex. Success is quite like etiquette. Both have their mysteries. A man wrote a book on "How to Behave." No sooner had it appeared than the wife of his bosom sued him for divorce. Another man wrote a book on "How to Succeed." His father-at-law had him jailed for embezzlement. Are not these delightful instances? Do they not show the intricacies of Satan and his pomps? Besides, a book on behavior must be hard labor, particularly when you come to consider that foreigners have no manners and Americans a great many, and all of them bad. Parallely, a book on success is bound to be the work of failures. The conditions of success are such that those who achieve it always have to get others to tell how it was done.

Success, as you may see, is therefore not merely complex but debilitating. Originality is just the reverse. Originality is an exhilarant. Its basic factor is an ability to do and say things which your neighbor cannot. That ability was Disraeli's. It was also Brummel's. These men emerged from nowhere into lampooning and renown. Individually their fates were

various. But that is a detail. They were somebodies in their day and are somebodies still.

In an effort to resemble them, however microscopically, avoid, as you would a cobra, new ways of being dull. These ways it is a mistake to regard as evidences of original thought. It is true that for them society has always an innocent love. Any fresh incentive to yawning strikes it as so nice. Efforts of this order may therefore gain you the passing attention of tea-cards. But they will not conduct you to fame. Only brag and bounce can do it. Only that, determination and conceit.

Conceit is not appreciated at its true value, except by the French, who have such a pretty name for it. They call it *amour propre*, which, to them, is one of the cardinal virtues, and should be to you. For it admonishes you to think well of yourself. If you omit to, who in the world will do it for you? If you do not look as though you owned the earth who can do it in your stead? Assert yourself. That is the way to get on. If one plan fail, try another—try a dozen others. Through them all assume a superiority, though you have it not. Insist on being somebody.

Otherwise your name will appear in the papers but once—but once!—and the world will learn of your existence only through hearing that you are dead. What is worse, it will not care, even then. Think of the martyr who discovered that modesty is its own reward. His name is lost, his identity forgotten. He was too retiring by half, in addition to being nobody. Of all obituaries that is the limit.

Insist, then, on being somebody. It is not only important, it is easy. You can fool everybody but yourself.



SHE—Mother heard you propose to me the other night.

HE—Heavens, what did she say about it?

"She said how many modern improvements there were since she was young."

# THE RETURN TO THE SPA

By John O'Keefe

THE place has changed but little in the years  
Since I the hourly glassful swallowed duly,  
But, oh! there is a change, and it appears  
Within yours truly.

I lift my glass of water with a frown,  
(Six in the day I'm told to take, at present!)  
And as my shrinking throat it courses down  
It's demned unpleasant!

Yet one fair morning, many years ago,  
I stood with Kittie, Eve's divinest daughter,  
At this same counter, eager for the flow  
Of sulphur water.

"How bitter!" Kittie said. I seized the chance—  
No whit abashed, though all the guzzling crowd hear—  
And I replied, with deep significance,  
"It isn't *now*, dear."

I saw her blushing face's image fall  
Upon the water; though the Spa director  
Had said the stuff was strongly mineral,  
He lied—'twas nectar!

But that was years ago—ah! how they've flown!—  
And I and Kittie parted, minus kisses.  
Today, I'm lifting glasses with my own  
True, lawful missus!

She does not peep at me across the rim;  
Her heavy lids are sorrowfully blinking;  
She's gouty in her dexter lower limb—  
That's why she's drinking.

And I'm no better off. Dyspepsia gnaws  
My vitals in a way beyond describing.  
Not love, but my physician, is the cause  
Of my imbibing.

Ah, Kittie, but the cup has altered quite!  
With you I drink to quench my burnings inner;  
Now, I would stir a vanished appetite  
In time for dinner.

## THE INDIFFERENT

NAY, since he does not love me, let him go  
 His own blithe way, while my withholden gift  
 Lies all unused. Let me be wise to lift  
 My eyes to his with steady gaze and slow,  
 That he in his indifference may not know.  
 Let me deny my heart the sweet unthrift  
 That fain would spend its treasure, lest I sift  
 Dream-dust upon the ground, and waste it so!

Nay, since he does not love me, let him speed  
 Upon his quest. Let there be no surprise,  
 No pity starting sudden from his eyes  
 To pierce my wound till it must break and bleed;  
 Now while my heart is strong to stanch its need  
 And tranquil still to utter its good-byes.

ETHEL M. KELLEY.



## TOTALLY UNKNOWN TO HIM

PARKE—Did you meet many strangers on your vacation?  
 LANE—Why, yes. I saw quite a little of my family.



JOHN—Nothing sets a man up more quickly than the admiration of a lot of women.

JAMES—And nothing lets him down more completely than his wife's explanation of why they admire him.



WHEN you play at love the score is likely to be a tie.

## “MY KIND OF MAN”

By Eleanor H. Abbott

**I**F there is one quality in the world which I adore, that quality is eagerness.

I like a dog that jumps at you. I like a woman who runs upstairs. I like a man who won't take "no" for an answer. But best of any eager thing in the world I like an invitation that has the compliment of precocity. I like to hold an unripe pleasure in my hand and watch it mellow into realization. I would go anywhere with anyone who actually knew six months ahead what he wanted me to do on a given date.

I was engaged once to a man who never knew until Thursday night just what it was that he had intended doing on Wednesday morning. I *hate* the type! But I liked the man. I liked the man very much indeed. His nature was deep and calm and serene, like a Morris chair. But I wanted to rock. Oh, my heavens, how I wanted to rock!

When the crash came the man and I were standing on a Persian rug in front of my grandmother's fireplace. I smashed my engagement just as hard as I could over his calm, yellow head, and I supposed of course that he would turn and run. Someone had to run, but he didn't seem to think of it, so I literally "up and bolted" out of the room—and out of his life.

For two years I kept on bolting. And so far as I knew he was still standing on the rug in front of the fire. I did not go home again to find out.

Grandmother said harsh things to me about my impetuosity—things so harsh that I promised never to forgive her. So I stayed away and traveled

for my health—or, rather, for my grandmother's health. It didn't make much difference to me. I have money and freedom and good looks enough to choose my own gait, and I certainly thrived on the excitement of travel and visiting.

Next to being engaged I would rather be unengaged than anything else in the world. There is an ingratiating slowness about the life that keeps you—figuratively, at least—stroking your sleek sides. There is no venture so high that you are not light enough to leap it. There is no difficulty so narrow that you cannot squeeze through it—alone. No one to consult, no one to cater to, no one to worry about—I love it!

Yet I am no fool. I never for a second bragged that there was no possible mate for me on all the earth. I simply had reached that stage of the game where, if I saw my mate coming, I should certainly dodge him, though if he took me unawares, and knocked me down and dragged me home by my pompadour, I should probably straighten my hat and go with him.

I was in just this identical mood when Edna Blunt's invitation came. What I am really going to tell about is Edna Blunt's house-party. Edna is a girl whom I used to know pretty well before she married and went away to Connecticut, and so when she wrote me in January to engage me for a house-party 'way off in June, you can well believe that I was delighted enough to accept at once, though it meant the canceling of a rather unique Southern trip that I had planned for myself.

Edna's whole letter of invitation was



interesting. But the part that interested me most was this:

I hope you won't look on the date in question as though it were a suspended jail sentence hanging over you. It seems absurd to engage and bind you fast so far ahead, but the truth of the matter is there's a man here—a friend of my husband's—who is extremely infatuated with your photograph, and will give me no peace until I have not only arranged a date and place of meeting but have engaged you absolutely for that occasion; though, of course, dear Gladys, I solemnly promised not to breathe a word of it all to you, for, of course, you couldn't come if you knew of his scheming—that is, if he knew that you knew.

He's off tomorrow for Mexico on some kind of an exploring jig. He's quite an adventurer, and he won't come back to this country at all this summer unless he can meet you. How's that for eagerness?

P. S.—His name is Fayall Pritchard, and he's big and dark and ugly, and he adores pink, and I'm *sure* you'll like him, for *he's your kind of man*.

Now, I surely could resist a man's being infatuated with my picture, or liking my favorite color, or even being a big, ugly explorer with the fascinating name of Fayall Pritchard; but I never, never, never could resist a man who knew positively in January that he'd rather meet me in June—rather bind himself to meet me in June than do any other glorious, unknown thing that might arise in the interim. Moreover, the phrase, “your kind of man” filled me with a curiously delicious thrill of foreboding. For up to this time I certainly never had met anyone who could answer the description of “my kind of man.”

Paul certainly was no explorer. Indeed, he seemed to cherish a perfect horror of doing anything the first time, and as you can almost never skip and begin with the second time, we were thereby naturally debarred from a great many pleasures—that is, I was, but he didn't seem to care. And as to being “big and dark and ugly,” goodness knows Paul was big enough, but he was astonishingly blond and handsome, and my own private theory is that handsome men, particularly blond handsome men, haven't any temperament. And as to eagerness, well, I've surely more than hinted that

Paul never got round to proposing to me until after I had accepted him.

So, taken all in all, you can well understand how excited I was over Edna Blunt's invitation. At last I was to meet “my kind of man”—a man who might very possibly force me to dodge. My pulse quickened at the very thought, and I then and there decided to dodge in nothing less alluring than patent-leathers with perfectly huge silver buckles. I have that phase of practical mind which makes me save my silk stockings for canoeing rather than church. Grandmother saves hers for church. But I have the nature that caters to emergencies. And my purse, most fortunately, is not as slim as my ankles.

The very second I had written my letter of acceptance to Edna I rummaged about for a duplicate of the picture which had pleased Fayall Pritchard. Frankly speaking, the picture pleased me also—that is, I am glad I look like that! I like the black, loose wave of my hair, the low brow, the gray, gray eyes, and the impetuous, short-lipped mouth. Best of all, I like the concentrated something in my eyes. Grandmother says I look hungry. But grandmother would never acknowledge that there were any stronger forces than dinner-hunger in the women of her family. When I looked at that picture in the light of Fayall Pritchard's interest, I said: “Gladys Gaylord, you are a wild, wild, *wild* thing. But some day, just as sure as you're born, you're going to get caught and tamed and put in a cage. But even so, the wild bird in the cage has probably more to think about and remember than the hen that cackles freely round the whole front yard.”

So I deliberately went to work in six months and dreamed my dreams and saw my visions, and got together a picturesque outfit of clothes that promised to addle even a Mexican explorer, and when June came I packed up the said dreams, visions and clothes, and went down to Connecticut to catch a glimpse of this wonderful

man who would possibly make me dodge.

It's quite a long journey down from Bangor to Connecticut, and I have usually found all train travel irksome and tedious; but this particular journey went like mad, and I found myself fairly hurled through the air and into Edna's arms before I had half decided as to my method of greeting—Mr. Pritchard.

He was standing on the piazza talking with three other men as I stumbled out of the carriage. I should have recognized him in a crowd of fifty, and though he barely lifted his eyes as I hurried by with Edna, there was something so startlingly keen in his glance that I felt as though I had suddenly been shoved to the edge of the world and was tottering there on one foot. I did not altogether like the sensation.

But by the time I was upstairs, and had unpacked my trunk, and had a bath, and donned my best pink muslin gown, I was quite ready to compete with any geographical hero on the globe, to say nothing of one from a mere suburban place like Mexico.

Mr. Pritchard was introduced to me just before we went in to dinner. I like to shake hands with new people. It's a good test. Most handshakes express one of two things, either "I'd like to know you better," or "I don't give a darn." But Fayall Pritchard's lingering clasp signaled so distinctly, "*We've met before*," that I blurted right out, "No, we haven't!" And then, of course, I had to laugh, but he just squared his shoulders a trifle, and stood back and grinned the very faintest perceptible grin, and when I looked up at him he half closed his eyes at me. Now, when some people half close their eyes at you like that they shut you *out*, but when Fayall Pritchard shut his eyes he shut you *in*—shut you in so close that he might just as well have put his arms around you. It was fearfully disconcerting. And yet—I liked his courage.

But when he immediately offered me his arm I knew perfectly well that

my hand trembled on his sleeve, and I went out to dinner *frightened*—for the first time in my life frightened of a man!

I love the first meal at a house-party. It's the finest guessing-game that I know. Whom will you like? Whom will you hate? Who's the hero? Who's the villain? It was perfectly evident to me that Fayall Pritchard was the hero, but the villain honors seemed equally divided between Edna Blunt's husband, who's an awful tease, and an excessively officious Washington girl who seemed to know all Congress assembled by its first name. But villains don't count much at house-parties.

The conversation that night was witty and brilliant, not to say vivid. There were twelve of us, and everyone was married except the Washington girl, a young New York architect, Mr. Pritchard and myself. Having been rather heavily chaperoned through all the earlier and least dangerous years of my life, it seems to me extraordinarily droll, now, at twenty-five, when sentiments have grown to emotions and riddles to the very edge of their answers—it seems droll, I say, *now* to be running full tilt and stark free through the riotous jollity and unhampered clock-schedule of my young married friends. Nothing is duller to me in these days than a complete party of unmarried youngsters, with a professional chaperon who sits and wrings her hands and watches the clock.

I think there are no clocks in Edna's house. No one ever speaks of time, except as "good time." There certainly was no ticking hint in the dining-room, and we must have lingered for hours over that first dinner. The room was full of witchery, with its dark-paneled walls, its gleaming silver, the tremulous flicker of breeze-blown candles, the fragrant fog of cigarette smoke, the tinkle of wineglasses, and through it all the single disquietude of moonlight, white, reeking moonlight, calling, calling through the latticed windows. Women's laughter, men's persuasions, wit, knowledge,

brain and beauty, all were there. And I loved it!

I do not think that Edna's table was crowded more than usual, but it seemed to me I had never before sat so close to people. I know I scarcely spoke to Fayall Pritchard, yet the side of my face next to his burned as though his own was pressed against it. Is it any wonder I was benumbed and foolish, like a gawky schoolgirl? Once when I turned in sudden curiosity for a glimpse of his face, he smiled at me again, that strange subtle little grin, and answered startlingly: "Yes, my hair is just like yours, only blacker, and my eyes are just like yours, only——"

"How did you know what I was thinking?" I stammered, and then he began to close his eyes.

"Don't you close your eyes at me like that!" I gasped, and something in my voice must have smitten him, for he straightened up suddenly and began to talk quite loud and distinctly about his Mexican adventures. His voice was wonderfully compelling, and in a minute the whole table was listening to him. His power of tone and expression thrilled me with satisfaction. He told of his journey to Mexico, his ventures by land and sea, his eager, risky, stubborn search for a paltry Spanish manuscript that some New York bibliomaniac coveted for his own. His narrative was full of palaces and plazas, of faded tapestries, of dusk and dreams and daring, but Edna interrupted it with a strident little, "But did you find the manuscript?"

"Why, of course," said Fayall Pritchard; and that "of course" had the most terrible, blood-curdling finality to it that I have ever heard in my life. My blood ran cold.

Then the Washington girl began to look sentimental. "What a romantic life, Mr. Pritchard!" she exclaimed, with clasped hands. "Are you always exploring? What do you expect to find in stupid old Connecticut?"

"A wife," said Fayall Pritchard quite calmly, and as the room went

round in a whirl of glass and silver, and voices rang like smashed china in my ears, I caught above all other voices the wild "Ha! ha!" of Harold Blunt's laughter, and saw Edna signal him frantically to keep quiet. Then everybody adjourned in more or less confusion to the piazza, and I fled away unnoticed to my room, and cried as though my heart would break. Wouldn't you have cried to be so frightened?

Edna came up a few minutes later—it was eleven o'clock, and tried to comfort me.

"You silly girl," she said; "I thought you liked eager men."

"I do, I do," I sobbed; "I love them, but you told Harold, you went and told Harold, and he *laughed!*"

Edna considered her excuse carefully before she gave it. Finally she acknowledged: "Yes, I—I had to tell Harold. You see, you have to tell your husband things, for if you don't tell when you're awake, and get him seriously interested, you'll very likely mumble it when you're asleep, and then he'll make light of it, and perhaps tell it as a joke at a dinner-party."

The excuse did not seem to me adequate, but it comforted me a little, particularly when Edna swore solemnly that no one else at the table laughed from any deeper motive than mere silliness. "You're too self-conscious," said Edna.

"Self-conscious!" Goodness! but I didn't argue any further, for through my bedroom window came the enticing sound of men and women's voices, as the house-party people went trailing off in twos through the moonlit garden and orchard. Contrary to society fiction, I find that most young married people like to go twoing off with their own mates, and I began to feel a little bit lonesome, and sorry I hadn't married, when Harold's voice shouted up from the piazza:

"Edna, hurry, there won't be a canoe left if you don't hurry: E-d-n-a, Pritchard wants to take Gladys with *him*; tell her to hurry."

Then I sat down again on the bed

and began to cry. "I won't go," I declared. "*I h-a-t-e* Mr. Pritchard. *I d-e-s-p-i-s-e* him! Go canoeing? This moonlight night? With *him*? *A-l-o-n-e*? *Never!*" And I jumped up and stamped my foot like a vixen.

Edna's eyes stuck out of her head with astonishment.

"Oh, Edna, Edna," I pleaded, "you go with Mr. Pritchard, and let me go with your husband."

"Well, I guess not," bridled Edna; "I'll go with my own husband, thank you!"

And then, as I was frantically wondering what to do next, there came an imperative rap on the door, and, in answer to Edna's reckless "Come in," Harold and Mr. Pritchard appeared on the threshold.

"Why, what's the matter with Gladys?" Harold exclaimed.

"I've got a headache! I've sprained my ankle! I've had bad news from home! I'm going to bed!" I explained just as fast as I could get the words out of my mouth.

And then—I don't know what happened or how it was done, but the first thing I knew a strong pair of arms picked me up and carried me, laughing, crying and kicking down the broad front stairs, with Edna and Harold screaming joyously in the rear. I lost both my slippers, but no one paid the slightest attention, and in a mingled ecstasy of shame and pride I found myself deposited at last in the luxurious bow of a cedar canoe, gliding softly down the black and silver waters of the little stream. We were only fifteen minutes behind the others, but not a single sound of chunking paddles came to us through the silence, though 'way off in the distance some extraordinarily two-handed person was tinkling a sweet mandolin. I don't know what became of Edna and Harold.

I never saw such a night before, and I never want to see such a night again. It was a miracle of molten moonlight, with shadows like velvet and a sweetness that was suffocating—clematis, wild roses—heaven knows what! And every thought that only smoldered in

my own mind flamed up before me in the eager eyes of my companion. It was like seeing my own soul through a magnifying-glass.

Yet, keen as I was, I could not find a word to break the spell of silence, and we must have paddled for a whole mile without other sound than the little trickle of the water at the bow of the canoe.

Fayall Pritchard paddled like an Indian, stealthily, and watched me furtively, as an Indian might have watched his captive. And I never took my eyes off him. And I was frightened. And I loved it!

Out of the shadows we glided into a veritable lake of light, and as I straightened up with a little gasp of ecstasy, he brought the canoe to a full stop and trickled the moonlit water off the blade of his paddle; there was not a soul to be seen or heard from black bank or white meadow.

"It is—like the Garden of Eden," he whispered.

Instinctively I thought of my naked, silk-stockinged feet and tucked them frantically under my skirts; and we both laughed and the spell was broken.

"You are more beautiful than your picture," he persisted, and foolishly I asked, "What picture?" He opened his pocketbook and held up to my view the photograph I had given Edna.

What was the use of subterfuge? What was the use of anything? This man knew my thoughts before I thought them. He felt my feelings. He loved my loves. He hated my hates. He didn't have to tell me all this. I *knew* it. We were *mates*.

"Do you know why I came North this summer?" he probed.

"Yes," I answered. I was clay in his hands.

"Did you know it before you saw me?"

"Yes," I acknowledged.

Slowly the slim canoe drifted into the river bank and nestled comfortably among the bushes.

The man dropped his paddle and slid himself along the narrow floor to my feet.



"Did you come to this party because you wanted to see me?" he queried tersely.

I nodded my head.

"What were you going to do if you didn't like me?"

I laughed; that was an easy one. "If I didn't like you? Why, I was just going to stay."

He looked puzzled. "Well, what were you going to do if you did like me?"

His great eyes blazed like a tiger's in the dark, and I jumped to my feet. "If I did like you? If I did like you?" I gasped, "I was going to run away," and I made a spring for the shore.

"Run away?" he laughed, "in your stocking feet?" and he jumped and caught me boldly as I started up the bank. I cannot altogether blame him that he caught me boldly; my flight was certainly a shameless confession, but he need not have taken such definite advantage of my information.

It was two o'clock when we got home. There was so much to talk about. And all the other people had gone to bed. I was almost glad to find the piazzas empty, for that man, that man wouldn't let me walk from the boat-house to the steps, though I had boasted a dozen pairs of silk stockings.

"Did anyone ever carry you before?" he asked trenchantly.

"No," I acknowledged joyfully; "I asked Paul to once, but he said I was too heavy."

"Heavy?" he exclaimed, and tossed me to his shoulder. "Who's Paul?"

"Oh, Paul," I acknowledged airily, "is a man I used to be engaged to. Do you care?"

"No, I don't care," said Fayall; "I'm rather glad. I've got a story, too, but it isn't as trig as yours. I've got a wife—that is, I've been married but am divorced. Do you care?"

"No, I don't care," I said. "Nothing was ever real before. There's nothing real in all the world tonight, but just Fayall Pritchard and Gladys Gaylord. Good night."

My bedroom seemed like a prison house, all wood and wall-paper and

electric lights and silver hair-brushes, and a horrid, chatterbox telephone at the side of my bed. That man Harold Blunt would tame the moon if he could get a wire to it. Everything in sight conventional except the hour—two o'clock—and me. Grandmother says I have no sense of propriety. She is quite wrong. Sense of impropriety is what I lack.

It was a wicked night to go to sleep, so fair and white, and absolutely matchless, but at last I crept into bed, and was just asleep when the little chatterbox at my side tinkled softly. I reached out curiously and took the receiver off and listened. "Is that you, Gladys?" I heard quite distinctly.

"Why, Fayall Pritchard," I gasped, "is that you? I thought it was a long distance 'phone. What do you mean?"

"I mean good night," said that audacious man, "and it's the longest distance 'phone I ever talked through—"

I rang him off! How dared he? And I got up and put on a wrapper and read a book until almost four o'clock.

Edna came in at eight and roused me vigorously from sleep. Her eyes were full of laughter. "Did you have a good time last night?" she quizzed. "And what do you think of our Mr. Pritchard?"

I felt irritable. "He isn't your Mr. Pritchard," I snapped, "he's my Mr. Pritchard."

Edna's expression was delicious to see. But she kept her temper and repeated, "What do you think of him?"

"I think—" I stammered—"I think—that if he lived on the North Pole and I lived on the South Pole, and there was no one else on earth *it would seem crowded*. That's what I think of him!"

"Oh," said Edna, with mock displeasure, "I'm so sorry. I hoped you would like him."

"Like him?" I exclaimed, "I hate him! But like him or hate him, it doesn't make any difference—I'm going to marry him!"

Edna staggered up against the wall. "Why, Gladys G-a-y-l-o-r-d," she gasped. "Marry him? And you haven't known him thirteen hours."



"I can't help the thirteen hours," I explained, with growing interest in the situation. "I'll bet I know him better in thirteen hours than you'd know him in thirteen years. He was born in Maryland. He's thirty-five years old. He's six feet one. He weighs a hundred and ninety-four—thirty pounds more than Paul. He's got a divorced wife down in Abyssinia or somewhere. She's probably a native with a ring through her nose. I forgot to ask. He's got a brother in jail and a sister who's interested in Chinese missions. He's been in every State and city in the world except Bangor, Maine. He'll reach there about October the first with a frock coat and a best man. He's got an invested income of seven thousand a year, and he more than doubles that sometimes by doing stunts for people who'd rather stay at home. He's the biggest, darkest, ugliest man I ever saw. He's the only man I ever knew who could surprise me, who could get to a place before I did and be waiting for me. He knows by experience every thought I've ever thought of. He knows my dreams by their first names. He's full moon. He's high noon. He's a lightning bolt. He's a volcano. He's everything that makes Paul seem like a tallow dip!

"I don't like him! I don't love him! I don't deliberately choose to marry him! But he says I'm going to and I suppose I've got to. *He's my kind of man!*"

I stopped for breath, and Edna reeled over to the chatterbox, manipulated a few keys, and called down to the dining-room: "Don't wait breakfast for us, Harold. I'm helping Gladys."

"I've nothing more to tell," I announced emphatically, rushing at once to the task of getting dressed. Then I put on my stiffest, starchiest, stick-outest white piqué gown and went down to breakfast, looking as though a light-minded word would defile me.

Fayall Pritchard was all in white, too—of course he was, and from somewhere—goodness knows how, there was a huge bunch of pink water-lilies at my plate.

July 1905

It was a gay breakfast. Everybody jollied everybody about the night before, and from the ardor and scope of the insinuations it was perfectly evident that each couple feared they were the last ones in. But Fayall and I sat like blameless children and ate our melons and sipped our coffee with guilelessness and elegance.

After breakfast we all plunged into tennis, and after tennis into the gayest two weeks and four days that I ever spent in my life. We walked, we rode, we drove, we canoed, we steam-launched, we waded, we swam, we danced, we played cards, puss-in-the-corner, hide-and-go-seek—everything. We had a masquerade party, an amateur circus, a camp-meeting, a wake. We rollicked from morning till night, and from night till morning. It was like living, eating, sleeping, in an automobile at full tilt.

Fayall Pritchard and I were almost inseparable. He sent me pink flowers, lilies, roses, English daisies. He kept me supplied with books and magazines and candy. He took me everywhere and got furious if anyone else got in the way. He was jealous to the delicious point of insanity, and he filled my life brimming over with *himself*. He courted me the identical way that I would have courted a girl!

Why, I used in the old days to scribble tearful pages of the things I *wished* Paul would do and say, but I could have filled volumes with the surprises that Fayall Pritchard brought to me. I hadn't a thought or a desire that he didn't forestall, and he took the little scary, whispery things I thought in the dark and said them right out loud. He was a searchlight. And if he sometimes made me feel as though I hadn't any eyelids on, the sensation was startling enough to be interesting.

As I say, we were almost inseparable. The Washington girl and the young architect, a little bored with each other, tagged us assiduously at first, but gave up after two days and left us to our own devices. Gradually everybody left us to our own devices.

They thought they saw a budding romance. Budding? Good heavens! It was full-blown the day we met. People were very considerate. But looking back on that party, I find I cannot remember a single face except Edna's, Harold's and Fayall Pritchard's, though I can almost constantly recall the Washington girl's voice spooning over the Government.

I lived altogether in such a whirl of excitement and emotion that I wonder now how I ever kept soul and body together, for even the nights were destitute of rest. Just as sure as I closed my eyes to sleep, the little chatterbox bell would tinkle close to my ear and there would be Fayall ready to make telephone love for a half-hour at a time. It was an awfully easy way to talk and listen, but it gave me the most thrillingly clandestine feeling that I've ever had in my life. Things like that wear on you.

At the end of two weeks Fayall Pritchard went away on business, to be gone several days. His going left me with a very natural sense of isolation and neglect. It was the first low tide I had seen for two weeks, and I appreciated all the more that Fayall's divorced wife, and a few other incidentals, were humped rather conspicuously in the sand. I wished he would come back with a swoop and a rush that would carry everything before it. So I was wild with delight when he telegraphed on Thursday that he would be back for breakfast Friday morning.

Instead of that, however, he came Thursday night, late, so late that we were all in bed and asleep. About three o'clock I heard the chatterbox tinkle. It frightened me fearfully and set my heart pounding. Then I laughed and wondered if anyone else had discovered the little scheme—perhaps the Washington girl and the young architect were discussing the plans of the Congressional Library. But tinkle, tinkle, went the bell. No one had answered it. I sat up sleepily and took the receiver.

"What is it?" I whispered.

"It's I," came Fayall Pritchard's voice, deep and dark and strangely ominous. "It's I. I came back earlier than I expected. I just thought I'd wake you up and tell you that we are going to be married tomorrow——"

The receiver tumbled from my hand and hit the side of the wall with a terrible bump. I fumbled for it several seconds in the dark before I could find it and put it to my burning ear.

"M-a-r-r-i-e-d tomorrow?" I gasped.

"Of course," came the emphatic answer. "There's no use waiting. You're estranged from your grandmother, so there's no one to consult. And I've got a splendid chance to go to Peru. We'll start Sunday night. And we'll be married tomorrow."

This was no high tide. This was a tidal wave—a cyclone.

"Oh, no," I said, "I can't be married tomorrow. I don't want to be married tomorrow. I don't want to be married ever—yet. Think how young I am—I'm only twenty-five, I'm——"

"We're going to be married tomorrow," said Fayall Pritchard. There was a glint in his voice that was not pleasant. I had heard it once before, and I knew just how his eyes gleamed when he said it.

"I won't be married tomorrow," I retorted, and I hit the wall hard with my fist, hoping he'd think I'd stamped my foot—though, come to think of it, I never could walk on the wall.

"You *will* be married tomorrow," he persisted; "you'll be married tomorrow at four o'clock, June the twenty-seventh—I put the date down in my notebook six months ago, when I first heard of you and this Peru trip."

Suddenly the telephone bell jangled stridently in my ear. "For heaven's sake," came Harold's impatient voice, "for heaven's sake, who's monkeying with this telephone? I've been trying to get the stables for half an hour!" His voice muffled suddenly as though he had turned away, and I heard a faint, "Edna, Edna, people are talking through this 'phone, talking about marriage, quarreling or something.

Who is it? Who in thunder can it be? Why, it's three o'clock in the morning!"

I hung the receiver up like mad, and jumped out of bed. Guyed by Harold, and married by Fayall? Well, I guessed not. And in less than ten minutes I was dressed, hatted and coated, had thrust a few things into a hand-bag, and was scrambling down the back stairs.

When I stubbed my toe on the dark steps I soothed it with, "I *won't* be married tomorrow." When the key to the back door balked in its lock I encouraged myself with, "I *won't* be married tomorrow." When my breathless run to the station threatened to tear my lungs in two I still had breath to mutter through blue lips, "I *won't* be married tomorrow," and at last when I was fortunate enough to catch a milk train and huddle myself into the dirty velvet seat of the rear and only passenger-car, the engine started off ostentatiously puffing, "We *won't* be married tomorrow. We *won't* be married tomorrow."

"It isn't stage fright, either," I explained to myself. "I don't want to marry Fayall Pritchard, and, what's more, I *won't*. And, what's more, I'm going home to Bangor to forgive my grandmother. You don't run away from a man when you like him. It's hating him that makes you want to run." I gazed trustfully at my stoutly shod feet. "This is no silk-stockinged or silver-buckled escape. This is the *real thing*."

"You wouldn't let a brigand get on this train, would you?" I asked the conductor timidly when he came for my ticket, and if I hadn't immediately recovered myself and smiled with ill-managed facetiousness I probably should have been thrown off at the next station. Life is full of escapes as well as accidents.

The journey home was intolerable. I was almost dead with weariness and fright when I reached Bangor. I thought if I only could get home be-

fore Fayall Pritchard caught me, someone—the church, the police, the Young Women's Christian Association, grandmother, someone—would save me from being married against my will. Grandmother would know at once that it wasn't proper. Grandmother always knew at once when things weren't proper.

I was dazed. I was dumb. I was half mad. When I reached the gate of my grandmother's driveway a strange gardener was cutting the grass. It did not surprise me. He told me my grandmother had gone automobiling with the new minister, and that she was going to marry the new minister. It did not surprise me. A new maid answered my ring at the door-bell. It did not surprise me. The hallway was entirely rebuilt and refurnished. It did not surprise me. I wouldn't have been surprised to find the floors spread with jam instead of carpets. *Nothing* could have surprised me. I was not even surprised when I dragged myself into the drawing-room and found Paul standing on the Persian rug just where I had left him two years ago.

His back was toward me and I tiptoed up behind him and blew boisterously at the expected dust on his shoulders.

He turned quickly and saw me. It was a crucial moment. I braced myself for a shock, but he merely put his hands in his pockets and laughed—laughed like sunshine on a winter day.

"Oh, ho!" he said, "so it's you? I thought you'd circle back this way if I waited long enough."

"That's the way they hunt rabbits," I demurred.

"Oh, yes," he acknowledged, "lots of fleet and harmless things travel in a circle."

"It was a pretty big circle, and I've learned an awful lot," I said with bitter significance.

He winced at my words—not very much, but about as much as an elephant would if you made a face at him.

"Learned an awful lot?" he repeated. "I'm sorry for that. You knew too much already."

"Yes," I continued, ignoring his comment, "it was a pretty big circle, and I'm not fleet and I'm not harmless; I'm just a poor, tired woman come home to die."

"Heavens!" said Paul. "Is it as bad as that? Well, don't die standing up," and he pushed a Morris chair toward me, and I sank into it very gratefully.

"You can laugh all you want to," I murmured wearily, "but life is a horribly tedious thing, and—I think I've got heart-trouble."

Then Paul looked at me almost keenly, and said the only clever thing I ever heard him say. "Oh, ho, little girl," he said, "people who run up life two steps at a time must blame the running, and not life itself, for their heart-disease."

I clapped my hands with delight. Then suddenly I actually did get a little bit faint and white, and Paul jumped for a fan and sat down on the arm of my chair and began to fan me quite nicely.

"I am so tired," I sighed.

"Was the journey terribly bad?" said Paul; "let me get you a glass of wine."

"Oh, no, I'm not tired like that," I explained; "it's my temperament that's tired. I'm so tired of being duplicated. I'm so tired of living in tropical vegetation. Do you know of any cold, barren, perfectly arid waste, where I could lie down for eight or ten years and rest my temperament?"

Paul looked dismayed. "Why, Gladys Gaylord," he exclaimed, "your grandmother said you'd been visiting in Connecticut! There's no tropical vegetation in Connecticut!"

"Oh, yes, there is, Paul," I argued. "There's the rankest tropical vegetation in Connecticut of any State in the Union. But never mind, I want to talk to you. Paul, do you know my thoughts before I've thought them?"

"No," said Paul, "nor even after you've explained them."

"U-m," said I. "Paul, have you *done* all the things, good or bad, that I've ever dreamed of night or day?"

"No," said Paul, "I hope not."

"U-m," said I. "Paul, have you read everything that I've ever read in my life and loved it to distraction?"

"No," said Paul reluctantly; "nothing except the Sunday papers."

"U-m," said I. "Paul, would you go 'way off and live in a place like Peru, where they have wild animals on the postage stamps, instead of people whom you know?"

"No," said Paul. "I might go to Boston once or twice, but——"

"U-m," said I. "Paul, would you marry me if I didn't want to?"

"No," said Paul; "I certainly wouldn't."

"U-m," said I. "But, Paul, there's a man down in Connecticut who would."

"Damn the man in Connecticut!" said Paul.

"U-m," said I. "But, Paul, I was engaged to him for two weeks and three days."

"Damn the two weeks and three days!" said Paul, fanning furiously.

"U-m," said I. "But, Paul, he kissed me pretty often and quite hard, and I kissed him once or twice——"

"Damn!" said Paul.

"Stop fanning so hard!" I cried. "You're skinning my nose."

Paul dropped the fan in my lap and took both my hands in his cool ones; "I'm not quite as slow as I was when you went away," he laughed.

"Oh, aren't you?" I cried. "I'm so disappointed. I hoped you would be."

Paul's eyes danced—not a round dance, but a sort of Virginia reel, dignified and slow.

"You mustn't hold my hands," I protested; "the man from Connecticut is coming to marry me."

"You'll have two husbands, then," said Paul.

"Oh, no," I cried, "that would be bigamy!"

"Pigamy, I should think," said Paul fatuously. "Weren't we silly?"

Then the striking of a clock joggled me back to serious things.

I like to talk to Paul. It's like throwing a ball against the side of a

house. Your ball comes back 'most every time, but the side of the house stays where it belongs. If you get hurt it's your own fault.

"Paul," I said, "you promised you wouldn't marry me if I didn't want to. Does that mean that you would marry me if I did want to?"

"Yes," said Paul, quite simply; "that's just what it means."

"Well," I acknowledged, "perhaps I'll marry you just as soon as grandmother and her minister come home

from their ride, if you won't urge or insist or make any fuss about it."

Paul smiled divinely.

"I believe I'm going to kiss you," he said.

"Don't hurry," I suggested, with a flicker of sarcasm.

Paul laughed. "Thank you, I won't hurry," he said. And he didn't.

Grandmother and her minister came home and found us. We surprised them a good deal, but we didn't surprise them half so much as they surprised us!



## THE DAY MOON

THE little, loitering waves that sought the shore  
 Recked not of her; the listless leagues of sand  
 That zone the green girth of the noontide land  
 Espied her not; the fisher at his oar,  
 The children romping round his wind-swept door,  
 The driftwood-gatherer, bent with toil, and tanned  
 With dazzling days innumerable, and  
 The ships far-faring o'er the sea's blue floor—  
 None saw that heavenly lamp hung high and free,  
 Pale sister to the pulsing sun—save me.  
 And I was minded of that life of thine,  
 That shines as softly and unheededly,  
 O Sweet, save for this watchful love of mine—  
 My Day Moon, fairest of all orbs that be!

JESSIE STORRS FERRIS.



## A WONDER

"IS the new member of our sewing-class a rapid seamstress?"  
 "Well, she makes about sixty knots an hour."



## ENOUGH SAID

"IS her husband kind?"  
 "Well, he married her."



## HIS LADY TO RONSARD

By Virginia Woodward Cloud

PERCHANCE thyself shall sit one night,  
 Beside Time's ashes gray,  
 With ancient cronies, candlelight,  
 A jest, a toast and play,  
 And one more curious than the rest  
 Will say, "*Mon cher*, yon ember  
 Invites you toast the one loved best  
 If you, alas, remember!"

And you? Sad smile and twirl of lace—  
 "*Mon ami*, you are wise!  
 I sang to many a maiden's face,  
 I swore by Beauty's eyes;  
 But they I loved—nay, all life's lures  
 Tested, as then behoooved me,  
 Are gone. The memory which endures  
 Is—there was one who loved me!"

With shrug and smile those cronies then  
 Will ask if you forget  
 Fair Marguerite, Marie or Jeanne,  
 Celeste or Antoinette.  
 And you, "'Tis true, in memory  
 A face I might recover.  
 Messieurs, youth is but folly, I,  
 Perchance, was each one's lover.

"I loved and gave when life was flame,  
 I laughed and lavished all,  
 What matter now if face or name  
 Is far beyond recall?  
 'Tis night, *mes amis*, I am old,  
 Time's foil has found and proved me,  
 But one drop in life's cup, I hold,  
 'Tis—there was one who loved me!"

*Heart of my life, in some dusk's dream  
 When Time has far removed you,  
 Bid Memory, dove-winged, span night's stream  
 With a thought of one who loved you!*

## PREMIER JEUDI

Par J. Marni

**L**A salle à manger d'un modeste pavillon, à Nogent-sur-Marne. Midi, en hiver; un feu de coke assez vif brûle dans la grille de la cheminée. Par une baie sans rideaux on aperçoit la campagne dormant sous la neige.

MME DELMAT, 34 ans; ARMANDE, 13 ans; TOINETTE, 20 ans.

MME DELMAT est une grande femme mince, brune et jolie, avec de longs yeux gris aux paupières bistrées. Vêtue d'une robe de chambre en étoffe sombre, les épaules garanties par un petit châle de laine blanche, elle se tient debout dans le corridor, à la porte de la salle à manger, guettant l'arrivée d'ARMANDE que TOINETTE, la bonne, a été chercher à la gare. Un bruit de pas et de voix, quelques marches grimées à la hâte, une porte poussée par une main impatiente, et ARMANDE apparaît, suivie de TOINETTE.

ARMANDE (sautant au cou de MME DELMAT)—Maman! maman? Bonjour, ma petite mère! Bonjour, ma petite maman!

MME DELMAT—Bonjour, Mandette! Bonjour, ma jolie! Bonjour, mon petit enfant chéri! (Elle la couvre de baisers.) Mon petit Frise-Poulet! Tu es en retard! Il n'est rien arrivé? Pas d'accident?

ARMANDE—Rien, mère, rien du tout.

MME DELMAT—Tu n'as pas eu peur, toute seule, en wagon?

ARMANDE—J'étais dans le compartiment des dames.

MME DELMAT (examinant ARMANDE)—Tu as bonne mine. Comment! tu as mis ta robe bleue et ton chapeau neuf, par ce vilain temps?

ARMANDE—Il ne fallait pas? J'aurais dû mettre mon costume gris et ma vieille toque noire, peut-être?

MME DELMAT—Evidemment, ma chérie.

ARMANDE—Je m'en doutais! Mais je ne sais pas, moi, tu comprends, mère; je ne sais pas... je n'ai pas encore l'habitude... (Elle lui montre ses chaussures.) C'est comme pour mes bottines... J'ai mis mes grosses, à double semelle, est-ce bien?

MME DELMAT—Très bien! (Elle soulève légèrement le bord de la robe d'ARMANDE.) Quel jupon as-tu? Un jupon ouaté? Oui! À la bonne heure! (Elle embrasse sa fille.) Tu es un sage petit Frise-Poulet chéri à sa maman!

*Elle appelle TOINETTE*

TOINETTE (entrant)—Madame!

MME DELMAT (lui donnant le chapeau et le manteau d'ARMANDE)—Tenez, emportez ça sur mon lit, dans ma chambre, et servez-nous aussitôt que ce sera prêt.

TOINETTE—Oui, Madame.

MME DELMAT (s'asseyant à table)—Tu dois mourir de faim, mon trésor?

ARMANDE—Non! Je suis trop contente! Ça me coupe l'appétit! (Elle s'assied en face de sa mère et regarde autour de la pièce.) Oh! comme c'est petit ici, maman! En comparaison de...

*Elle s'arrête et rougit*

MME DELMAT (ton gêné)—Pour le prix que je pouvais y mettre, je n'ai rien trouvé de mieux. Mais il y a une jolie vue... Et puis, au printemps, le

jardin est, paraît-il, rempli de violettes. Je te montrerai le jardin après déjeuner.

ARMANDE (*d'une voix basse et songeuse*) — Au printemps! C'est encore bien loin, le printemps!

*Elle jette un triste regard sur le ciel livide qui s'élève au-dessus des champs blafards et désolés.*

MME DELMAT — Mais non, c'est dans trois mois.

ARMANDE — Trois mois? (*Réfléchissant.*) Douze jeudis!... Je n'aurai que douze jeudis pour te voir avant le printemps, alors?

*Elle soupire profondément et détourne la tête. Elle ressemble à sa mère. Très grande, très développée pour son âge, elle a, comme MME DELMAT, de lourds cheveux noirs, un teint pâle et des yeux pensifs sous des paupières bistrées.*

MME DELMAT — Ah! voilà le déjeuner. (*Elle prend le plat que TOINETTE vient de poser sur la table et elle sert sa fille.*) Ce sont des œufs brouillés aux cèpes. J'ai fait mettre une toute petite pointe d'ail. Oh! presque rien, pour toi. Tiens!

ARMANDE — Merci! (*Elles mangent en silence pendant une minute.*) Ils sont très bons, ces œufs; Maria ne les fait pas aussi bien.

MME DELMAT — Maria est donc toujours à la maison?

ARMANDE — Oui, mère.

MME DELMAT — Je croyais que ton père devait la renvoyer.

ARMANDE — Il a changé d'avis, ou plutôt... (*Elle hésite.*) C'est moi qui ai demandé à père de la garder.

MME DELMAT — Pourquoi?

ARMANDE — Parce que... Oh! mère! parce qu'elle t'aime bien, et que, avec elle, je peux parler de toi, tout le temps... C'est... c'est la seule personne, à présent, avec qui je puisse parler de toi!

MME DELMAT (*pâle*) — Ton père ne prononce jamais mon nom?

ARMANDE — Jamais.

*Elle baisse les yeux. Long silence. TOINETTE apporte un autre plat, puis elle sort.*

MME DELMAT — Veux-tu un peu de rosbif?

ARMANDE — Non, merci.

MME DELMAT (*doucement*) — Un peu, ma chérie, je t'en prie! manges-en un peu. Je l'ai fait faire pour toi, tu l'adores!

ARMANDE — Alors très, très peu, s'il te plaît!

*MME DELMAT lui découpe une tranche au milieu du rosbif, recouvre la tranche de jus saignant et lui donne son assiette. Pour elle, elle prend un morceau quelconque; toutes les deux essaient de manger.*

MME DELMAT — Il est tendre, n'est-ce pas?

ARMANDE — Très tendre. On a de la bonne viande dans ce pays-ci.

MME DELMAT — Et meilleur marché qu'à Paris.

ARMANDE — Vraiment?

MME DELMAT — Oui.

*Silence*

MME DELMAT (*timidement, sans regarder ARMANDE*) — Ainsi, Maria te parle de moi? Qu'est-ce qu'elle te dit?

ARMANDE — Elle me dit la seule chose qui puisse me consoler; elle me dit que tu reviendras à la maison.

MME DELMAT (*le visage pourpre*) — Elle dit ça!

ARMANDE — Oui! c'est triste à la maison, va! Il semble qu'il y ait quelqu'un de mort!... Je ne peux pas entrer dans ta chambre sans pleurer... et, à table, dans cette grande salle à manger, quand je vois ton petit tabouret en soie verte et blanche, sous ta place, ta place où père veut je me mette à présent, je laisse tomber ma serviette par terre, exprès, pour me pencher sur ton petit tabouret et l'embrasser. (*La voix pleine de larmes.*) C'est vrai, ça me fait plaisir de l'embrasser, ton petit tabouret!

*MME DELMAT, les traits convulsés, veut répondre, mais TOINETTE entre portant des légumes et le saladier. Cependant qu'elle fait le service, les deux femmes se taisent. Aussitôt que TOINETTE est hors de la pièce MME DELMAT éclate en sanglots.*

ARMANDE (*elle se lève précipitamment et se jette aux genoux de sa mère*) — Pardon, pardon, maman! Ne pleure

pas! Je t'en supplie! ne pleure pas! Je n'ai pas voulu te faire de la peine!... Maman! maman! réponds-moi! (*Elle essaie de lui écarter les mains de la figure.*) Réponds-moi! dis-mois que tu ne crois pas que je veuille te faire de la peine!... mère chérie! petite mère! mère aimée!

MME DELMAT—Non!... non, mon petit... Non! ce n'est pas pour ça... C'est... c'est autre chose! C'est... tu ne peux pas comprendre..., vois-tu! Plus tard, plus tard, quand tu seras femme... tu me comprendras... tu me pardonneras... Tu verras!... tu me pardonneras! La vie... la vie avec ses mensonges, ses hypocrisies, ses lâchetés te fera horreur!... Et, alors, tu te souviendras et... et tu penseras: Pauvre maman! Elle n'a pas su, elle n'a pas pu tromper, trahir, elle! Elle a préféré tout quitter... tout briser!... Elle... elle a... (*Elle sanglote si désespérément qu'elle ne peut pas continuer.*)

ARMANDE—Oui... oui! Je sais, va! je comprends... je comprends... déjà!... oui!... je comprends!... Mais... mais... un jour... dans bien longtemps... lorsque tu... lorsqu'il... Enfin si tu es malheureuse et si père te demande de revenir à la maison, tu reviendras, dis? Tu reviendras pour ta petite Mandette, pour ton petit Frise-Poulet chéri?

MME DELMAT (*étreignant sa fille dans ses bras*)—Ma petite fille!

ARMANDE—Oui, ta petite fille, à toi! qui s'ennuie tant de sa maman! Songe, mère! Une fois par semaine! Te voir une fois par semaine, le jeudi, seulement! Je t'assure, chérie, que ce n'est pas assez! Quand père m'a dit: "Tu iras chez ta mère tous les jeudis," j'ai répondu: "Père, ce n'est pas assez!"

TOINETTE (*entrant brusquement*)—Voilà la tarte pour mademoiselle.

ARMANDE *se relève très vite et se rassied à sa place.* MME DELMAT *aussi tâche de se faire une contenance.*

MME DELMAT (*à TOINETTE*)—Malheureusement, mademoiselle n'a plus faim.

ARMANDE—C'est toi qui as fait cette tarte, maman?

MME DELMAT—Oui, j'espérais que tu en mangerais volontiers... et...

ARMANDE—Donne-m'en un petit morceau. (*Elle tend son assiette.*) J'emporterai le reste, si tu veux, ce soir, quand je m'en irai...

MME DELMAT—Mais, ce soir, tu dînes avec moi, mon mignon, n'est-ce pas?

ARMANDE—Non! (*Elle attend que TOINETTE soit sortie.*) Père a dit que, pour ce premier jeudi, je déjeunerais seulement. Il viendra me chercher à la gare de l'Est, à six heures.

MME DELMAT (*courbant la tête*)—Ah!...



## NO FAMILY SKELETON

COBWIGGER—How is it that it takes three generations to make a gentleman?  
MERRIT—You see, the people who knew how your grandfather made his money are all dead by that time.



## SAVED

MAY—Why did Jack break off his engagement with Nell?

PAMELA—He went to church with her one Sunday, and the fervor with which she sang "Oh, that I had a thousand tongues" scared him.

## A BALLADE OF BROADWAY

SOME love a garden gay  
 Where brilliant blossoms blow;  
 Some love a shaded way  
 Where leafy lindens grow.  
 Some love the valleys low,  
 And some the mountains' height;  
 I love the passing show  
 Along Broadway at night.

I love the gay display,  
 The dashing belle and beau;  
 The carriage and coupé,  
 The jingling car. And, oh,  
 The jostling to and fro,  
 The dazzling life and light!  
 Give me the glare and glow  
 Along Broadway at night.

The moving scenes portray  
 Alternate joy and woe;  
 Our hearts beneath its sway  
 Respond with thrill or throe.  
 Ah, nothing that I know  
 Compares in sound or sight  
 With the great ebb and flow  
 Along Broadway at night.

## L'ENVOI

Prince, you have your chateau,  
 With marble terrace white;  
 But I would rather go  
 Along Broadway at night.

CAROLYN WELLS.



## PUT HIM OUT OF BUSINESS

TED—Ambition was his ruin.

NED—No wonder. It was his wife who had the ambition.



# A DRESS REHEARSAL

By Harold MacGrath

IT was Carrington's habit invariably—when no business or social engagement pressed him to go elsewhere—to drop into a certain quaint little French restaurant just off Broadway for his dinners. It was out of the way; the throb and rattle of the great commercial artery became like the far-off murmur of the sea, restful rather than annoying. He always made it a point to dine alone, undisturbed. The proprietor nor his silent-footed waiters had the slightest idea who Carrington was. To them he was simply a profitable customer who signified that he dined there in order to be alone. His table was upstairs. Below there was the usual dinner crowd till theatre-time; and the music had the faculty of luring his thoughts astray, being as he was more fond of melody than of work. As a matter of fact, it was in this little restaurant that he winnowed the day's ideas, revamped scenes, trimmed the rough edges of his climaxes, revised this epigram or rejected this or that line; all on the margins of newspapers and on the backs of envelopes. In his den at his bachelor apartments he worked; but here he dreamed, usually behind the soothing, opalescent veil of Madame Nicotine.

What a marvelous thing a good after-dinner cigar is! In the smoke of it the poor man sees his ships come in, the poet sees his muse beckoning with hands full of largess, the millionaire reverts to his early struggles, and the lover sees his divinity in a thousand graceful poses.

Tonight, however, Carrington's cigar was without magic. He was out

of sorts. Things had gone wrong at the rehearsal that morning. The star had demanded the removal of certain lines which gave the leading man an opportunity to shine in the climax of the third act. He had labored a whole month over this climax, and he revolted at the thought of changing it to suit the whim of a capricious woman.

Everybody had agreed that this climax was the best the dramatist had yet constructed. A critic who had been invited to a reading had declared that it lacked little of being great. And at this late hour the star wanted it changed so as to bring her alone in the limelight! It was preposterous. As Carrington was a successful dramatist, exceedingly popular, the business-manager and the stage-manager both agreed to leave the matter wholly in the dramatist's hands. So he resolutely declined to make a single alteration in the scene. There was a storm. The star declared that if the change was not made at once she would leave the company. In making this declaration she knew her strength. There was not another actress of her ability to be found; the season was too late. There was not another woman available, nor would any other manager lend one. As the opening performance was but two weeks hence, you will realize why Carrington's mood this night was anything but amiable.

He scowled at his cigar. There was always something, some sacrifice to make, and seldom for art's sake. It is all very well to witness a play from the other side of the footlights; everything appears to work out so smoothly,

easily and without effort. To this phenomenon is due the amateur dramatist—because it looks simple. A play is not written; it is built, like a house. In most cases the dramatist is simply the architect. The novelist has comparatively an easy road to travel. The dramatist is beset on all sides, now the business-manager—that is to say, the box-office—now the stage-manager, now the star, now the leading man or woman. Jealousy's green eyes peer from all sides. The dramatist's ideal, when finally presented to the public, resembles those mutilated marbles that decorate the museums of Rome and Florence. Only there is this difference: the public can easily imagine what the sculptor was about, but never the dramatist.

Carrington was a young man, tolerably good-looking, noticeably well built. When they have good features, a cleft chin and a manly nose I like to see your clean-shaven men. He had fine eyes, in the corners of which always lurked mirth and mischief; for he possessed above all things an inexhaustible fund of dry humor. His lines seldom evoked rough laughter; rather silent chuckles. He had fought his way to the front by sheer persistence. He had loitered around the great managers' offices till they finally read a play to get rid of him. After that he had but little trouble.

The great manager is a natural-born coward. He continues to produce weaklings by well-known names because he fears to risk a dollar on an obscurity. But all the time he is waiting for his rival to make a discovery, to take the initial risk. Once a manager produces a play by a new author, his rivals rush in and try to outbid him. This is where the author comes in; that is, if he has a keen eye in examining a dramatic contract.

Carrington's scowl abated none. In business women were nuisances; they were always taking impossible stands. He would find some way out; he was determined not to submit to the imperious fancies of an actress, however famous she might be.

"Sir, will you aid a lady in distress?" The voice was tremulous but as rich in tone as the diapason of an organ.

Carrington looked up from his cigar to behold a beautiful young woman standing at the side of his table. Her round, smooth cheeks were flushed and on the lower lids of her splendid dark eyes tears of shame trembled and threatened to fall. Behind her stood a waiter, of impassive countenance, who was adding up the figures on a check, his movement full of suggestion.

The dramatist understood the situation at once. The young lady had ordered dinner, and having eaten it, found that she couldn't pay for it. It was, to say the least, a trite situation. But what can a man do when a beautiful woman approaches him and pleads for assistance? I defy any gentleman to extricate himself without positive rudeness. So Carrington rose.

"What may the trouble be?" he asked coldly, for all that he instantly recognized her to be a person of breeding and refinement.

"I—I have lost my purse, and I have no money to pay the waiter." She made this confession bravely and frankly.

Carrington looked about. They were alone. She interpreted his glance rather shrewdly.

"There were no women to appeal to. The waiter refused to accept my word, and I really can't blame him. I had no money to send a messenger to my home."

One of the trembling tears escaped and rolled down the blooming cheek. Carrington surrendered. He saw that this was an exceptional case. The girl was truly in distress. He knew his New York thoroughly; a man or woman without funds was treated with the finished cruelty with which the jovial Roman emperors amused themselves with the Christians. Lack of money in one person creates incredulity in another. A penniless person is invariably a liar and a thief. Only one sort of person is pitied in New York: the per-

son who has more money than she or he can possibly spend.

The girl fumbled in her hand-bag and produced a card which she gave to Carrington—"Elizabeth Challoner." He looked from the card to the girl, and then back to the card. The name, somehow, was not wholly unfamiliar, but at that moment he could not place it.

"Waiter, let me see the check," he said. It amounted to \$2.10. Carrington smiled. "Scarcely large enough to cause all this trouble," he said reassuringly; "I will attend to it."

The waiter bowed and retired. So long as the check was paid he did not care who paid it.

"Oh, it is so horribly embarrassing! What must you think of me!" She twisted her gloves with a nervous strength which threatened to rend them.

"May I give you a bit of friendly advice?"

She nodded, hiding the fall of the second tear.

"Well, never dine alone in public; at any rate, in the evening. It is not wise for a woman to do so. She subjects herself to any number of embarrassments."

She did not reply, and for a moment he believed that she was about to break down completely. He aimlessly brushed the cigar ashes from the tablecloth. He hated a scene in public. In the theatre it was different; it was a part of the petty round of business to have the leading lady burst into tears when things didn't suit her. What fools women were in general! But the girl surprised him by holding up determinedly, and sinking her white teeth into her lips to smother the sob which rose in her throat.

"Be seated," he said, drawing out the opposite chair.

A wave of alarm spread over her face. She clasped her hands.

"Sir, if you are a gentleman——"

Carrington interrupted her by giving her his card, which was addressed. She glanced at it through a blur of tears, then sat down. Carrington shrugged

slightly; his vanity was touched. There was, then, a young woman in New York who had not heard of Richard Carrington, celebrated as a dramatist?

"In asking you to be seated," he explained, "it was in order that you might wait in comfort while I despatched a messenger to your home. Doubtless you have a brother, a father, or some male relative, who will come to your assistance." Which proved that Carrington was prudent.

But instead of brightening as he expected she would, she straightened in her chair, while her eyes widened with horror, as if she saw something frightful in perspective.

What the deuce was the matter now, he wondered as he witnessed this inexplicable change.

"No, no! You must not send a messenger!" she protested.

"But——"

"No, no!" tears welling into her beautiful eyes again. They *were* beautiful, he was forced to admit.

"But," he persisted, "you wished the waiter to do so. I do not understand." His tone became formal again.

"I have reasons. Oh, heavens! I am the most miserable woman in all the world!" She suddenly bowed her head upon her hands and her shoulders rose and fell with silent sobs.

Carrington stared at her, dumfounded. *Now* what? He glanced cautiously around as if in search of some avenue of escape. The waiter, ever watchful, assumed that he was wanted, and made as though to approach the table; but Carrington warned him off. All distrust in the girl vanished. Decidedly she was in great trouble of some sort, and it wasn't because she could not pay a restaurant check. Women—and especially New York women—do not shed tears when a stranger offers to settle for their dinner checks.

"If you will kindly explain to me what the trouble is," visibly embarrassed, "perhaps I can help you. Have you run away from home?" he asked.

A negative nod.

"Are you married?"

Another negative nod.

Carrington scratched his chin.

"Have you—done anything—wrong?"

A decided negative shake of the head.

At any other time the gesticulation of the ostrich plume, so close to his face, would have amused him; but there was something eminently pathetic in the diapasm which drifted toward him from the feather.

"Come, come; you may trust me thoroughly. If you are afraid to return home alone——"

He was interrupted by an affirmative nod this time. Possibly, he conjectured, the girl had started out to elope and had fortunately stopped at the brink.

"Will it help you at all if I go home with you?"

His ear caught a muffled "Yes."

Carrington beckoned to the waiter.

"Order a cab at once," he said.

The waiter hurried away, with visions of handsome tips.

Presently the girl raised her head and sat up. Her eyes, dark as shadows in still waters, glistened.

"Be perfectly frank with me; and if I can be of any service to you, do not hesitate to command me." He eyed her thoughtfully. Everything attached to her person suggested elegance. Her skin was as fine as vellum; her hair had a dash of golden bronze in it; her hands were white and shapely, and the horn on the tips of the fingers shone rosily. Now, what in the world was there to trouble a young woman who possessed these favors, who wore jewels on her fingers and sable on her shoulders? "Talk to me just as you would to a brother," he added.

"You will take this ring," she said irrelevantly. She slipped a fine sapphire from one of her fingers and pushed it across the table.

"And for what reason?" he cried.

"Security for my dinner. I cannot accept charity," with a hint of hauteur which did not in the least displease him.

"But, my dear young woman, I can-

not accept this ring. You have my address. You may send the sum whenever you please. I see no reason why, as soon as you arrive home, you cannot refund the small sum of two dollars and ten cents. It appears to me all very simple."

"There will be no one at home, not even the servants," wearily.

Carrington's brows came together. Was the girl fooling him, after all? But for what reason?

"You have me confused," he admitted. "I can do nothing blindly. Tell me what the trouble is."

"How can I tell you, an absolute stranger? It is all so frightful, and I am so young!"

Frightful? Young? He picked up his half-finished cigar, but immediately let it fall. He stole a look at his watch; it was seven.

"Oh, I know what you must think of me," despairingly. "Nobody believes in another's real misfortune in this horrid city. There are so many fraudulent methods used to obtain people's sympathies that everyone has lost trust. I had no money when I entered here; but outside it was so dark. Whenever I stopped, wondering where I should go, men turned and stared at me. Once a policeman stared into my face suspiciously. And I dared not return home, I dared not! No, no; I promise not to embarrass you with any more tears." She brushed her eyes with a rapid movement.

Carrington's success as a dramatist was due largely to his interest in all things that passed under his notice; nothing was too trivial to observe. The tragic threads of human life, which escaped the eyes of the passing many or were ignored by them, always aroused his interest and attention; and more than once he had picked up one of these threads and followed it to the end. Out of these seeming insignificant things he often built one of those breathless, nerve-gripping climaxes which had made him famous. In the present case he believed that he had stumbled upon

something worthy of his investigation. This beautiful girl, richly dressed, who dared not go home, who had rings but no money—there was some mystery surrounding her, and he determined to find out what it was. And then, besides, for all that he was worldly, he was young and still believed in his Keats.

"If, as you say, there is no one at your home, why do you fear to go there?" he asked, with some remnant of caution.

"It is the horror of the place," shuddering; "the horror!" And indeed, at that moment, her face expressed horror.

"Is it someone dead?" lowering his voice.

"Dead?" with a flash of cold anger in her eyes. "Yes—to me, to truth, to honor; dead to everything that should make life worth the living. Oh, it is impossible to say more in this place, to tell you here what has happened this day to rob me of all my tender illusions. This morning I awoke happy, my heart was light; now, nothing but shame and misery, shame and misery!" She hid her eyes for a space behind the back of her hand.

"I will take you home," he said simply.

"You trust me?"

"Why not? I am a man, and can easily take care of myself."

"Thank you!"

What a voice! It possessed a marvelous quality, low and penetrating, like the voices of great singers and actresses.

Here the waiter returned to announce that the cab awaited them below. Carrington paid the two checks, dropped a liberal tip, rose and got into his coat. The girl also rose, picked up his card, glanced carelessly at it, and put it into her handbag—a little gold-link affair worth many dinners. It was the voice and these evidences of wealth, more than anything else, that determined Carrington. Frauds were always perpetrated for money, and this exquisite creature had a comfortable fortune on her fingers.

Silently they left the restaurant, entered the cab, and went rolling out into Broadway. Carrington, repressing his curiosity, leaned back against the cushion. The girl looked dully ahead.

What manner of tragedy was about to unfold itself to his gaze?

## II

THE house was situated Central Park West. It was of modern architecture; a residence such as only rich men can afford to build. It was in utter gloom; not a single light could be seen at any window. It looked as if indeed tragedy sat enthroned within. Carrington's spine wrinkled a bit as he got out of the cab and offered his hand to the girl.

Mute and mysterious as a sphinx, the girl walked to the steps, not even looking around to see if he was coming after her. Perhaps she knew the power of curiosity. Without hesitance she mounted; he followed, a step behind. At the door, however, she paused. He could hear her breath coming in quick gasps.

"What is it?" he asked.

"Nothing, nothing; only I am afraid."

She stooped; there was a grating sound, a click and the door opened. Carrington was a man of courage, but he afterward confessed that it took all his nerve to force his foot across the threshold.

"Do not be frightened," she said calmly; "there is nothing here to frighten anyone but ghosts."

"Ghosts?"

"Yes."

"Have you brought me here to tell me a ghost story?" with an effort at lightness. What misery the girl's tones conveyed to his ears!

"The ghosts of things that ought to and should have been; are these not the most melancholy?" She pressed a button and flooded the hallway with light.

His keen eyes roved about, to meet nothing but signs of luxury. She led



him into the library and turned on the lights. Not a servant anywhere in sight; the great house seemed absolutely empty. Not even the usual cat or dog came romping inquisitively into the room. The shelves of books stirred his sense of envy; what a den for a literary man to wander in! There were beautiful marbles, splendid paintings, originals, too, for Carrington knew his art; taste and refinement visible everywhere.

He stood silently watching the girl as she took off her hat and carelessly tossed it on the reading-table. The Russian sables were treated with like indifference. The natural abundance of her hair amazed him; and what a figure, so elegant, so slender, yet so round! The girl, without noticing him, walked the length of the room and back several times. Once or twice she made a gesture. It was not addressed to him, but to some conflict going on in her mind.

Carrington sat down on the edge of a chair and fell to twirling his hat.

"I am wondering where I shall begin," she said.

Carrington turned down his coat collar; the action seemed to relieve him of the sense of awkwardness.

"Luxury!" she began, with a sweep of her hand that was full of majesty and despair. "Why have I chosen you out of all the thousands; why should I believe that my story should interest you? Well, little as I have seen of the world, I have learned that woman does not go to woman in cases such as mine is." And then pathetically: "I know no woman to whom I might go. Women are like daws; their sympathy comes but to peck. Do you know what it is to be alone in a city? The desert is not loneliness; it is only solitude. True loneliness is to be found only in great communities. To be without a single friend or confidant when thousands of beings move about you; to pour your sorrows into cold, unfeeling ears; to seek sympathy in blind eyes—that is loneliness. That is the loneliness that causes the heart to break."

Carrington's eyes never left hers; he was fascinated.

"Luxury!" she repeated bitterly. "Surrounding me with all a woman might desire—paintings that charm the eye, books that charm the mind, music that charms the ear. Money!"

"Philosophy in a girl!" thought Carrington. His hat became motionless.

"It is all a lie, a lie!" The girl struck her hands together, impotent in her wrath, as Dido might have struck hers when she heard that Æneas was dead.

It was done so naturally that Carrington, always the dramatist, made a mental note of the gesture.

"I was educated in Paris and Berlin; my musical education was completed in Vienna. Like all young girls with music-loving souls, I was something of a poet. I saw the beautiful in everything; sometimes the beauty existed only in my imagination. I dreamed; I was happy. I was told that I possessed a voice such as is given to but few. I sang before the Emperor of Austria at a private musical. He complimented me. The future was bright indeed. Think of it; at twenty I retained all my illusions! I am now twenty-three, and not a single illusion is left. I saw but little of my father and mother, which is not unusual with children of wealthy parents. The first shock that came was the knowledge that my mother had ceased to live with my father. I was recalled. There were no explanations. My father met me at the boat. He greeted my effusive caresses—caresses that I had saved for years!—with careless indifference. This was the second shock. What did it all mean? What had happened? Where was my mother? My father did not reply. When I reached home I found that all the servants I had known in my childhood days were gone. From the new ones I knew that I should learn nothing of the mystery which, like a pall, had suddenly settled down upon me."

She paused, her arms hanging listless at her sides, her gaze riveted upon a pattern in the rug at her feet. Car-

rington sat like a man of stone; her voice had cast a spell upon him.

"I do not know why I tell you these things; you are an absolute stranger. I know not whether I weary you or not. I do not care. Madness lay in silence. I had to tell someone. This morning I found out all. My mother left my father because he was—a thief!"

"A thief!" fell unconsciously from Carrington's lips.

"A thief, bold, unscrupulous; not the petty burglar—no. A man who has stolen funds trusted to him for years; a man who has plundered the orphan and the widow, the most despicable of all men. My mother died of shame, and I knew nothing. My father left last night for South America, taking with him all the available funds, leaving me a curt note of explanation. I have neither money, friends nor home. The papers as yet know nothing; but tomorrow, tomorrow! The banks have seized everything."

She continued with her story. Sometimes she was superb in her rage, at others abject in her misery. She seemed to pass through the whole gamut of passions.

And all this while it ran through Carrington's head—"What a scheme for a play! What a scheme for a play! What a voice!" He pitied the girl from the bottom of his heart; but what could he do for her other than offer cold sympathy? He was ill at ease in the face of this peculiar tragedy.

All at once the girl stopped and faced him. There was a smile on her lips, a smile that might be likened to a flash of sunshine on a wintry day. Directly this smile melted into a laugh, mellow, mischievous, reverberating.

Carrington sat up stiffly in his chair.

"I beg your pardon!" he said.

The girl sat down before a small writing-table. She searched among some papers and finally found what she sought.

"Mr. Carrington, all this has been in very bad taste; I frankly confess it.

July 1905

There are two things you can do: leave the house in anger or remain to forgive me this imposition."

"I fail to understand," he said, his anger coming to the surface.

"I have deceived you."

"You have lured me here by a trick? You have played upon my sympathies to gratify—?"

"Wait a moment," she said proudly, her rich blood mantling her cheeks.

"A trick, it is true; but there are extenuating circumstances. What I have told you *has* happened, only it was not yesterday nor the day before. Please remain seated till I have done. I *am* poor; I *was* educated in the cities I named; I have to earn my living."

She rose and came over to his chair. She gave him a letter.

"Read this; you will understand."

Carrington experienced a mild chill; he saw his own handwriting. He extracted the letter from the envelope and read with some shame:

MISS CHALLONER—I have neither the time nor the inclination to bother with amateur actresses.

RICHARD CARRINGTON.

"It was scarcely polite, was it?" she asked, with a tinge of irony. "It was scarcely diplomatic, either, you will admit. I simply asked you for work. Surely, an honest effort to obtain employment ought not to be met with insolence."

He stared dumbly at the evidence in his hand.

"For weeks I have tried to get a hearing. Manager after manager I sought; all refused to see me; I have suffered affronts silently. Your manager I saw, but he referred me to you. I could never find you. But I was determined. So I wrote; that was your answer. I confess that for a time I was very angry, for courtesy is a simple thing and within reach of everyone."

To receive a lesson in manners from a young woman is not a very pleasant experience; but Carrington was a thorough gentleman, and he submitted meekly.

"I know that you are a busy man,

that you are besieged with applications. You ought, at least, to have formal slips printed, such as editors use. I have confidence in my ability to act, the confidence which talent gives to all persons. After receiving your letter I was more than ever determined to see you. So I resorted to this subterfuge. It was all very distasteful to me; but there is a vein of wilfulness in me. This is not my home. It is the home of a friend who was kind enough to turn it over to me this night, relying upon my wit to bring about this meeting."

"It was very neatly done," was Carrington's comment. He was not angry now at all. In fact, the girl interested him hugely. "I am rather curious to learn how you went about it."

"You are not angry?"

"I was."

This seemed to satisfy her.

"Well, first I learned where you were in the habit of dining. All day long a messenger has been following you. A telephone brought me to the restaurant. The rest you know. It was simple."

"Very simple," laconically.

"You listened and believed. I have been watching you. You believed everything I have told you. You have even been calculating how this scene might go into a play. Have I convinced you that I have the ability to act?"

Carrington folded the letter and balanced it on his palm.

"You fooled me completely; that ought to be sufficient recommendation."

"Thank you." But her eyes were eager with anxiety.

"Miss Challoner, I apologize for this letter. I do more than that. I promise not to leave this house till you agree to call at the theatre at ten tomorrow morning." He was smiling, and Carrington had a pleasant smile. He had an idea besides. "Good fortune put it into my head to follow you here. I see it all now, quite plainly. I am in a peculiar difficulty, and I honestly believe that you can help me out of it. How long would it take you to learn a leading part? In fact, the principal part?"

"A week."

"Have you had any experience?"

"A short season out West in a stock company."

"Good!"

"And I love the work."

"Do not build any great hopes," he warned; "for your chance all depends upon the whim of another woman. But you have my word and good offices that something shall be put in your way. You will come at ten?" putting on his gloves.

"Promptly."

"I believe that we both have been wise tonight; though it is true that a man dislikes being a fool and having it made manifest."

"And how about the woman scorned?" with an enchanting smile.

"It is kismet," he acknowledged.

"What a find!" thought Carrington jubilantly, on his way downtown.

"There is, after all, nothing like persistence," mused the girl. "It was much easier than I thought it would be."

Which proved that she had not nearly so much vanity as is usually accorded to woman.



## IN SOCIETY

MRS. HAYNE—Isn't that your child?

MRS. PAYNE—I shouldn't wonder; there is something strangely familiar about the nurse.

# A SIREN IN ARCADIA

By Margret Temple

MARJORIE stood eying ruefully the flaunting sign over the little station.

"Arcadia!" she said to herself contemptuously. "Was there ever such an incongruous name—such an absurd, impossible, ridiculous name for such a place?"

Her little red lip twisted itself into a disapproving pout as she gathered up her suit-case and parasol and box of candy and four magazines, and dragged them over to the door of the station. Then she gave a gigantic sigh.

A man thrust his head out of the operator's window.

"Are ye waitin' fer anyone, miss?" he asked genially.

Marjorie looked up at him with a confiding smile. The soft, yellow hair blew against her little flower face, and the brown eyes—big and round as a child's—interrogated him helplessly. She poured out her tale of woe in plaintive, heavily emphasized sentences.

"My brother promised to meet me," she said tragically. "He said the six forty-five, I know. And this is the right station; the rifle range is here, isn't it?"

"Three miles?" She dropped her suit-case and stared at him in comic dismay. "Three miles! Why, what am I to do? I can't walk, and there doesn't seem to be anything here." She cast a disdainful glance about her.

The man, deeming the situation one of dire need, got up and shuffled out to the platform.

"There's a hotel up there," he remarked suggestively, with a comprehensive sweep of his arm.

"But I can't stay in a strange place all night—alone!" She uttered the last word with accents of horror.

"Ye might get old man Dean ter let ye hev a rig o' some sort." He made a sudden spasmodic grab for her suitcase and started off. "You come along with me," he advised in a fatherly tone, "and I'll see what we kin do. It's no time for the likes of you"—with an admiring and protective glance—"to be straying around loose. If I was yer brother I'd 'a' been meeting you, sure enough, blamed ef I wouldn't! Come to think of it, though, a lot of the boys went up today. Likely he was one of the bunch."

Marjorie smiled confidently.

"No, indeed! He wrote me to be here today. He is to stay on to look after the camp and turn the property over. You see, the other regiment won't be down for two weeks or more."

"Well, I spec's ye're all right. I hear they left one officer and some men behind. Ye just walk in now and set a spell; I'll hustle up the old man. This is our hotel," he explained with some pride as he lifted the rope slipped over the gate-post and hospitably ushered her in.

The "hotel" was a ghastly, orange-colored house, with a little sweep of lawn at the side and an apology for a porch fronting on the highway.

Marjorie suddenly felt a wave of desolation sweep over her. She followed her guide into a dark, vault-like parlor and settled in a heap on one of the slippery horsehair chairs. There were two pictures on the wall: one of Pharaoh's horses and the other of Abraham Lincoln.

After an interminable wait her accommodating friend returned, saying cheerily:

"Ye're all right, miss. The old man will fix ye up. I've got to leave ye; there's no one to tend the station. Thank ye, miss; see yer again. Get the lieutenant to bring ye in and show ye the town." He shook her small hand limply and went out, each limb seeming to shamble a different way, as if the joints had not been properly secured.

Marjorie looked up with her engaging smile at the old man.

"Can you let me have some kind of a trap?" she asked in her purring little voice. "It's getting so late, and I must get out to camp. I am Lieutenant Carr's sister. Perhaps you know my brother?"

"Sure!" Dean answered, with quick reassurance. "He came here wantin' rooms, but when he found he was a-goin' to stay in camp he decided to take you there. Yes, 'um, I know the lieutenant, and a fine fellow he is, too. You just follow me."

Marjorie, radiant with relief, gathered up her numerous belongings and stepped daintily out to the gate. The sky was overcast; and a cool, strong wind swept the dust along the road, where a rickety buggy with one weary horse stood waiting.

Mr. Dean stowed her things in the back and helped her in.

"I wisht I could hev sent a man with you," he drawled apologetically; "but this is a holiday, you know, and they are all out. You can manage old Spot all right, though; just give her her head, and keep the flies off of her and she'll take you straight. No, don't bother to send the rig back; one of the boys will bring it in in the morning. You'd better travel along right smart, fer it looks like we were a-goin' to have some rain. Just keep to the road till you reach the camp; you can't miss it."

Marjorie thanked him as cheerfully as she could and gathered the reins up in her slim hands.

Twilight was hugging the world in

her shadowy arms and black, bulgy clouds hung low in the sky. There was a sweet dampness in the air that promised showers.

She put up one hand and, taking out her hat-pin, took her hat off, pinning it deftly to the seat. She ran her fingers through the soft fall of golden hair on her forehead. The wind caught it and blew it out like a veil. It was a cool wind, redolent with the perfume of mown meadows.

Marjorie's eyes rested gratefully on the wheat-fields stretching in delicious golden greens to right and left, the tasseled heads of the grain bowed in stately courtesy. The valley lay girdled by its blue mountains like an emerald in a turquoise ring. There was no sound save the faint, sweet tinkle of homing cow-bells, the familiar "croak, croak" of hoarse frogs, the twittered good nights of mating birds. The country was going to sleep, and it was barely sundown.

Marjorie half closed her eyes in a dreamy ecstasy. The reins slipped through her careless fingers; she threw her head back to catch the full play of the riotous wind.

Suddenly there was a threatening rumble overhead, a hoarse roar of anger, and, like a regiment of artillery unloading its batteries, the thunder tumbled across the sky. The wind sprang to meet it with ready haste. A jagged black pall hung threateningly in the west, impenetrable, forbidding. Fiercely it crushed out the faint color of the sunset, falling like the curtain in a theatre. A few moments of indecision; a patter of big raindrops and an ominous quiet, and then the heavens were torn open by a flash of lightning, and the storm burst!

The rain swept downward in gray sheets; the wind beat and tore at the branches of the trees, hurling them angrily to the earth. Marjorie crouched in the bottom of the buggy, hanging desperately to the reins and urging the bewildered horse forward.

She crouched and screamed at every poniard of lightning as it pierced the sky and glanced off in fantastic zig-



zags. She had no idea where she was. The mare was stretching her long gaunt legs and flying through the blinding rain with the dilapidated old buggy swaying after her. The darkness grew more oppressive; the road was soggy with water, and the wind almost tore her from the buggy. The old mare suddenly turned a corner without slacking her terrified rush, and Marjorie, flung forward on the dashboard, saw faint specks of white piercing the trees to the left. It was the camp.

She gave a little hysterical gasp of relief and tried to push the wet hair out of her eyes. The road grew rougher and the dripping tree branches slapped her viciously in the face. The mare dragged along more slowly, and at last stopped. Marjorie, half blinded, saw that they were facing a gateway, with a barbed wire fence on either side. Swaying tents sprang up ghost-like, peeping from the shadows. She stood up and, making a little pipe of her hands, called frantically again and again; but the wind tore her voice from her lips and carried it away to die in the uproar. There was no sign of any living thing.

Clinging desperately to the seat, she managed to climb to the ground, and staggering in her heavy dripping skirts to the gate, she shook it helplessly. At last her voice, high and clear, rang above the storm.

A man came stumbling over the rough ground, his hat pulled down over his eyes. He fumbled with the gate a moment and then pulled it open with a wrench. Something precipitated itself against him; something wet and soft and clinging.

"The devil!" he said explosively.

But a faint voice from somewhere answered weakly: "No it's not——"

"Merciful heavens!"

"Please let me in," came the tremulous plea. "I am all wet and tired and my horse is almost dead, and I want someone to find my brother."

Two damp hands groped toward him, and in the half-darkness the man looked into the sweetest face he had

ever seen, a face all wet and pale, with tangled hair framing it severely.

"For heaven's sake, who is your brother?" he gasped in ludicrous bewilderment.

"Lieutenant Carr. Please call him. I want to get in."

"Carr's sister! Good Lord!"

He stared at her blankly.

The petulant lips began to quiver and a flush sprang to her cheeks.

"Please let me in." There was impatience and a little hauteur in her voice. "Later you can find out who I am and continue your exclamations."

The flash of her eye he missed in the darkness; but her tone brought him to his senses. His startled eyes sought her small figure, weighed down with the drenched clothing. He caught her by the arm.

"It's just a yard or two," he gasped. "Do you think you can make it? Be careful; don't stumble. Why, you are wet through!"

"I should think I am," she snapped petulantly. "I stood there and soaked while you were indulging in your 'Good heavens!' and 'O Lords!' and— Please call my brother."

"One moment. Come in here." He lifted the flap of a large tent and she felt her way inside.

"Can you find this camp-stool?" he asked. "Here, let me help."

His big hands groped for her in the darkness, and two little, clutching, confiding ones met them. He led her in the darkness to the tiny stool.

"Will you be afraid to sit here until I get a lamp?"

"Afraid?" she answered, with fine scorn. "I am not afraid of anything." She gasped as the tent-flap fell behind him.

The tent-poles were swaying wildly, and the frail ropes groaned with every tug of the wind. She tried to wring some of the water out of her skirt with her small cold hands. She felt up her sleeve for her handkerchief, and wiped her face and hair. Her heart was beating hotly. Everything had gone wrong. She was a small neglected atom, sitting alone in this flimsy tent,

with the storm sweeping the world outside. She wanted someone to speak to her. She would probably catch her death of cold; then, perhaps, Jack would be sorry he had neglected and ill-treated her. Already she had a dreadful pneumonic feeling in her back. But someone was coming with a lamp. She sprang up and ran joyfully to the opening.

"Jack!" she cried in a relieved voice. But with a sudden change of face and tone she said coldly: "I thought it was my brother. Where is he?"

The man did not answer immediately. He came in and set the lamp on a small board table before he faced her.

He was courteous, even apologetic; she was angry, impatient, distrustful. Her big eyes sought his, and in the clear light she looked older and very stately.

"Will you kindly tell me," she asked again, in her velvety, even voice, "where my brother is? This is the rifle range, is it not?"

Her lids were half closed, and she was measuring him under them.

"Yes."

"Well, then—" she paused expectantly; but he was silent. "Why don't you speak?" she demanded, with a wilful stamp of her foot. "Why do you stand there looking like a brigand? I haven't fallen into a den of thieves, have I? Please tell me at once where my brother is?"

"He left with the troops this morning!" he said slowly.

Marjorie stared at him for a moment in dumb amazement.

"What!" she stammered hotly. "I don't believe you."

"It is true," he replied simply, not looking at her. "I feel worse than you do. I realize fully what a position it places you in; but there is no way out of it. Carr had a telegram from the colonel ordering him to the garrison. Your telegram did not arrive until after he had gone. He had not the faintest idea you would be down this evening. We can fix you up very comfortably for the night, and in the morning——"

"The night! Do you expect me to stay here all night without my brother?"

"The camp is perfectly safe," he told her haltingly. "You cannot go out in the storm."

"I can and will!" She looked at him with defiance, her head thrown up like a thoroughbred ready to bolt. There was every indication of everlasting warfare in her attitude. In spite of it she seemed such a child—her small, delicate head barely reaching his shoulder—that the man could not suppress a smile. She saw it with inward fury, and walked haughtily to the door.

"I wish to get my horse," she said coldly as she passed.

He stepped forward to bar her progress.

"It is not possible for you to go out in the storm." He put out protective arms. "I will not permit it!"

"You will not permit it?" She laughed sardonically. "Has anyone given you the leave to permit or not to permit?"

"No, but as a friend of your brother——"

"Are you a friend of my brother?" she asked insolently.

The hot blood sprang to his face, and he drew himself up like the soldier he was, his magnificent head grazing the roof of the tent.

Marjorie looked at him furtively. From his bearing and demeanor she judged he was an officer; but he did not compare favorably with the gold-laced, brass-buttoned image her imagination had pictured as typically martial. A blue chambray shirt, very wet, was belted into khaki riding-breeches, and they in turn were stuffed into mud-bespattered boots. He was very thin, but proportioned like an athlete, with no superfluous flesh to bear a horse to the ground, yet with the strength of a demon lying dormant in the wiry frame.

"I have no intention of molesting you in any way, Miss Carr," he said as he looked full in her eyes. She seemed about to speak at the mention

of the name, but checked herself. "Or of thrusting myself upon you, but I cannot allow you to brave a storm that I would not turn a dog loose in."

"Well, you will have to treat me worse than you would treat a dog; for I am going back to the hotel tonight."

"Hush! Listen!" He held up his hand to silence her, and the terrifying sounds of the furious tempest were borne to them. Broken twigs were flung tempestuously against the tent. The wind tore at the ropes, pulling and tugging like a human hand, momentarily imperiling the frail structure, and roll after roll of thunder rumbled across the heavens.

He looked significantly into her eyes.

"Do you still insist on attempting it?" he asked, almost smiling.

The smile lashed her calming anger into fury. She threw back her head with a superb gesture.

"I am not afraid to!"

"Then you are extremely foolish."

Their eyes clashed like drawn swords.

"I am not afraid of being foolish either. Allow me to pass, please."

"No."

"Would you hold me here by force?"

"Yes, if it is necessary."

"I beg you to remember that I am a stranger to you, and a woman. I dislike to remind you that courtesy to women——"

"There are times when courtesy ceases to be a virtue."

As he spoke she darted suddenly past him and laid her hand on the flap of the tent.

"One moment——!"

"Do not touch me! You must see I cannot stay here. I won't! I don't care what happens!"

A sharp flash of lightning made her cower; but she struggled to undo the wet ropes with her trembling fingers.

"Let me out!"

"No!" He laid a detaining hand on her arm.

"How dare you touch me! Take your hand off! I will go."

At her words, as if the very heavens protested, a shaft of lightning blazed white and hot in the night, and then the thunder followed—awful, violent, stupendous.

The tent swayed cruelly, the ropes singing with the strain, and there was the sound of falling timber outside.

With a smothered exclamation, Adrian brushed past the girl and rushed into the night. The wind beat him almost to the earth. He stumbled toward the ropes, feeling blindly for the slack. The guys were wet and slipped through his nervous hands. There was a sudden, swift loosening of the rope in his hands; the canvas flapped in agony. Like a flash he made for the entrance, calling loudly to the girl; but she made no answer. With a wild flapping of helpless white wings, with an almost human protest and struggle, the ropes gave and the tent, tottering, fell to the earth. It lay like a great bird fluttering helplessly.

Adrian, carried down with the wreck, could see nothing. As he struggled to his feet he began tearing madly at the heap of canvas. He could hear no sound from beneath; but his own voice was scarcely audible above the din of the storm.

At last a lantern flickered in the gloom and two enlisted men came running toward him.

"For God's sake, sir, what's happened!"

"Lend a hand here, O'Riley. The tent's down."

Struggling, pulling, straining in the darkness, they raised the fallen canvas, and underneath lay a pathetic white heap. A pale, wet cheek touched the rude boards; two small, white hands clutched the broken camp-stool.

"Sure, an' it's kilt she is entoirely," cried one of the men, with a hysterical Irish wail.

"Shut up, can't you!" snarled the other sharply as Adrian, with blanched face, knelt and reverently raised the childish form. The rain was beating down upon it relentlessly.

"Ye can take 'er to the mess 'll,

sorr. Faith, 'tis the only safe place. The tents are screechin' like devils, and the Blessed Virgin 'erself couldn't kape thim up. 'Ere, give me the lantern, man. This way, sorr. Sure, an' it's the ol' man himself's turned loose this noight."

Adrian stumbled blindly along over the wet grass, the wind struggling to tear his burden from his arms. It was only a few steps to the rude boarded-in structure set apart for the officers' mess. The floor was a pool of water. There were two long tables and some benches. He laid the girl on one of these and said in the nervous whisper used in the presence of disaster:

"Send me that hospital-corps man, and tell Corporal Grier to put one of the small tents up in here."

He turned again to the girl, trying to shelter her from the driving rain. Her pure, pale face shone like a pearl in the shadow, and the wet lashes lay like black curtains over her eyes. Her youth and sweetness brought the man to his knees. He knelt silently, and taking one of the frail hands in his big brown ones, chafed it tenderly. As the satin flesh touched his, something stirred in his heart, something new and strange. As he looked, he seemed to see the fulfilment of dreams that had lured him in the shadows of hope—dreams of a woman strong, true and tender.

Adrian's thoughts were interrupted by the hospital man, who came in breathlessly. At a look from Adrian he knelt by the little figure and laid his hand on the heart.

"I think she has only fainted, sir," he said encouragingly; "the breath knocked out of her by the fall. I've got some aromatic spirits here and——"

When Marjorie came back from dreamland, her wondering eyes traveled to the roof of the tiny white tent over her, and then, with a gasp, to the weather-beaten face of a woman, a woman past middle life, with big patient eyes and a helpful mouth.

Marjorie smiled a little, lazy, happy smile and did not try to speak.

Through the storm Adrian had ridden to a neighboring farm and sought help which he knew would soothe her. Marjorie had forgotten all about him; she only felt a lightness in her head and a sense of rest.

All through the night the storm raged in fury, and in the morning the sun rose somberly on a devastated country. Far and near lay the broken, crushed branches of the trees. Ruts and gullies ran with water. Pathetic little bird-nests lay scattered on the drenched, beaten grass.

The morning brought many things for Marjorie. One was a blessed telegram from her brother. It said simply:

Wait for me. Will be down on the 6.45 this evening.

"The lieutenant rode in for it himself," explained her gaunt nurse, "and he says if you're feeling pert enough this morning to get up, why, there'll be breakfast in that big tent over yander—and I've got all your clothes dry and your satchel here." She dragged in the suit-case.

Marjorie smiled as she saw it.

"I think I'll get up," she yawned lazily. "And, Mrs. White, do you think you could find me a mirror anywhere—for heaven's sake, don't ask him for it! See if the soldiers haven't one. Men evidently don't think it necessary to beautify themselves in camp."

Adrian was pacing up and down in front of the big hospital tent, where the morning meal was spread. He was wondering desperately if she would forgive him for last night. One moment he was soaring in the clouds, another, kicking the clods of the unromantic earth.

After a while—a long, long while by his little wrist watch—the flaps of the tent were slowly lifted, and an angel walked out—an angel in a white skirt and a white shirt-waist. She was smiling as she stepped gaily out into the sunshine. She stopped when she saw Adrian, and, assuming a very severe expression, drew herself

up to her full height and walked disdainfully over to the tent. The poor, miserable thing waiting there watched her appealingly.

"Good morning! I trust you are better," he ventured anxiously.

"I am quite well, thank you."

Adrian pulled out a chair. "Will you sit here?"

"Thank you, I prefer this seat."

"But that is in the sun."

"I like the sun."

"I am afraid you will be sun-burned."

"I never burn."

The angel, sheathing her wings, fluttered into the lucky old chair, and, with an impulse of wilfulness, reached up for the fluffy hat.

"Don't take that off," he begged impulsively.

"Why not?" She turned severely questioning eyes on him.

"I—don't know," he stammered lamely, "but—I—it looks bully nodding that way."

"If it looks 'bully' I shall remove it." Her tone was glacial.

Adrian stood reddening, too deeply injured to move.

The delight of repaying him for his victory of last night quickened her pulses. She smiled, and her smile was tinged with triumph. She looked from under her drooped lashes at her prey.

"Do you know," she remarked sweetly, "that you look for all the world like a waiter, standing with that receptive expression. I can imagine your saying superbly: 'Demi-tasse, ma'am?'"

Adrian made her a low bow.

"Will you?" he asked, lifting the huge coffee-pot invitingly.

Marjorie permitted herself a laugh.

"Considering that we have only these giant cups—no!"

That "we" delighted him.

"Well, let me fill a giant for you."

She grew austere again.

"Thank you." She accepted the cup primly.

He watched her in silence for some moments. Then, looking away, he said in an embarrassed way:

"I regret very deeply that I was forced to offend you last night, but you must see now——"

"I see now," she interrupted, "the way I saw last night."

"I would do anything to repair," he continued, "to apologize."

"There are some things past repair," she replied, with a stony glance.

"Is that one of them?"

Marjorie remarked icily that she did not care to discuss the question.

"But if we do not discuss," pleaded logical man, "we will never reach any conclusion."

"Is it necessary that we should reach a conclusion?"

"Necessary to me," he said earnestly.

She arose from the table and took her hat.

"Are you going?"

"I have finished."

"So have I," he affirmed, with a fine disregard for truth. "Let me take you out and show you the targets."

She shook her head.

"There is a creek behind the camp where there are no end of violets," he urged.

"How far is it, and how wet is it?" She was weakening.

"Not far. I'll get Mrs. White to put us up a bit of lunch, and we'll take the poles and fish."

"But we have no chaperon," she protested.

"They are not used in this country," he answered, and his eyes sought hers appealingly.

"It is a most disreputable country, then," she assured him.

"Don't be hard on it. Let us enjoy today!"

For the first time Marjorie was kind. She looked at him tantalizingly from under her shadowy lashes, with ensnaring innocence in her eyes.

"Just today," she assented lightly, "and after that——"

"The morrows can take care of themselves," he finished joyfully.

But to herself she said, with almost a sigh, "There will be no tomorrow."

And, with a half-furtive glance at



him, she slipped a ring from her finger and dropped it into the little silver purse that hung at her waist.

All that day they spent together, wandering through the scented woods, hanging over great shady pools where the derisive fish, lying securely and happily in the shadows of the rocks, scorned their tempting bait. Marjorie's sweet, laughing face and her sunshiny hair blurred against his in the placid waters and the reflected branches bound them together in the picture. The birds, calling to their mates, trilled out their passionate, pure notes of love until the forest, like a harp of many strings, trembled ecstatically.

Adrian's dazzled eyes ever sought the face beside him, striving to meet those laughing eyes with the promise of passion in their depth; but Marjorie, with persistent wilfulness, would not look at him. Like two sensitive strings, which have felt the same vibration, they were trembling fearfully on the brink of a discord.

The woman had not dared to let down the mantle of reserve which she had held relentlessly between them, and, as they turned home toward evening, a silence fell. It was a silence fraught with meaning. Love was walking like a shadow undiscovered between them, endeavoring to be noticed.

An exultant light lay trembling in the woman's innocent eyes, so persistently hidden.

The peace of evening came slowly. The trees assumed fantastic, shadowy shapes and the perfume that the sun had squeezed out of shrub and flower lay heavy in the air.

Marjorie paused a minute as they neared the end of the wood, and lifted her face to catch the faint breeze. As she did so Adrian uttered an exclamation, and touched her on the arm.

She turned and followed his eyes. On the ground at their feet lay a battered old straw hat, and snugly built into its crown was a bird's nest.

With exquisite care the tiny home had been built of bits of string and old sticks, rags and shriveled leaves, gathered by small, industrious home-makers. Not far off lay the builders. Crushed and flung aside by the storm, their busy little hearts had been stilled before they had finished their home. Marjorie, taking the tiny feathered mother in her hands, softly laid her in the nest. Her face was Madonna-like.

"Poor little things!" she whispered sympathetically. "Oh, that dreadful old storm!" she added viciously.

Adrian smiled.

"You were terribly anxious last night to share the fate of the birds."

"That is a forbidden subject," she said; and then, as he stood silently looking at her, she flushed and turned her eyes from him.

"See how hard these little fellows worked to build their house," he mused, fingering the nest with his big hands. "I would work just as hard if I had a—mate."

For the first time in her gay, reckless life she was fearful and embarrassed in the presence of a man.

He looked down upon her with a sort of dominating strength in his grave eyes.

"Do you know," he said, with a wistful wonder in his tones, "from the moment last night when I opened the gate to let you in, all wet and helpless, I opened the gate of my heart, too. I can never close it—oh, I know I have only known you a day! But love does not reckon days. I don't expect anything—how could I? You are not the girl to give your love for the asking; but there is no effort I would not make, no hardship I would not undergo to win you."

He bent nearer and took her small, trembling hand in his. "I want these little hands," he said slowly, "to help me build my home."

With a little half-sob Marjorie turned to him.

"Don't," she said faintly. "Don't say any more!"

With an impassioned gesture she

put her hands on his chest and looked up into his face. Hers was white and her eyes were big and wondering.

"Is this love?" she whispered. "Tell me! Is this love?"

"What else!" he answered, closing his hands over hers as they lay against him. "Feel my heart beat at your touch, O beloved! I have not loved you just today, but always. I have been waiting for you."

"Don't say any more"—she struggled to draw away her hands—"for I am afraid to hear!"

"Why afraid?"

"Oh, because it is all so sweet!" she said desperately. "I cannot listen. I have never wanted any man's love before, and now—now——"

Pulling her hands from him and dropping on a log, she turned her face slowly away. He saw that she was crying. He stood watching her in helpless anguish, and then with sudden passion he fell beside her and prisoned her with his great arms.

"Tell me what makes you cry," he begged. "Tell me what you mean, child. Don't turn away; speak to me!"

Slowly, with trembling fingers, Marjorie, white and wan, opened the little silver purse and held the plain gold ring out to him in her open palm.

"I am bound," she cried, with a hysterical sob, her voice ringing like a moan through the still forest. "Oh, I am punished for everything I have ever done!"

The man stood staring at the small gold circlet in her hand. At last he gave a short laugh, and she trembled as she heard it. Clenching her hands together, the ring fell unheeded to the ground. After a moment she said slowly:

"I took it off for fun, because—well, I saw you; I thought you liked me—that you took me for a girl, and to pay you for having your way last night I deceived you. I never dreamed that this day would mean so much—just one day out of a life—and when you spoke it all came to me, all, all, all. Do you understand? I realized that everything else in life

had been paste. Love had never meant much to me: I could not understand. I thought I had felt all I would ever feel, but now——"

She flung out her hands and he caught them in his, crushing them in his pain.

"And I have lost you!" he said in the tone a man uses in the presence of death. "This day is all I get out of life, just a day—a dream, a fantasy——"

"A better day than many a man's lifetime," she said passionately. She stooped and picked the ring from the ground.

"If I could in honor take it off," she whispered, with drooped lids. Like a demon temptation gripped him. "Love is everything. Take her to yourself though you crush a hundred hearts to do it. She is yours, fashioned by God for you. Do not let her go. Take her." Madly he put out his hands, but they fell helplessly. He hid his face with a groan, for honor had crept spectre-like between.

She rose slowly and slipped the ring back into its place on her hand.

"I have done a wicked thing," she whispered faintly. "My impulses are all wrong, I am afraid of myself sometimes. I am married to a good man, a noble man. I pray God I may never cause him a pang." And her voice rang true. "This day is ours. Just a little sunshine to make the years possible. We will keep it together, you and I. When I took that ring off, I thought that we would be nothing to each other. It was an impulse of coquetry. Please believe me, I am not so bad—just foolish. I was married too young; but let me keep honor with me. I have nothing else. Our ways lie far apart; but your name will always mean to me just——"

Her voice broke, and he knelt and pressed her cold, trembling hands to his wet eyelids.

"Love," he finished reverently, "love——!"

That night, when Marjorie met her brother, he held her long in his arms,

looking with intense pity in her small face—her face, with its alluring dimpled beauty, its soft feminine charm. He did not know her, close as he was to her. He had not fathomed her nature. She was but a fantastic butterfly, flitting now and then into his life.

He trembled now as he looked into her big, childish eyes, in them the promises that had deceived so many men.

"Marjorie," he began. Then she saw the fluttering yellow message in his hand, and he told her—told her blunderingly, haltingly, without preparation, as men will.

Blinded, stunned, bereft, she stood. The world went around, the light was blotted out, and the ground gave under her feet. One wild cry after another burst from her pallid lips. She was

like a mad thing, her light brain tottering.

When Adrian, with the tenderness of strong compassion, came to her, she beat him off like a demon.

"My husband is dead," she wailed wildly; "he is dead, dead, dead! No one will take me to him. No one cares— How dare you touch me! I love him——!"

The man's face was terrible.

"And I?" he asked, fixing dazed eyes upon her.

She laughed hysterically and pushed him from her.

"You!" she cried shrilly. "You—you poor fool! I was playing with you." She flung herself to the floor in mad abandonment, her fair head striking on the rough boards. "God has punished me," she moaned desperately, "He has punished me!"



## THE STATE OF AFFAIRS

"A H! how are you, Landlord?" saluted the patent-churn man as he entered the tavern at Polkville, Ark. "How are you, and how are things in general?"

"Ho, there! 'Round again, I see!" genially returned the host. "Me? Aw, I'm sorter moderate, thank ye! As for things in town here—well, things is lively; livelier than a gooseberry merchant sellin' 'em a berry at a time. We've got a guessin' contest on hand between this town and Torpidville, over which needs a new operry house the worst and which won't get it first. And a feller that was in love, or something that-a-way, tried to commit suicide the other day, right in front of the post-office, by bombardin' his head with a pistol; shot four times, but he was havin' a chill just then and shook so's he didn't hit himself. The public library announces the followin' new and interestin' books: Mrs. Sigourney's Poems, 'Little Lord Fauntleroy' and Sut Lovengood's last work. There was a tollable lively fight at the revival last—well, I forget just what night it was. And we have an otherwise-worthy lady who is all puffed up with pride b'cuz while she was away visitin' she saw a century-plant in full bloom; and all the rest of our wives, speakin' in round numbers, are dead set to go visitin' too—and several of their husbands have had to whip the century-plant woman's husband on account of it. Eh-yah! Things is pretty blamed lively here in Polkville, lemme just tell you!"

TOM P. MORGAN.



ADVICE is cheap until you begin to follow it.

# THE MARTYR OF THE SUBURBS

By Gelett Burgess

WHEN Maysie comes to town, there's always something doing;  
    'Twould take a dozen men to tell it all—  
A little bit of shopping and a little bit of wooing,  
    A dinner and a supper and a call.  
The neighbors in New Jersey call her innocent and prim,  
    They laugh at her, to every country clown;  
Her ways are of the oddest, but her manners always modest—  
    It's different when Maysie comes to town.

When Maysie comes to town, she telegraphs to Willie;  
    He meets her at the ferry with a cab.  
Their actions and their persiflage you might consider silly,  
    But no one in New York is keeping tab.  
The neighbors in New Jersey think she never was in love,  
    She's timid, and she wears a quiet gown;  
Her ways are all discreetness and her smile is simple sweetness—  
    It's different when Maysie comes to town.

When Maysie comes to town, she telephones to Harry  
    To meet her after Willie's disappeared;  
She gracefully eludes his importunities to marry,  
    She drinks a dry Martini, and is cheered.  
The neighbors in New Jersey see no men who come to call,  
    (Though the postman stops at Maysie's with a frown).  
Poor Maysie's "literary"; she's considered sober, very—  
    It's different when Maysie comes to town.

When Maysie comes to town, she has to call on Walter;  
    His studio's a cozy place for tea;  
She has a cigarette or two, and Maysie doesn't falter  
    At just a friendly kiss or two—or three.  
The neighbors in New Jersey think her quite too shy for men,  
    In passing them she casts her lashes down;  
She goes alone to lectures and awakens no conjectures—  
    It's different when Maysie comes to town.

When Maysie comes to town, the hansom-drivers hail her,  
    The waiters always know her and are kind;  
When Maysie leaves the city then a dozen men bewail her,  
    But Maysie'll come again, so never mind!  
The neighbors in New Jersey, when she reappears, sedate,  
    Can see no sign in Maysie's eyes of brown;  
She goes to song recitals and has books with learned titles—  
    It's different when Maysie comes to town!

## THE SLAIN ONES

WHAT of the gallant dead  
 Borne from the field?  
 Oh, the draped silent head,  
 The empty shield!

Kiss the swift moveless feet  
 That won their goal;  
 Crown the unseeing brow,  
 Joy to that deathless soul!

What of the gallant hearts  
 Slain, that live on,  
 Who eat their daily bread  
 When joy is done?

Nay, not for them the wreath,  
 The bugle's note;  
 Theirs to taste morn and night  
 The sword within their throat.

What of the gallant hearts  
 Slain, that must live?  
 God of the Shrouded Hands,  
 Shall they forgive?

FLORENCE WILKINSON.



## SLIGHTLY DIFFERENT

“DO you live up to your ideals?”  
 “No; I am a married man—I live with my ordeal.”



## EXACTLY

SHE—It must be delightful living on a farm—everything so nice and fresh.  
 HE—Especially the summer boarders.



# A SAD MISTAKE

(WITH ASIDES)

By Tom Masson

**S**HE—You came on the morning train, didn't you? (As if I hadn't seen him through a spy-glass from my window!)

**HE**—Yes. (She's a dream!) Shall we walk down the beach, beyond the bathers?

**SHE**—If you like. (He's evidently not going to lose any time.) You came down over Sunday, I presume?

**HE**—(Well, I must make a start.) Yes, and I shall probably stay longer—that is, if I like it. (Here goes!) If there are inducements enough, I *might* stay longer.

**SHE**—(Nothing slow about him! I won't have to lead *him* on. He's conceited enough. My game is to be real coy and simple.) There are good fishing and sailing here. You swim, of course?

**HE**—(Now, is she so rural as that? I don't believe it.) Oh, yes, I swim. Do you?

**SHE**—No; I bathe.

**HE**—(Now I'll begin to be kind.) Oh, you must let me teach you how to swim. It's my specialty.

**SHE**—(I'll ask him a leading question.) Oh, so you've taught others, have you?

**HE**—(Just as I suspected—she's no fool.) Oh, yes—my sisters.

**SHE**—And your cousins and your aunts?

**HE**—(I must get on.) Yes—and girls—handsome girls, splendid girls. Why, I've taught girls almost as beautiful as you!

**SHE**—(Well! He knows a good thing when he sees it!) Indeed! Do

you know, if you weren't from the great city, I should begin to suspect that you were a flirt.

**HE**—I a flirt! Never! I've had no time, you know. (Here's a place where I'll tell her of my large interests.) I'm too busy to flirt. It's very seldom I can get away from my growing business long enough to have that sort of thing. I'd have to learn.

**SHE**—Why don't you get someone to teach you? (Now what'll he say?)

**HE**—I don't want to know. I don't believe in flirting.

**SHE**—(What's he driving at?) You'd rather fish, I suppose, or sail?

**HE**—No. (I wonder if this will annoy her any?) I'd rather make love—real, genuine love. Here's a good place. Shall we be seated?

**SHE**—If you like.

**HE**—This is a grand old rock, isn't it? Can anyone see us?

**SHE**—(I must show him he is too forward.) I should like to know, sir, what difference it makes whether anyone can see us or not? You are rather presuming, are you not? No, no one can see us.

**HE**—(I'll ignore her remark.) We are alone—at last. Did you understand what I just said—about flirting?

**SHE**—You said, I believe, that you didn't care for it. Neither do I.

**HE**—(Now is my time.) I hope, then, that you'll agree with me that real, genuine love is the only thing in the world. From the moment I saw you I loved you. (Good! She lets

me take her hand.) I believe, as truly as a man can, that there is such a thing as love at first sight. When the hotel clerk introduced us I felt that there was only one girl in all the world for me. (Really, I am beginning to believe what I am saying!) There is something about you, sweetheart, which I cannot quite define, but which leads me on and on. Life without you would henceforth be a blank. (Here's where I try to kiss her.)

SHE—Oh! (This is more than I bargained for.) You are too much in earnest.

HE—I cannot be too much in earnest with you. I love you! (Here's where I kiss her again.)

SHE—(Isn't he splendid?) You mustn't!

HE—(She's certainly the right sort.) Will you be my wife?

SHE—(The monster!) Your wife!

HE—Yes—I mean it.

SHE—Your wife! Aren't you married already?

HE—(Now, isn't that great?) I married! I should say not. Never!

SHE (*covering her face with her hands*)—How dreadful! They told me you were.



## TO CERTAIN SUMMER GIRLS

O FAIR Belinda, do not pine,  
O Una, don't despair;  
Be patient, gentle Caroline,  
Cheer up, angelic Claire.

Be not cast down, superb Elaine,  
Be brave, alluring Nell;  
Don't wring your hands, Matilda Jane,  
Be calm, sweet Isobel.

Pray do not fancy hope is dead.  
Be game, and laugh at fate.  
Bear this in mind: they also wed  
Who only wait and wait.

R. K. MUNKITTRICK.



## A NECESSITY IN ST. PETERSBURG

FIRST RUSSIAN—Say, old man!

SECOND RUSSIAN—Well, what is it?

"Have you an extra bomb in your pocket? I left mine in my other clothes.



## OF COURSE

DYER—Do you remember the name of the first talking-machine?  
DUELL—Eve.